Adams 113.4

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SHELF No

Moſt Humbly Theſe

TO THE

RIGHT HONORABLE

My moſt Honored Lady, the Lady

MARY,

Counteſs Dowager of *THOMOND.*

Adams. 113.4

Let it pleaſe you (*Madam*) to believe,

THat it is not out of the opinion of any worth, that all or any of theſe enſuing Pieces, can be capable of; but out of the ſenſe of Duty, that they have here aſpired, to the Patronage of your Name, and Dignity. Being (moſt of them) Compoſed under the Coverture of your Roof, and ſo born Subjects under your Dominion; It would have been the incurring of too apparent a Premunire, againſt Equity and Juſtice, to intitle any other, to their owning or Protection; or to ſet up any forein Power, to be Supreme and Paramount, to that of your Ladiſhips, over them.

And yet (Madam) you have further Prerogative, whereby, with me, you may challenge a higher Command; and that is, your Native Ingenuity, which, with thoſe of your Acquaintance, ſo prevails upon their Judgment and Eſtimations; that you ſeem

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to have an Empire of Affection, deſtin'd to that vivacity of ſpirit, which renders your Converſation grateful to all that have the Honor to know you.

Theſe, and many other Obligations, that are upon me to your Ladiſhip, with the deſire I have, to leave to Poſterity, ſome Memorial of my Thankfulneſs (though in it ſelf, nor worthy of your Merit, or the World) have emboldned me into this Dedication; *and the humbly begging of your pardon, for the breaking out of this Preſumption, in*

(MADAM),

Your moſt obedient,

and moſt humble

Servant,

Owen Fellthам.

ADAMS

To

The Second Century.

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The

RESOLVES

Divine, Moral, Political.

I.

Of Sudden Prosperity.

PRosperity in the beginning of a *great Action*, many times undoes a *Man* in the end. *Happiness* is the *cause* of *mischief*. The fair *chance* of a treacherous *Dye*, at first flatters an *improvident Gamester*, with his own *hand*, to *throw* away his *wealth* to another. For while we *expect* all things *laughing* upon us, like those we have pass'd; we remit our *care*, and *perish* by *neglecting*. When a *rich Crown* has newly kiss'd the *Temples* of a gladded *King*, where he finds all things in a *golden stream*, and *kneeling* to him with *auspicious reverence*; he carelesly *waves* himself in the *swelling plenty*: Lays his heart into *pleasures*, and forgets the *future*; till *ruine* seize him; before he can think it. *Felicity* eats up *Circumspection*; and when that *guard* is wanting, we lie *spread* to the *shot* of general *danger*. How many have lost the *victory* of a *Battel*, with too much *confidence* in the good *fortune* which they found at the *beginning*? Surely, 'tis not good to be *happy* too soon. It many times *undoes* a *Noble Family*, to have the Estate fall to the *hands* of an *Heir* in *minority*. Witty *Children* oft fail in their *age*, of what their *childhood* promised. This holds not true in *temporal* things only, but even in *spiritual*. Nothing slackens the *proceedings* of a *Christian* more, than the *too early* applause of *those* that are groundedly *Honest*. This makes him think he is now far *enough*, and that he may *rest*, and *breath*, and *gaze*. So he *slides* back, for want of *striving* to go on with *increase*. Good *success* in the midst of an *action*, takes a man in a firm *settledness*: and though he finds the *event* alter; yet *custom* before, will continue his care for *afterwards*. In the end, it *crowns* his expectation; and *incourages* him to the like care in other things, that by it, he may find the *sequel* answerable. But in the beginning, it falls like much *rain* as soon as the seed is sown: which doth rather *wash* it away, than give it a moderate *rooting*. How many had *ended* better, if they had not *begun* so well? Pleasure can *undo* a man at any time, if *yielded* to. 'Tis an inviting *gin* to catch the *Woodcock-man* in. *Crœsus* counsel'd *Cyrus*, if he meant to hold the *Lydians* in a *slavery*, that he should teach

 them

CENT. I.

them to *ſing*, and *play*, and *drink*, and *dance*, and *dally*; and that would do it without his *endeavour*. I remember *Ovids* Fable of the *Centoculated Argus*; The *Devil* I compare to *Mercury*, his *Pipe* to *pleaſure*, *Argus* to *Man*, his hundred *eyes* to our *care*, his *ſleeping* to *ſecurity*, *Io* to our *ſoul*, his *transformation* to the *curſe of God*. The *Moral* is only this; The *Devil* with *pleaſure*, *pipes* Man into *ſecurity*, then *ſteals* away his *ſoul*, and *leaves him* to the *wrath of Heaven*. It can ruine *Anthony* in the midſt of his *Fortunes*, it can *ſpoil Hannibal* after a *long* and *glorious War*: but to *meet* it at firſt, is the moſt *danger*; it then being apteſt to find *admiſſion*; though to *meet* and yield the worſt at laſt: becauſe there is not then a *time* left for *recovery*. If the *Action* be of *worth* that I take in hand, neither ſhall an ill *accident* diſcourage me, nor a good *one* make me *careleſs*: If it happen *ill*, I will be the more *circumſpect*, by a heedful prevention to avoid the *like*, in that which *inſues*. If it happen *well*, my fear ſhall make me warily *vigilant*. I will ever *ſuſpect* the *ſmoothed ſtream* for *deepneſs*; till we come to the end. *Deceit* is gracious *company*; for it always ſtudies to be *fair* and *pleaſing*: But then, like a *thief*, having train'd us from the *Road*, it robs us. Where all the *benefit* we have left is this: that, if we have *time* to ſee how we were *cozened*, we may have ſo much *happineſs* as to *dye* repenting.

II.

Of Reſolution.

WHat a *skein* of ruffled *ſilk* is the *uncompoſed Man*? Every *thing* that but offers to even *him* intangles him the more, as if, while you unbend *him* one way, *he* warpeth worſe the other. *He* cannot but meet with *variety* of occaſions, and every one of theſe intwine *him* in a deeper trouble. His *ways* are *ſtrew'd* with *Bryers*, and he *buſtles* himſelf into his own *confuſion*. Like a *Partridge* in the net, he masks *himſelf* the more, by the anger of his *fluttering wing*. Certainly, a good *Reſolution* is the moſt *fortifying Armour* that a *diſcreet* man can wear. That, can defend him againſt all the unwelcome *ſhuffles* that the poor rude *World* puts on him. Without this, like *hot Iron*, he *hiſſes* at every *drop* that finds him. With this, he can be a *Servant*, as well as a *Lord*; and have the ſame inward *pleaſantneſs* in the *quakes* and *ſhakes* of *Fortune*, that he carries in her *ſofteſt ſmiles*. I confeſs, biting *Penury* has too ſtrong *talons* for *mud-wall'd Man* to graſp withall. *Nature* is importunate for *neceſſities*: and will try all the *Engines* of her *Wit*, and power, rather then ſuffer her own *deſtruction*. But where ſhe hath ſo much as ſhe may live: *Reſolution* is the only *Marſhal* that can keep her in a *decent* order. That which puts the looſe *woven mind* into a whirling *tempeſt*, is by the *Reſolute*, ſeen, *ſlighted*, *laughed* at: with as much *honour*, more *quiet*, moſt *ſafety*. The *world*

world has nothing in it worthy a man's *ſerious anger*. The beſt way to periſh *diſcontentments*, is either not to *ſee* them, to *convert* them to a *dimpling mirth*. How endleſs will be the *quarrels* of a *choleric man*, and the *contentments* of him, that is *reſolved* to turn *indignities* into things to make ſport withal? 'Tis ſure, nothing but *experience* and collected *Judgment* can make a man do this: but when he has brought himſelf unto it, how infinite ſhall he find his *eaſe?* It was *Xantippe*'s obſervation, that ſhe ever found *Socrates* return with the ſame *countenance* that he *went* abroad withal. *Lucan* can tell us,

——*Fortunaque perdat*
Oppoſita virtute, minas. ——

——All Fortunes threats be loſt,
Where Vertue does oppoſe.——

I wiſh no *man* ſo *ſpiritleſs*, as to let all *abuſes* preſs the dulneſs of a willing *ſhoulder*: but I wiſh him an able *diſcretion*, to *diſcern* which are fit to be ſtirred in, and thoſe to *proſecute* for no other end, but to ſhew the *injury* was more to *vertue*, and dear *natures juſtice*, than to himſelf. Every man ſhould be *Equities Champion*: becauſe it is that *eternal pillar*, whereon the *World is founded*. In *high* and *mountain'd* Fortunes *reſolution* is neceſſary, to inſafe us from the *thefts* and *wiles* of *proſperity*: which *ſteal* us away, not only from our *ſelves*, but *vertue*: and for the moſt part, like a *long peace*, ſoftly delivers us into *impoveriſhing War*. In the *wane* of Fortune, *Reſolution* is likewiſe *neceſſary*, to guard us from the *diſcontents* that uſually *aſſail* the poor *dejected man*. For all the world will beat the *man* whom *Fortune* buffets. And unleſs by this, he can turn off the *blows*, he ſhall be ſure to *feel* the greateſt *burthen*, in his own ſad *mind*. A *wiſe man* makes a *trouble* leſs, by *Fortitude*: but to a *fool*, 'tis heavier by his *ſtooping* to't. I would fain bring my *ſelf* to that *paſs*, that I might not make *my happineſs* depend on anothers *judgment*. But as I would never do any thing *unhoneſtly*: ſo I would never fear the *immaterial wind of cenſure*, when it is done. He that *ſteers* by that *gale*, is ever in danger of *wrack*. *Honeſty* is a *warrant* of far more *ſafety* than *Fame*. I will never be *aſham'd* of that which *bears* her *ſeal*: As knowing 'tis only *Pride*'s being in *faſhion*, that hath put *honeſt Humility out of countenance*. As for the *crackers* of the *brain*, and *tongue-ſquibs*, they will *die* alone, if I ſhall not *revive* them. The beſt way to have them *forgotten* by others, is firſt to *forget* them my ſelf. This will *keep* my ſelf in quiet, and by a *noble not-caring*, *arrow* the *intenders* boſom: who will ever fret moſt, when he finds his *deſigns* moſt *fruſtrate*. Yet, in all theſe, I will ſomething reſpect *cuſtom*, becauſe ſhe is *magnified* in that *world*, wherein I am one. But when ſhe parts from *juſt reaſon*, I ſhall rather *diſpleaſe* her by parting; than

offend in her *company*. I would have all men ſet up their *reſt*, for all things that this *world* can yield: Yet ſo, as they *build* upon a ſurer *foundation* than themſelves: otherwiſe, that which ſhould have been their *foundation*, will ſurely *croſs* them; and that is, GOD.

III.

A Friend and Enemy, when moſt dangerous.

I Will take *heed* both of a *ſpeedy Friend*, and a *ſlow Enemy*. *Love* is never *laſting*, that *flames* before it *burns*. And *Hate*, like wetted *Coals*, throws a fiercer *heat*, when *fire* gets the *Maſtery*. As the firſt may *quickly fail*; ſo the latter will *hardly* be *altered*. Early *Fruits* rot ſoon; As quick *wits* have ſeldom ſound *judgments*, which ſhould make them continue: ſo *friendſhip* kindled ſuddenly, is *rarely* found with the *durability* of *affection*. *Enduring Love* is ever built on *Virtue*: which no man can ſee in another at once. He that *fixeth* upon her, ſhall find a *beauty* that will every day take him with ſome new *grace* or other. I like that Love, which by a *ſoft aſcenſion*, does degree it ſelf in the *ſoul*. As for an *Enemy* that is long a making: he is much the *worſe*, for being ill no *ſooner*. I count him as the *actions* of a wiſe *State*, which being long in *reſolving*, are in their *execution ſudden*, and *ſtriking* home. He *hates* not but with *cauſe*, that is *unwilling* to *hate* at all. If I muſt have *both*, give me rather a *friend* on *foot*, and an *enemy* on *horſeback*, I may perſuade the one to *ſtay*, while the other may be *galloping* from me.

IV.

Of the ends of Vertue and Vice.

VErtue and *Vice* never *differ* ſo much, as in the *end*; at leaſt, their *difference* is never ſo much upon the *view*, as then. And this, I think, is our *reaſon*, why ſo many *judgments* are *ſeduced* in *purſuit* of ill. They *imagine* not their *laſt Act* will be *Tragical*; becauſe their former *Scenes* have all been *Comedy*. The *end* is ſo far off, that they ſee not thoſe *ſtabbing ſhames*, that *await* them in a *killing ambuſh*. If it were nearer, yet their own *dim ſight* would leave them *undiſcovered*. And the ſame thing that incourageth *Vice*, diſcourageth *Vertue*. For, by her *rugged way*, and the *reſiſtance* that ſhe finds in her *paſſage*: ſhe is oft *perſuaded* to ſtep into *Vice*'s *path*: which while ſhe findeth *ſmooth*, ſhe never perceiveth *ſlippery*. *Vice*'s *Road* is paved with *Ice*; *Inviting* by the *eye*, but *tripping* up the *heel*, to the *hazzard* of a *wound*, or *drowning*. Whereas *Vertue*'s is like the *paſſage* of *Hannibal* over the *Alps*, a work of a *tyring toyl* of *in-*

finite

finite danger. But once *performed*, it lets him into the *Worlds garden*, *Italy*: and withal, leaves him a *fame* as lasting, as those which he did *Conquer*, with his most *unused weapon of War*, *Vinegar*. Doubtless the *World* hath nothing so *glorious* as *Vertue*: as *Vertue* when she rides triumphant. When like a *Phœbean Champion*, she hath routed the *Army* of her *enemies*, flatted their *strongest Forts*, brought the *mightiest* of her *Foes* in a *chained subjection*, to humour the *motions* of her thronged *Chariot*, and be the *gaze* of the *abusive world*. *Vice* at best, is but a *diseased Harlot*: all whose *commendation* is, that she is *painted*.

Sed locum virtus habet inter astra;
Vere dum flores venient tepenti,
Et comam sylvis hyemes recident,
Vel comam sylvis revocabit æstas,
Pomaque autumno fugiente cedent,
Nulla te terris rapiet vetustas.
Tu comes Phœbo, comes ibis astris.

But *Vertue*'s thron'd among the Stars,
And while the Spring warms th' infant bud,
Or Winter balds the shag-hair'd wood:
While Summer gives new locks to all,
And fruits full ripe in Autumn fall,
Thou shalt remain, and still shalt be,
For Stars, for *Phœbus*, company.

Is a *rapture* of the *lofty Tragedian*. Her *presence* is a *dignity*, which amazes the beholder with *incircling rayes*. The *conceit* of her *Actions*, begets *admiration* in others, and that *admiration* both *infuseth* a *joy* in her, and *inflames* her *magnanimity* more. The *good honour* her, for the *love* of the *like*, that they find in *themselves*. The *bad*, though they repine *inwardly*, yet *shame* (which is for the most part an effect of base *Vice*) now goes before the *action*, and commands their *baser hearts* to *silence*. On the other side, what a *Monster*, what a *Painters Devil is vice*, either in her *bared skin*, or her own *ensordid rags*! Her own *guilt*, and the *detestation* which she finds from others, set up two great *Hells* in her one little, narrow *heart*; *Horror*, *Shame*; and *that* which most of all doth *gall* her, is, that she finds their *flames* are *inextinguishable*, Outwardly, sometimes she may *appear* like *Vertue*: For all the several *Gems* in *Vertue*, *Vice* hath counterfeit *stones*, wherewith she gulls the *Ignorant*. But there be two main *reasons* which shall make me *Vertues* Lover: for her *inside*, for her *end*. And for the same *reasons* will I hate *Vice*. If I find there be a *difference* in their *ways*; I will yet think of them, as of the two *sons* in the *Gospel*; whereof *Vertue* said he would not go to the *Vineyard*, yet *did*: And *Vice*, though he promised to go, *desisted*.

V. *Of*

V.

Of Puritans.

I Find many that are called *Puritans*; yet few, or none that will own the *name*. Whereof the reaſon ſure is this, that 'tis for the moſt part held a *name of infamy*, and is ſo new, that it hath ſcarcely yet obtain'd a *definition:* nor is it an *appellation* derived from one *mans* name, whoſe *Tenents* we may find digeſted into a *Volume:* whereby we do much err in the *application*. It imports a kind of *excellency* above another; which *man* (being conſcious of his own frail bendings) is aſhamed to aſſume to himſelf. So that I believe there are men which *would be Puritans*: but indeed not any that *are*. One will have him one that lives religiouſly, and will not revel it in a ſhoreleſs exceſs. Another, him that ſeparates from our *Divine Aſſemblies*. Another, him that in ſome *tenents* only is *peculiar*. Another, him that will not *ſwear*. Abſolutely to define him, is a work, I think of *Difficulty*; ſome I know that rejoyce in the *name*; but ſure they be ſuch, as leaſt *underſtand* it. As he is more generally in theſe times taken, I ſuppoſe we may call him a *Church-Rebel*, or one that would exclude *order*, that his *brain* might rule. To *decline offences*; to be careful and conſcionable in our ſeveral *actions*, is a *Purity*, that every man ought to labour for, which we may well do, without a ſullen *ſegregation* from all *ſociety*. If there be any *Priviledges*, they are ſurely granted to the Children of the *King*; which are thoſe that are the Children of *Heaven*. If *mirth* and *recreations* be lawful, ſure ſuch a one may lawfully uſe it. If *Wine* were given to chear the *heart*, why ſhould I fear to uſe it for that end? Surely, the *merry ſoul* is freer from intended *miſchief* than the *thoughtful man*. A bounded *mirth*, is a *Patent* adding time and happineſs to the crazed life of *Man*. Yet if *Laertius* reports him rightly, *Plato* deſerves a *Cenſure* for allowing *drunkenneſs* at *Feſtivals*; becauſe, ſays he, as then, the *Gods* themſelves reach *Wines* to preſent *Men*. *God* delights in nothing more, than in a *chearful heart*, careful to perform him ſervice. What *Parent* is it, that rejoyceth not to ſee his *Child* pleaſant, in the limits of a *filial duty*? I know, we read of Chriſts *weeping*, not of his *laughter:* yet we ſee, he graceth a *Feaſt* with his *firſt Miracle*; and that a *Feaſt of joy:* And can we think that ſuch a *meeting* could paſs without the noiſe of *laughter*? What a lump of *quickened care* is the *melancholic man?* Change *anger* into *mirth*, and the Precept will hold good ſtill: *Be merry, but ſin not.* As there be many, that in their life aſſume too great a *Liberty*; ſo I believe there are ſome, that abridg themſelves of what they might lawfully uſe, *Ignorance* is an ill *Steward*, to provide for either *Soul*, or *Body*. A man that ſubmits to reverent *Order*, that ſometimes unbends himſelf in a moderate *relaxation*; and in all, labours to approve himſelf, in the ſereneneſs of a healthful *Conſcience:* ſuch a *Puritan* I will love immutably. But when a man, in things but *ceremonial*, ſhall ſpurn at the grave

grave Authority of the *Church*, and out of a needleſs *nicety*, be a Thief to himſelf, of thoſe benefits which GOD hath allowed him: or out of a blind and uncharitable *Pride*, cenſure, and ſcorn others, as *reprobates*: or out of obſtinacy, fill the World with *brawls*, about *undeterminable tenents*: I ſhall think him one of thoſe, whoſe *opinion* hath ſevered his *zeal* to *madneſs* and *diſtraction*. I have more faith in one *Solomon*, than in a thouſand *Dutch Parlours* of ſuch *Opinioniſts*. Behold then; what I have ſeen good! That it is comely to eat, and to drink, and to take pleaſure in all his labour wherein he travelleth under the *Sun*, the whole number of the days of his life, which GOD giveth him. For, this is his *Portion*. Nay; *there is no profit to Man, but that he eat, and drink, and delight his ſoul with the profit of his labour*. For, he that ſaw other things *vanity*, ſaw this alſo, that it was the *hand of God*. Methinks the reading of *Eccleſiaſtes* ſhould make a *Puritan* undreſs his brain, and lay off all thoſe *Phanatic toyes* that gingle about his *underſtanding*. For my own part, I think the World has not better men, than ſome that ſuffer under that name: nor withall, more *Sceleſtic Villains*. For when they are once *elated* with that pride, they ſo *contemn* others, that they infringe the Laws of all *humane ſociety*.

VI.
Of Arrogancy.

I Never yet found *Pride* in a *noble nature*: nor *Humility* in an *unworthy mind*. It may ſeem ſtrange to an *inconſiderate eye*, that ſuch a poor *violet Vertue*, ſhould ever dwell with *Honour*: and that ſuch an aſpiring fume as *Pride* is, ſhould ever ſojourn with a *conſtant baſeneſs*, 'Tis ſure, we ſeldom find it, but in ſuch, as being conſcious of their own *deficiency*, think there is no way to get *Honour*, but by a bold aſſuming it. As if, rather then want *fame*, they would with a rude aſſault, *deflowr* her: which indeed, is the way to loſe it. *Honour*, like a *noble Virgin*, will never agree to grace the man that *raviſheth*. If ſhe be not won by *courteſie*, ſhe will never love *truly*. To offer *violence* to ſo choiſe a *beauty*, is the way to be *contemn'd*, and *loſe*. 'Tis *he* that has nothing elſe to commend him, which would invade mens *good opinions*, by a *misbecoming ſawcineſs*. If you ſearch for high and ſtrained *carriages*, you ſhall for the moſt part, meet with them in *low men*. *Arrogance*, is a *weed*, that ever grows on a *dunghil*. 'Tis from the rankneſs of that ſoil, that ſhe hath her *height* and *ſpreadings*: Witneſs *Clowns*, *Fools*, and *Fellows* that from *nothing* are lifted ſome few ſteps upon *Fortunes Ladder*: where, ſeeing the glorious repreſentment of *Honour*, above; they are ſo greedy of *imbracing*, that they ſtrive to leap thither at once: ſo by over-reaching themſelves in the way, they fail of the *end*, and fall. And all this happens, either for want of *Education*, which ſhould ſeaſon their *minds* with the gene-

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generous precepts of *Morality*; or, which is more powerful, *Example*: or elſe, for lack of a diſcerning *Judgment*, which will tell them, that the beſt way thither, is to go about, by *humility* and *deſert*. Otherwiſe, the River of *Contempt* runs betwixt them and it: and if they go not by theſe paſſages, they muſt of neceſſity either *turn back* with ſhame, or ſuffer in the deſperate *venture*. Of *Trees*, I obſerve, GOD hath choſen the *Vine*, a low *plant*, that creeps upon the helpful *wall*: Of all *Beaſts*, the ſoft and patient *Lamb*: Of all *Fowls*, the mild and gall-leſs *Dove*. CHRIST is the *Roſe* of the *Field*, and the *Lilly* of the *Valley*. When GOD appeared to *Moſes*: it was not in the lofty *Cedar*, nor the ſturdy *Oak*, nor the ſpreading *Plane*; but in a *Buſh*, an humble, ſlender, abject *ſhrub*. As if he would by theſe *elections*, check the conceited arrogance of *Man*. Nothing procureth *Love*, like *Humility*: nothing *Hate*, like *Pride*. The *proud man* walks among *daggers*, pointed againſt him: whereas the *humble* and the *affable*, have the *people* for their guard in *dangers*. To be humble to our *Superiours*, is *duty*; to our *Equals courteſie*; to our *Inferiours*, *nobleneſs*. Which for all her *lowneſs*, carries ſuch a ſway, that ſhe may command their *ſouls*. But, we muſt take heed, we expreſs it not in unworthy *Actions*. For then leaving *Vertue*, it falls into *diſdained baſeneſs*: which is the undoubtable *badge* of one, that will betray *Society*. So far as a man, both in *words* and *deeds*, may be free from *flattery*, and unmanly *cowardiſe*; he may be humble with *commendation*. But ſurely, no *circumſtance* can make the expreſſion of *pride* laudable. If ever it be, 'tis when it meets with *audacious pride*, and conquers. Of this *good* it may then be *author*, that the *affronting man*, by his own *folly*, may learn the way, to his *duty*, and *wit*. Yet this I cannot ſo well call *Pride*, as an *emulation of the Divine Juſtice*; which will always vindicate it ſelf upon *preſumptuous ones*: and is indeed ſaid to fight againſt no *ſin*, but *Pride*.

VII.

Of Reward and Service.

WHen it lights upon a *worthy nature*, there is nothing procures a more faithful *ſervice*, than *the Maſters liberality*: nor is there any thing makes *that* appear more, than a *true fidelity*. They are each of other, *alternate parents*; begetting and begotten. Certainly, if theſe were practiſed, *great men* need not ſo often change their *Followers*: nor would the *Patrons* be abandoned by their old *Attendants*. Rewards are not *given*, but *paid*, to *Servants* that be good and wiſe. Nor ought that *blood* to be accounted *loſt*, which is outletted for a *noble Maſter*. *Worth* will never fail to give *Deſert* her *bayes*. A *liberal Maſter*, that loves his *Servant* well, is in ſome ſort a *God* unto him: which may both give him *bleſſings*, and protect him from *danger*. And believe it, on the other ſide, a *diligent* and *diſcreet Servant*, is one of the *beſt friends* that a man can be bleſt with-

withal. He can do whatsoever a *Friend* may: and will be commanded with lesser hazzard of losing. Nay, he may in a kind, challenge a glory above his *Master:* for, though it be harder to play a *Kings* part well, than 'tis to act a *Subjects*; yet *natures* inclination is much more bent to *rule* than to *obey*: *service* being a condition, which is not found in any Creatures of one kind, but *Man*. Now, if the Question be, when men meet in these *relations*, who shall the first begin? The *lot* will surely fall upon the *servant:* for he is tyed in duty to be *diligent*; and that ever binds without exception. The *Lord* is tyed but by his *honor:* which is voluntary, and not compulsive; *Liberality* being a free adjection, and not a *tye* in his *bargain*. 'Tis good sometimes for a *Lord* to use a *servant* like a *friend*, like a *companion*: but 'tis always fit for a *servant* to pay him the reverence due to a *Master*. *Pride* becomes neither the *commander* nor the *commanded*. Every *family* is but a several *plume* of *Feathers:* the meanest is of the self-same stuff; only he that made the *plume*, was pleased to set the *Lord* highest. The Power of *commanding* is rather *political*, than from equal nature. The *service* of *man*, to *man*, followed not the *Creation*, but the *fall of man:* and till *Noah* curs'd his *Son*, the name of *servant* is not read in *Scripture*. Since, there is no absolute *freedom* to be found below, even *Kings* are but more *splendid servants*, for the *common body*. There is a mutuality between the *Lord* and *Vassals*. The *Lord* serves them of *necessaries*; and they him, in his *pleasures* and *conveniences*. *Vertue* is the truest *liberty:* nor is he free, that stoops to *passions:* nor he in bondage, that serves a *noble Master*. When *Demonax* saw one cruel in the beating of a Servant: *Fie* (says he) *forbear*; *lest by the World, your self be taken for the servant*. And if we have any faith in *Claudian*, we may believe, that

Fallitur, egregio quisquis sub Principe credit
Servitium: nunquam libertas gratior extat
Quàm sub Rege pio, ——

He knows no bondage, whom a good *King* sways;
For *freedom* never shines with clearer rays,
Than when *brave Princes* Reign.

Imperiousness turns that *servant* into a *slave*; which *moderation* makes as an humble-speaking *Friend*. *Seneca* begins an *Epistle* with rejoycing, that his *friend* lived familiar with his *Servant*. Neither can have *comfort*, where both are *uncommunicable*. I confess, the like countenance is not to be shewed to all. *That which makes a wise man* modest, *makes a fool* unmannerly. 'Tis the *saucy servant* that causes the *Lord* to shrink his descending favours. Of the two, *pride* is the more tolerable in a *Master*. The other is a *preposteriousness*, which *Solomon* saw the *earth* did groan for. *Hadrian* sent his *inferior Servant* a box on the ear, for walking but between two *Senators*. As I would not *serve* to be admitted to nothing, but to *high commands:* So I

think, who'ere is rudely *malepert*, blemiſhes the diſcretion of himſelf, and his *Lord*. As there ought to be *equality*, becauſe *Nature* has made it; ſo there ought to be a *difference*, becauſe *Fortune* has ſet it. Yet cannot the *diſtance* of their *Fortunes* be ſo much, as their *nearneſs* in being *Men*. No *Fate* can fright away that likeneſs, The other we have found in *motion*, in *variance*; even to rare and inverted *mutations*. Let not the *Lord* abuſe his *ſervant*; for 'tis poſſible *he may* fall below him: Let not the *ſervant* neglect his *Maſter*; for *he may* be caſt to a meaner condition. Let the *ſervant* deſerve, and the *Maſter* recompenſe: and if they would both be *noble*, the beſt way is for thoſe that be ſubject to forget their ſervices; and for thoſe that are *Commanders*, to remember them. So, each loving other, for their *generous worthineſs*; the world ſhall ſtrew praiſes in both their *paths*. If the *ſervant* ſuppoſe his *lot* to be hard, let him think, that *ſervice* is nothing but the *free-mans* calling: wherein while he is, he is bound to diſcharge himſelf *well*.

VIII.

Of Reprehenſion.

TO *reprehend* well, is both the hardeſt, and moſt neceſſary part of *Friendſhip*. Who is it, that will either *not merit* a *check*, or *endure* one? Yet wherein can a *friend* more unfold his *love*, than in preventing *dangers* before their birth; or, in reducing a man to *ſafety*, which is travelling in the way to *ruine?* I grant, the manner of the *application* may turn the *benefit* into an *injury:* and then it both ſtrengtheneth *Error*, and wounds the *Giver*. *Correction* is never in vain. *Vice* is a *miery deepneſs:* if thou ſtriveſt to help one out, and doſt not; the ſtirring him, ſinks him the further. *Fury* is the madder for his chain. When thou chideſt thy *wandring friend*, do it ſecretly; in ſeaſon, in love: Not in the ear of a popular *convention:* For many times, the preſence of a *multitude*, makes a man make up an unjuſt *defence*, rather than fall in a juſt *ſhame*. Diſeaſed *eyes* endure not an unmasked *Sun:* nor does the *wound* but rankle more, which is vanned by the public *air*. Nor can I much blame a man, though he ſhuns to make the *Vulgar* his *Confeſſor:* for they are the moſt uncharitable *tell-tales* that the burthened *Earth* doth ſuffer. They underſtand nothing but the *dregs* of *actions:* and with ſpattering thoſe abroad, they beſmear a deſerving *fame*. A man had better be *convinced* in *private*, than be made *guilty* by a *Proclamation*. *Open rebukes* are for *Magiſtrates*, and *Courts of Juſtice:* for *Stalled Chambers*, and for *Scarlets*, in the *thronged Hall*. *Private*, are for *friends*; where all the *witneſſes* of the *offenders bluſhes*, are blind, and deaf, and dumb. We ſhould do by them, as *Joſeph* thought to have done by *Mary*, ſeek to cover blemiſhes with *ſecreſie*. *Public reproof*, is like ſtriking of a *Deer* in the *Herd*,

Herd, it not only wounds him, to the loſs of inabling *Blood*, but betrays him to the *Hound*, his *Enemy*: and makes him, by his *fellows*, be puſht out of *company*. Even *concealment of a fault*, argues ſome *charity* to the *Delinquent*: and when we tell him of it in ſecret, it ſhews, we wiſh, he ſhould amend, before the *world* comes to know he is amiſs. Next, it ought to be in *ſeaſon*, neither when the *brain* is miſted, with ariſing *Fumes*: nor when the *mind* is madded, with unreined *paſſions*. Certainly, he is *drunk* himſelf, that profanes *Reaſon* ſo, as to urge it to a *drunken man*. *Nature* unlooſed in a flying ſpeed, cannot come off with a ſudden ſtop.

Quis matrem, niſi mentis inops, in funere Nati
Flere vetat? non hoc ulla monenda loco eſt.

He's mad, that drys a *Mothers* eyes full tide
At her *Sons* Grave: There 'tis no time to chide:

Was the opinion of the *ſmootheſt Poet*. To *admoniſh* a man in the height of his *paſſion*; is to call a *Souldier* to *Council*, in the midſt, in the heat of a *Battle*. Let the *combat* ſlack, and then thou maiſt expect a hearing. All *paſſions* are like *rapid torrents*: they ſwell the more for meeting with a *dam* in their *violence*. He that will hear nothing in the rage and roar of his *anger*, will, after a pauſe, enquire of you. Seem you to *forget him*; and he will the ſooner *remember himſelf*. For it often falls out, that the end of *paſſion*, is the beginning of *repentance*. Then will it be eaſie to draw back a retiring man: As a *Boat* is rowed with leſs labour, when it hath both a *wind* and *tide* to drive it. A word ſeaſonably given, like a *Rudder*, ſometimes ſteers a man quite into another *courſe*. When the *Macedonian Philip* was capring in the view of his *Captives*: ſays *Demades*, —*Since Fortune has made you like* Agamemnon, *why will you ſhew your ſelf like* Therſites? And this chang'd him to another man. A *blow* beſtow'd in the ſtriking time, is better than ten, delivered unſeaſonably. There are ſome nicks in *Time*, which whoſoever finds, may promiſe to himſelf *ſucceſs*. As in all things, ſo in this; eſpecially if he do it as he ought, *in love*. It is not good to be too *tetrical* and *virulent*. *Kind words* make *rough actions* plauſible. The bitterneſs of *Reprehenſion*, is inſweetned with the pleaſingneſs of *Compellations*. If ever *flattery* might be lawful, here is a *cauſe*, that would give it admiſſion. To be *plain*, argues *honeſty*: but to be *pleaſing*, argues *diſcretion*. *Sores* are not to be anguiſh't with a ruſtic preſſure; but gently ſtroked with a *Ladied hand*. *Phyſicians* fire not their eyes at *Patients*: but calmly miniſter to their *diſeaſes*. Let it be ſo done, as the *offender* may ſee *affection* without *arrogancy*. Who blows out *Candles* with too ſtrong a breath, does but make them ſtink, and blows them light again. To avoid this, it was ordain'd among the *Lacedemonians*, That every *Tranſgreſſor*, ſhould be, as it were, his own *Beadle*: for, his puniſhment was, to compaſs an *Altar*, ſinging an *Invective* made againſt himſelf. It is not conſonant, that a

member so unboned as the *tongue* is, should smart it with an *Iron lash*. Every man that *adviseth*, assumes as it were, a *transcendency* over the other; which if it be not allayed with *protestations*, and some self-including *terms* grows hateful: that even the *reprehension* is many times the greater fault of the two. It will be good therefore, not to make the *complaint* our own, but to lay it upon some others; that not knowing his grounded *Vertues*, will, according to this, be apt to judg of all his *actions*. Nor can he be a competent *Judg* of anothers *crime*, that is guilty of the like himself. 'Tis unworthily done, to *condemn* that in others, which we would not have but *pardoned* in our selves. When *Diogenes* fell in the *School* of the *Stoics*; He answers his *deriders*, with this *Question: Why do you laugh at me for falling backward, when you your selves do retrograde your lives?* He is not *fit* to *cure* a *dimmed sight*, that looks upon another with a *beamed eye*. *Freed*, we may *free* others. And, if we please them with *praising* some of their *Vertues* they will with much more *ease*, be brought to know their *Vices*. *Shame* will not let them be angry with them, that so equally *deal* both the *Rod*, and *Laurel*. If he be much our *Superior*, 'tis good to do it sometimes in *Parables*, as *Nathan* did to *David*: So, let him by *collection*, give himself the *censure*. If he be an *equal*, let it appear, *affection*, and the truth of *friendship* urging it. If he be our *inferior*, let it seem our *care*, and *desire* to benefit him. Towards all, I would be sure to shew *humility*, and *love*. Though I find a little *bluster* for the *present*, I am *confident*, I shall meet with *thanks* afterward. And in my *absence*, his reverend *report* following me. If not: the best way to lose a *friend*, is by *seeking*, by my *love* to *save* him. 'Tis best for others, that they *hate* me for *vice*; but if I must be *hated*, 'tis best for my self, that they *hate* me for my *goodness*: For, then am I mine own *antidote* against all the *poyson* they can *spit* upon me.

IX.

Of Time's continual speed.

IN all the *actions* that a *Man* performs, some part of his *life passeth*. We *dye* with doing that, for which only, our *sliding life* was granted. Nay, though we do nothing, *Time* keeps his constant *pace*, and flies as fast in *idleness*, as in *imployment*. Whether we *play*, or *labor*, or *sleep*, or *dance*, or *study*, the *Sun* posteth, and the *Sand* runs. An hour of *Vice* is as long as an hour of *Vertue*. But the *difference* which follows upon *good actions*, is infinite from that of *ill ones*. The *good*, though it diminish our *time* here, yet it lays up a *pleasure* for *Eternity*; and will *recompense* what it taketh away, with a *plentiful return* at last. When we *trade* with *Vertue*, we do but buy *pleasure* with *expence* of *time*. So it is not so much a *consuming of time*, as an *exchange*. Or as a *man* sows his *corn*, he is content to want it a while, that he may, at the

the *harveſt* receive it with *advantage*. But the *bad deeds* that we do here, do not only *rob us* of ſo much *time*; but alſo be-ſpeak a *torment* for hereafter: and that in ſuch a *life*, as the greateſt *pleaſure* we could there be *crown'd* withal, would be the very *act of dying*. The one *treaſures* up a *pleaſure* in a *laſting life*: the other provides *us torture* in a *death eternal*. Man, as ſoon as *he* was made, had two great *Suitors* for his *life* and *ſoul*: *Vertue*, *Vice*. They both travell'd the world with *trains*, *harbengers*, and large *attendance*: *Vertue* had before her, *Truth*, running *naked*, *valiant*, but *unelegant*: then *labor*, *cold*, *hunger*, *thirſt*, *care*, *vigilance*; and theſe but poorly *arrayed*. and ſhe in plain, though clean *attire*. But looking near, ſhe was of ſuch a *ſelf-perfection*; that ſhe might very well *embleme* whatſoever *Omnipotency* could make moſt *rare*. *Modeſt* ſhe was: and ſo *lovely*, that whoſoever *look't* but ſtedfaſtly upon her, could not, but *inſoul* himſelf in her. After her, followed *Content*: full of *Jewels*, *Coins*, *Perfumes*, and all the *maſſy riches* of the world. Then *Joy*, with *Maſquers*, *Mirth*, *Revelling*, and all *Eſſential Pleaſures*. Next, *Honor*, with all the ancient *Orders* of *Nobility*, *Scepters*, *Thrones*, and *Crowns Imperial*. Laſtly, *Glory*, ſhaking ſuch a *brightneſs* from her *Sunny Treſſes*, that I have heard no man could ever come ſo near, as to *deſcribe* her truly. And behind all theſe, came *Eternity*, caſting a *Ring* about them; which like a ſtrong *inchantment*, made them for ever the ſame. Thus *Vertue*. *Vice* thus: Before her, Firſt went *Lying*, a *ſmooth painted huſwife*: clad all in *Changeable*, but under her *garments*, full of *Scabs*, and ugly *Ulcers*. She ſpoke *pleaſingly*, and promiſed, whatſoever could be *wiſht for*, in the behalf of her Miſtriſs, *Vice*. Upon her, *Wit* waited: a conceited *fellow*, and one that much took *Man* with his pretty *tricks* and *gambals*. Next *Sloth*, and *Luxury*, ſo full; that they were after *choaked* with their own *fat*. Then (becauſe ſhe could not have the true ones, for, they follow *Vertue*) ſhe gets *Impoſtors*, to perſonate *Content*, *Joy*, *Honor*, in all their *wealth*, and *royalties*: After theſe, *ſhe* comes her ſelf, ſumptuouſly *apparell'd*, but a *naſty* ſurfeited *Slut*; whereby, if any *kiſt* her, they were ſure by her *breath* to *periſh*. After her, followed on a ſudden, like *enemys* in ambuſh, *guilt*, *horror*, *ſhame*, *loſs*, *want*, *ſorrow*, *torment*. Theſe *charm'd* with *Eternitys* Ring, as the other. And thus they wooed *fond Man*; who taken with the *ſubtil* cozenages of *Vice*, yielded to lie with her: where he had his *nature* ſo impoyſon'd, that his *ſeed* was all *contaminated*, and his *corruption* even to this day, is ſtill *Conduited* to his undone *Poſterity*. It may be *Virgil* knew of ſuch a ſtory when he writ,

Quiſquis enim duros caſus virtutis amore
Vicerit, ille ſibi laudemque decuſque parabit:
At qui deſidiam, luxumque ſequetur inertem,
Dum fugit oppoſitos, incauta mente, labores,
Turpis inopſque ſimul, miſerabile tranſiget ævum.

Man that Love-conquers *Vertues* thorny ways,
Rears to himſelf a fame-tomb, for his praiſe.

But

But he that *Luſt*, and Leaden *Sloth* doth prize,
While heedleſs he, oppoſed *Labor* flies;
All, foul and poor, moſt miſerably dies.

'Tis true, *they*, both *ſpend* us time alike: nay many times, *honeſt induſtry* ſpends a man more, than the ungirthed *ſolaces* of a ſenſual *Libertine*: unleſs they be purſued with *inordinateneſs*, then they deſtroy the *preſent*, ſhorten the *future*, and haſten *pain*. Why ſhould I wiſh to *paſs* away this *life* ill, which to thoſe that are ill, is the *beſt*? If I muſt daily *leſſen* it, it ſhall be by that, which ſhall joy me with a future *Income*. *Time* is like a *Ship*, which never *Anchors*: while I am *aboard*, I had better do thoſe things, that may advantage me at my *landing*; than *practiſe* ſuch, as ſhall cauſe my *commitment*, when I come to the *ſhore*. Whatſoever I *do*, I would *think* what will *become* of it, when it is *done*. If *good*, I will go on to *finiſh* it. If *bad*, I will either leave off, where I am; or not undertake it at all. *Vice*, like an *unthrift* ſells away the *Inheritance*, while it's but in *Reverſion*: But *Vertue*, husbanding all *things* well, is a *Purchaſer*. Hear but the witty *Spaniards* Diſtich;

Ampliat ætatis ſpatium ſibi, vir bonus, hoc eſt
Vivere bis, vita poſſe priore frui.

He that his former well-led life enjoys,
Lives twice: ſo gives addition to his days.

X.

Of Violence and Eagerneſs.

THe too *eager* purſuit of a thing, hinders the *injoyment*. For, it makes men take *indirect* ways, which though they *proſper* ſometimes, are *bleſſed* never. The *Covetous*, becauſe he is mad upon *riches*, practiſeth *injurious* courſes, which *God* curſing, bring him to a ſpeedy *Poverty*. *Oppreſſion* will bring a *Conſumption* upon thy *gains*. *Wealth* ſnatch't up by *unjuſt* and injurious ways, like a *rotten ſheep*, will *infect* thy *healthful flock*. We think by *wrong* to hide our ſelves from *want*, when 'tis that only, which unavoidably *pulls* it on us. Like *Thieves*, that hooking for *clothes* in the *dark*, they draw the *Owner*, which takes, and then impriſons them. He that longs for *Heaven* with ſuch *impatience*, as he will *kill* himſelf, that he may be there the ſooner, may by that *act*, be *excluded* thence; and lie *gnaſhing* of his *teeth* in *Hell*. Nay, though we be in the *right way*, our *haſte* will make our *ſtay* the longer: He, that rides all upon the *driving ſpur*, tyres his Horſe e're his *journey* ends: ſo is there the *later*, for making ſuch *unwonted ſpeed*. He is like a giddy *meſſenger*, that runs away without his *errand*: ſo diſpatches leſs for his *nimbleneſs*. *When* God *hath laid out* Man *a* way, *in vain he ſeeks a near* one. *We ſee the* things *we* aim *at, as*

Travellers

Travellers *do* Towns *in hilly* Countries; we *judg* them near, at the *eyes* end; becauſe we ſee not the *vallies*, and the *brook* in them, that *interpoſe*. So, thinking to take ſhorter *courſes*, we are led about, through *ignorance*, and *incredulity*. *Surely* God *that made* diſpoſing Nature, *knows her better*, *than* imperfect man. And he that is once *perſuaded* of this, will rather ſtay the *leiſure* of the *Deity*, than follow the *chaſe* of his own *deluſions*. *We go* ſureſt, *when we* poſt *not in a* precipitation. *Sudden* riſings, *have ſeldom ſound* foundations. We might *ſweat* leſs, and *avail* more. How have I ſeen a *Beef-brain'd-fellow* (that hath only had *impudence* enough to ſhew himſelf a *fool*) thruſt into *diſcourſes* of *wit*, thinking to get *eſteem*: when, all that he hath *purchaſed*, hath been only, the *hiſs* of the *wiſe*, and a *juſt deriſion* from the *abler judgments*. Nor will it be leſs *toylſome*, than we have already found it, *incommodious*. What *jealous* and *envious furies* gnaw the *burning breſt* of the *ambitious fool?* What *fears* and *cares* affright the *ſtarting ſleeps* of the *covetous?* Of which if any *happen*, they *cruſh* him, ten times heavier, than they would do the *mind* of the *well-temper'd man*. All that *affect* things *over-violently*, do *over-violently grieve* in the *diſappointment*. Which is yet *occaſioned*, by that, the too much *earneſtneſs*. Whatſoever I wiſh for, I will purſue *eaſily*, though I do it *aſſiduouſly*. And if I can, the *hands diligence*, ſhall go without the *leaping bounds* of the *heart*. So if it happen well, I ſhall have more *content:* as coming leſs expected. Thoſe *joys* claſp us with a friendlier *arm*, that *ſteal* upon us, when we *look* not for them. If it fall out *ill*, my *mind* not being ſet on't; will teach me *patience*, in the *ſadning want*. I will cozen *pain*, with *careleſneſs*, and plump my *joys*, by letting them *ſurprize* me. As, I would not *neglect* a ſudden good *Opportunity*; ſo I would not *fury* my ſelf in the *ſearch*.

XI.

Of the trial of Faith and Friendſhip.

Faith and *Friendſhip*, are ſeldom truly *tried*, but in *extreams*. To find *friends* when we have no need of *them*, and to want *them*, when we have, are both alike *eaſie*, and *common*. In *Proſperity*, who will not *profeſs*, to *love* a man? In *adverſity*, how few will *ſhew* that they *do it* indeed? When we are *happy*, in the *Spring-tide* of *Abundance*, and the *riſing flood* of *Plenty*, then, the *world* will be our *ſervant:* then, all men *flock* about us, with *bared heads*, with *bended bodies*, and *proteſting tongues*. But when theſe *pleaſing waters* fall to *ebbing*; when *wealth* but *ſhifteth*, to another *ſtand*: Then, men look upon us at a *diſtance*; and *ſtiffen* themſelves, as if they were in *Armor*; leſt (if they ſhould comply with us) they ſhould get a *wound* in the *cloze*. *Adverſity* is like *Penelope's* night; which *undoes* all, that ever the day did *weave*. 'Tis a *miſery* that the knowledg of ſuch a *bleſſed-*

neſs,

neſs, as a *friend* is, can hardly be without ſome *ſad misfortune*. For we can never throughly *try* him, but in the *kick* of malignant *Chance*. And till we have *try'd* him, our *knowledg* can be *call'd* but by the name of *Hope*. What a pitiful *plight* is poor *duſt-temper'd-man* in, when he can neither be truly *happy* without a *friend*; nor yet know him to be a true *friend*, without his being *unhappy?* Our *Fortunes*, and our *ſelves* are things ſo cloſely *link'd*, that we know not, which is the *cauſe* of the *love*, that we find. When theſe *two* ſhall *part*, we may then *diſcern* to which of them *affection* will make *wing*: When they are covered together we know not, which is in *purſuit*. When they *riſe*, and *break*, we ſhall then ſee, which is *aimed* at. *I confeſs he is happy, that finds a true friend in extremity: but he is happier, that findeth not extremity, wherein to try his friend.* Thus the *trial* of *friendſhip*, is by finding, what others will do for us: But the *tryal of Faith*, is, by finding what we will do for *God*. To truſt him for *eſtate*, when we have the *Evidences* in our *Iron Cheſt*, is *eaſie*; and not *thank-worthy*. But to depend upon him, for what we cannot *ſee*; As 'tis more *hard* for Man to do; ſo 'tis more acceptable to God, if it be done. For, in that *Act*, we make *confeſſion* of his *Deity*. We know not in the *flows* of our *contentedneſs*, what we our ſelves are; or, how we could *neglect* our ſelves, to follow *God*, commanding us. All men will be *Peters* in their *bragging tongue:* and moſt men will be *Peters*, in their *baſe denial*. But few men will be *Peters*, in their *quick repentance*. When we are *well*, we ſwear we will not leave him, in our greateſt *ſickneſs*; but when our *ſickneſs* comes, we forget our *vows*, and *ſtay*. When we meet with *blows*, that will force us, either to let go our hold of *God*, or our ſelves: Then we ſee, to which our *ſouls* will cleave the faſteſt, And, of this *tryal*, excellent is the *uſe* we may make. If we find our *Faith* upon the *Teſt*, firm; it will be unto us, a perpetual *banquet:* If we find it *daſtardly ſtarting* aſide, knowing the *weakneſs*, we may ſtrive to ſinew it, with a ſtronger *nerve*. So that it ever is, either the aſſurance of our *happineſs*, or the way whereby we may find it. Without this *confidence* in a *power* that is always able to aid us, we *wander*, both in *trouble* and *doubt*. *Infidelity* is the cauſe of all our *woes*, the *ground* of all our *ſins*. Not truſting God, we diſcontent our ſelves with *fears* and *ſolicitations:* and to cure theſe, we run into *prohibited paths*. Unworthy *earthen worm!* that canſt think God of ſo un-noble a nature, as that he will ſuffer ſuch to *want*, as with a *dutiful endeavour* do depend upon him. It is not uſual with *Man*, to be ſo baſe. And canſt thou believe, that moſt *Heroical* and *Omnipotent Infiniteneſs* of his, will abridg a *follower* of ſuch poor *toys*, as the *accoutrements* of this life are? Can a *Deity* be inhuman? Or can he that graſps the unemptied *proviſions* of the *world* in his hand, be a niggard to his *ſons*, unleſs he ſees it for their *good* and *benefit?* Nay, could'ſt thou that readeſt this (whatſoever thou art) if thou hadſt but a *Sareptan widows Cruſe of Gold*, could'ſt thou let a diligent and affectionate *ſervant*, that ever waited on thee, want neceſſaries? Could'ſt thou endure to ſee him ſhamed in diſgracing *rags*; nipt

nipt to a benumming, with the *Icy thumbs* of *Winter*; complaining for want of *ſuſtenance*; or neglected in the times of *ſickneſs*? I appeal to thy inward and more *noble acknowledgment*; I know, thou could'it not. O *perverſe thought of perverted man*! And wilt thou yet imagine, thou canſt want ſuch things as theſe from ſo unbounded a *bounty* as his is? Serve him, and but *believe*; and upon my ſoul, he will never fail thee, for what is moſt *convenient*. O my *God*! my *Refuge*, my *Altar*, and my *ſouls Anckor*: I beg that I may but *ſerve* thee, and *depend upon* thee: I need not beg *ſupply* to the other two, thou giveſt that without asking. Thou knoweſt, for my ſelf, my *ſouls* wiſhes are not for a *vaſt abundance*. If ever I ſhould wiſh a *plenty*; it ſhould be for my *friends*, not me. I care not to *abound* in *abounding*; and I am perſuaded, I ſhall never *want*; not *neceſſaries*, not *conveniencies*. Let me find my *heart* dutiful, and my *faith* upon trial ſtedfaſt: and I am ſure theſe will be *ground* enough for ſufficient *happineſs*, while I live here.

XII.

That a wiſe Man may gain by any Company.

AS there is no *Book* ſo poorly furniſhed,, out of which a man may not gather ſomething for his *benefit*; ſo is there no *company* ſo ſavagely *bad*, but a wiſe man may from it learn ſomething to make himſelf *better*. *Vice* is of ſuch a *toady complexion*, that ſhe cannot chuſe but teach the *ſoul* to hate: So loathſome, when ſhe's ſeen in her own ugly *dreſs*: that, like a man faln in a pit before us, ſhe gives us warning to avoid the *danger*. So admirably hath *God* diſpoſed of the ways of *Man*; that even the *ſight of Vice* in others, is like a Warning-arrow ſhot, for us to take heed. When ſhe thinks by publiſhing of her ſelf, to procure a *train*; *God*, by his ſecret working, makes her turn her *weapons* againſt her ſelf: and ſtrongly plead for her Adverſary, *Vertue*. Of which take *Balaam* for a type: who intending to *curſe* the *Iſraelites*, had enforced *bleſſings*, but in his diſſenting *tongue*. We are wrought to *good* by contraries. *Foul acts*, *keep Vertue from the charms of Vice*. Says *Horace*,

——*Inſuevit Pater optimus hoc me,*
Ut fugerem exemplis vitiorum quæque notando.
Quum me hortaretur parcè, frugaliter, atque
Viverem uti contentus eo, quod mî ipſe paraſſet:
Nonne vides, Albi ut malè vivat filius? utque
Barrus inops? Magnum documentum, ne patriam rem
Perdere quis velit. A turpi meretricis amore
Quum deterret, Sectani diſſimilis ſis.
——*Sic me*
Formabat puerum dictis.——

—— Thus my beſt *Father* taught
Me to fly *Vice*; by noting thoſe were naught.

When he would charge me thrive, and ſparing be,
Content, with what he had prepar'd for me:
See'ſt not how ill young *Albus* lives? how low
Poor *Barrus?* Sure, a weighty *Item*, how
One ſpent his means. And when he meant to ſtrike
A hate to *Whores*; To *Sectan* be not like.
——thus me a child
He with his Precepts faſhion'd——

I confeſs, I do not learn to *correct faults* in my *ſelf*, by any thing more, than by ſeeing how uncomely they appear in *others*. Who can but think what *a naſty Beaſt* he is in *drunkenneſs*, that hath ſeen how noyſom it hath made another? How like a *nated ſop*, *ſponged*, even to the cracking of a *skin?* Who will not abhor a *choleric paſſion*, and a *ſawcy pride* in himſelf; that ſees how *ridiculous* and *contemptible* they render thoſe, that are infeſted with them? Why ſhould I be ſo beſottedly blind, as to believe, others ſhould not ſpy thoſe *vices* in *me*, which I can ſee, when they do diſcloſe in *them? Vertue* and *Vice*, whenſoever they come to *act*, are both margin'd with a pointing *finger*; but in the *intent*, the difference is much: when 'tis ſet againſt *Vertue*, it betokens then *reſpect* and *worth:* but againſt *Vice*, 'tis ſet in ſcorn, and for *averſion*. Though the *bad man* be the worſe, for having *Vice* in his *eye:* yet the *good man* is the better, for all that he ſees, is *ill*. 'Tis certain, neither *example*, nor *precept*, (unleſs it be in matters *wholly religious*) can be the abſolute *guides* of the true *wiſe man*. 'Tis only a *knowing*, and a *practical judgment* of his own, that can direct him in the *maze of life:* in the *buſtle of the world:* in the *twitches* and the *twirls of Fate*. The other may help us ſomething in the *general*; but cannot be ſufficient in *particulars*. *Mans* life is like a *State*, ſtill caſual in the *future*. No man can leave his *Succeſſor* rules for *ſeverals*; becauſe he knows not how the *times* will be. He that lives always by *Book-rules*, ſhall ſhew himſelf *affected*, and a *fool*. I will do that which I ſee comely, (ſo it be not diſhoneſt) rather than what a *grave Philoſopher* commands me to the contrary. I will *take* what I ſee is fitly good from *any:* but I think there was never any one *man*, that liv'd to be a *perfect guide of perfection*. In many things, I ſhall fall ſhort: in ſome things I may go beyond him. We feed not the *body*, with the food of one *diſh* only: nor does the *ſedulous Bee*, *thyme* all her *thighs* from one *Flowers* ſingle vertues. She takes the beſt from *many*; and together, ſhe makes them ſerve: not without working that to *honey*, which the *putrid Spider* would convert to *poyſon*. Thus ſhould the wiſe man do. But, even by this, he may better learn to love the *good*, than avoid that which is *offenſive*. Thoſe that are throughly arted in *Navigation*, do as well know the *Coaſts*, as the *Ocean*: as well the *Flaws*, the *Sands*, the *Shallows*, and the *Rocks*; as the *ſecure depths*, in the moſt *unperillous Channel*. So, I think, thoſe that are *perfect men* (I ſpeak of *perfection* ſince the fall) muſt as well know *bad*, that they may *abtrude* it; as the *good*, that they

they may *embrace*. And this *knowledg* we can neither have ſo *cheap*, or ſo *certain*, as by ſeeing it in others, with a *pitiful diſlike*. Surely we ſhall know *Vertue* the better, by ſeeing that, which is not *ſhe*. If we could paſs the world, without meeting *Vice*: then the knowledg of *Vertue* only were ſufficient. But 'tis not poſſible to live, and not encounter her. *Vice* is as a *God* in this *world*: whither can we go to fly it? It hath an *ubiquity*, and *ruleth* too. I wiſh no man to know it, either by *uſe*, or by *intruſion*: but being unwittingly caſt upon it, let him obſerve, for his own more ſafe direction. Thou art *happy*, when thou mak'ſt another man *vices* ſteps for thee, to climb to *Heaven* by. The wiſe *Phyſician* makes the *poyſon* medicinable. Even the *mud* of the world, by the induſtrious *Hollander* is turned to an uſeful *fuel*. If I light on *good company*, it ſhall either induce me to a *new good*, or confirm me in my liked *old*. If I light on *bad*, I will, by conſidering their dull *ſtains*, either *correct* thoſe *faults* I *have*, or *ſhun* thoſe that I *might have*. As the *Mariner* that hath *Sea-room*, can make any *wind* ſerve to ſet him forward, in his wiſhed *voyage*: ſo a *wiſe man* may take advantage from *any company*, to ſet himſelf forward to *Vertues Religion*. *Vice* is ſubtil, and weaving, for her own preferment: why ſhould not *Vertue* be plotting for *hers!* It requires as much *policy* to grow *good*, as *great*. There is an *innocential providence*, as well as the ſlyneſs of a *vulpine craft*. There are *vices* to be *diſplac'd*; that would ſtop us, in the way of our *Riſe*. There are parties to be made on our ſide; *good Memento's* to uphold us when we are declining, through the private *lifts* of our *unjuſt maligners*. There is a *King* to be pleaſed; that may protect us againſt the ſhock of the *envious Plebeians*: the reigning humors of the *time*, that plead *cuſtom*, and not *reaſon*. We muſt have *Intelligencers* abroad, to learn what practices, *Sins*, (our *Enemies*) have on foot againſt us: and beware what *ſuits* we entertain, leſt we diſhonor our ſelves in their grant. Every *good man* is a *Leiger* here for Heaven: and he muſt be wiſe and circumſpect, to vain the ſleek *navations* of thoſe, that would undo him. And, as thoſe that are ſo for the Kingdoms of *Earth*, will gain ſomething from *all Societies* that they fall upon: So, thoſe that are for this *higher Empire*; may gather ſomething beneficial, from all that they ſhall converſe with; either for *prevention*, or *confirmation*: either to *ſtrengthen themſelves*, or *confound their oppoſers*.

XIII.

Of Man's unwillingneſs to dye.

WHat ſhould make us all ſo unwilling to *dye*, when yet we know, till *death*, we cannot be accounted happy? Is it ſweetneſs we find in this *lifes ſolaces?* Is there pleaſure in the *luſhious blood?* Is it the *horror*, or the *pain*, that doth in *Death* affright us? Or, is it our *fear*, and doubt of what ſhall become of us after? Or, is it the *guilt* of

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our miſ-guided ſouls, already condemning us, by the pre-apprehenſion of a *future puniſhment?* If I found *Death* terrible alike to all, I ſhould think there were ſomething more in *Death*; yea, and in *life* too, than yet we do imagine. But, I find one man can as willingly *dye*, as another man can be willing to *dine*. Some, that can as gladly leave *this world*, as the wiſe man, being old, can forbear the *Court*. There are, to whom *Death* doth ſeem no more than a *bloodletting*: and theſe, I find, are of the ſort of men, which we generally do eſteem for *wiſe*.—Every man, in the *Play* of this world, beſides an *Actor*, is a *Spectator* too: when 'tis *new begun*, with him, (that is, in his *youth*) it promiſeth ſo much, that he is loth to *leave* it: when it grows to the middle, the Act of *virility*, then he ſees the *Scenes* grow thick, and fill, he would gladly underſtand the *end*: but, when that draws near, and he finds what that will be; he is then content to *depart*, and leave his room to *ſucceeders*. Nay, many times, while before this, he conſiders, that 'tis all as it were *deluſion*, and a *dream*, and paſſeth away as the *conſumed dew*, or as the ſound of a *Bell* that is *rung*; he then grows weary with *expectation*, and his *life* is entertain'd with a tedious *diſlike of it ſelf*. O the unſetled *conceit of Man*! that ſeeking after *quiet*, finds his *unreſt* the more: that knows neither what *he is*, nor what he *ſhall be*! We are like men benighted in a *Wilderneſs*: we wander in the tread of ſeveral *paths*: we try one, and preſently find another is more *likely*: we follow that, and meet with more, that *croſs* it: and while we are diſtracted about theſe various *ways*, the fierce Beaſt, *Death*, devours us. I find two ſorts of men, that differ much, in their conceptions that they hold of *Death*. One lives in a *full joy* here: he *ſings*, and *revels*, and *pleaſants* his *ſpleen*, as if his *harveſt* were perpetual; and the whole *worlds* face faſhioned to a *poſture*, laughing upon him. And this man would do any thing, rather than *dye*: whereby he tells us, (though his tongue expreſs it not) that *he expects a worſe eſtate hereafter*. Another lives hardly here, with a heavy *heart*, furrowing of a mournful *face*: as if, like the *Beaſt*, he were yeaned into the world, only to act a *ſad mans* part, and dye: and this *man* ſeeks *Death*, and miſſes him; intimating, that he expects a *better condition* by *Death*: for 'tis ſure, *Natura ſemper in meliorem tendit*: *Nature* ever aims at better; nor would ſhe wiſh a change, if ſhe did not think it a benefit. Now, what do theſe two tell us? but that there is both a *miſery*, and a *joy* attending *Man*, when he is vaniſht hence. The like is ſhewed by the *good man*, and the *bad*: one avoiding what the other would wiſh; at leaſt not *refuſe*, upon offer. For the *good man* I muſt reckon with the *wiſe*; as one that equally can *dye*, or *live*. He knows, while he is here, *God* will protect him; and when he goes hence, *God* will *receive* him. I borrow it from the *Father*: *Non ita vixi, ut me vixiſſe pudeat: nec timeo mori, quia bonum habeo Dominum*. I have not *ſo liv'd*, as I ſhould be *aſhamed*: nor fear I to *dye*, for *God is merciful*. Certainly, we are never at *quiet*, in any thing long, till we have *conquered* the *fear* of *death*. Every *ſpectacle of Mortality terrifies*, Every *caſual danger affrights*

aſpire to *Eminency*; all *Eminencies* do beget an *Admiration*: And, this makes me believe, that *contemplative Admiration*, is a large part of the *worſhip* of the *Deity*. 'Tis an *adoration*, purely, of the *Spirit*: a more *ſublime* bowing of the *ſoul* to the *God-head*. And this is it, which that *Homer* of *Philoſophers* avowed, could bring a man to *perfect happineſs*, if to his *Contemplation* he joyned a conſtant *Imitation* of *God*, in *Juſtice*, *Wiſdom*, *Holineſs*. Nothing can carry us ſo near to *God*, and *Heaven*, as this. The *mind* can walk, beyond the *ſight* of the *eye*; and (though in a *cloud*) can lift us into *Heaven*, while we live. *Meditation* is the *ſouls Perſpective Glaſs*: whereby, in her long *remove*, ſhe diſcerneth *God*, as if he were nearer hand. I perſuade no man to make it his whole *lifes* buſineſs. We have *bodies*, as well as *ſouls*. And even this *world*, while we are in it, ought ſomewhat to be cared for. As thoſe *States* are likely to *flouriſh*, where *execution* follows ſound *adviſements*: So is *Man*, when *contemplation* is ſeconded by *action*. *Contemplation* generates; *Action* propagates. Without the firſt, the latter is *defective*. Without the laſt, the firſt is but *abortive*, and *embryous*. Saint *Bernard* compares *contemplation* to *Rachel*, which was the more *fair*: but *action* to *Leah*, which was the more *fruitful*. I will neither always be *buſie*, and *doing*: nor ever *ſhut up* in nothing but *thoughts*. Yet, that which ſome would call *Idleneſs*, I will call the *ſweeteſt part* of my *life*: and, that is, my *Thinking*. Surely, *God* made ſo many *varieties* in his *creatures* as well for the *inward ſoul*, as the *outward ſenſes*; though he made them *primarily*, for his own *free-will*, and *Glory*. He was a *Monk* of an honeſter *age*, that being asked how he could indure that *life*, without the *pleaſure* of *books*, anſwered: The *Nature* of the *Creatures* was his *Library*: wherein, when he pleaſed, he could muſe upon *Gods deep Oracles*.

XV.

Of Fame.

IT may ſeem *ſtrange*, that the whole *world of men*, ſhould be carried on with an *earneſt deſire* of a *noble Fame*, and *Memory* after their *deaths*: when yet we know it is not *material*, to our *well*, or *ill* being, what *cenſures*, paſs upon us. The *tongues* of the *living*, avail nothing, to the *good*, or hurt, of thoſe that *lie* in their *Graves*. They can neither add to their *pleaſure*, nor yet diminiſh their *torment*, if they find any. My *account* muſt paſs upon my own *actions*, not upon the *reports* of others. In vain men labour'd, to *approve* themſelves to *goodneſs*, if the *Palaces* which *Vertue* rears, could be *unbuilt* by the *taxes* of a *wounding tongue*. *Falſe witneſſes* can never find *admiſſion*, where the *God* of *Heaven* ſits *judging*. There is no *Common Law* in the *New Jeruſalem*. There *Truth* will be received, though either *Plaintiff* or *Defendant*, ſpeak it. Here we may *article* againſt a man, by a *common fame*: and by the *frothy buzze* of the *world*, caſt away the blood of *Innocents*. But *Heaven* proceeds

ceeds not after such *incertainties*. The *single man* shall be believed in *truth*, before all the *humming* of *succeſſive Ages*. What will become of many of our *Lawyers*, when not an *Advocate*, but *Truth*, shall be *admitted*? *Fame*, shall there be *excluded*, as a lying *witneſs*: though here, there is nothing which we do *poſſeſs*, which we reckon of an equal *value*. Our *wealth*, our *pleaſure*, our *lives*, will not all hold *weight* againſt it, when this comes in *competition*. Nay, when we are *circled* round with *calamities*, our *confidence* in this, like a *conſtant friend*, takes us by the hand, and cheers us, againſt all our *miſeries*. When *Philip* ask't *Democritus*, if he did not fear to loſe his *head*, he anſwer'd no; for if he did, the *Athenians* would give him one *immortal*. He ſhould be *Statued*, in the *treaſury* of *eternal fame*. See if it were not *Ovids Comforter*, in his *Baniſhment*.

———Nil non mortale tenemus,
Pectoris exceptis, ingeniique bonis.
En ego, cum patria, caream, vobiſque, domoque:
Raptaque ſint, adimi quæ potuere mihi;
Ingenio tamen ipſe meo comitorque fruorque:
Cæſar, in hoc potuit juris habere nihil.
Quilibet hanc ſævo vitam mihi finiat enſe;
Me tamen extincto, fama perenni erit.

———All that we hold will die,
But our brave thoughts, and Ingenuity.
Even I that want my Country, Houſe, and Friend:
From whom is raviſht, all that Fate can rend;
Poſſeſs yet my own *Genius*, and enjoy
That which is more, than *Cæſar* can deſtroy.
Each Groom may kill me: but whens'ere I die,
My Fame ſhall live to mate Eternity.

Plutarch tells us of a *poor Indian*, that would rather endure a *dooming to death*, then *ſhoot* before *Alexander*, when he had *diſcontinued*; leſt by *ſhooting* ill, he ſhould mar the *Fame* he had gotten. Doubtleſs, even in this, *Man* is ordered by a *power* above him; which hath *inſtincted* in the minds of all men, an ardent *appetition* of a laſting *Fame*. Deſire of *Glory*, is the laſt *garment*, that, even *wiſe men*, lay aſide. For this, you may truſt *Tacitus*, *Etiam ſapientibus, Cupido gloriæ noviſſima exuitur*, Not, that it *betters* himſelf, being *gone*; but that it *ſtirs* up, thoſe that *follow* him, to an *earneſt Endeavour* of *Noble Actions*; which is the only *means*, to win the *fame* we wiſh for. *Themiſtocles* that *ſtreamed* out his *youth*, in *wine*, and *venery*; and was ſuddenly *changed*, to a *vertuous*, and *valiant* man, told one, that ask't what did ſo *ſtrangely change* him: that, the *Trophy* of *Miltiades* would not let him *ſleep*. *Tamberlain* made it his *practice*, to read often the *Heroic deeds* of his own *Progenitors*; not as *boaſting* in them: but as *glorious examples* propounded, to infire his *Vertues*. Surely, nothing *awakes* our *ſleeping vertues*, like the *Noble Acts* of our *Predeceſſors*. They are flaming *Beacons*, that *Fame*, and *Time*,

Time, have ſet on *Hills*, to call us to a defence of *Vertue*; whenſoever *Vice* invades the *Common-wealth* of *Man*. Who can indure to *skulk* away his life in an idle *corner*, when he has means, and finds how *Fame* has blown about *deſerving names*? *Worth* begets in weak and baſe minds, *Envy*: but in thoſe that are *Magnanimous*, *Emulation*. *Roman* vertue, made *Roman* vertues, *laſting*. Brave men never die; but like the *Phœnix*: From whoſe *preſerved aſhes*, one, or, other, ſtill doth *ſpring* up, like them. How many *valiant Souldiers*, does a generous *Leader*, make? *Brutus*, and *Brutus*, bred many conſtant *Patriots*. *Fame*, I confeſs, I find more eagerly purſued by the *Heathen*, than by the *Chriſtians* of theſe times. The *Immortality* (as they thought) of their *name*, was to them, as the *Immortality* of the *ſoul* to us: A ſtrong *Reaſon*, to perſuade to *worthineſs*. Their knowledg halted in the latter; ſo they reſted in the firſt. Which often made them *ſacrifice* their lives to that, which they *eſteem'd* above their lives, their *Fame*. *Chriſtians* know a thing beyond it: And, that *knowledg*, cauſes them to give but a *ſecondary* reſpect to *Fame*; there being no *reaſon*, why we ſhould *neglect* that, whereon all our future *happineſs* depends, for that, which is nothing but a *name*, and *empty air*. *Vertue* were a kind of *miſery*, if *Fame* only were all the *Garland*, that did *crown* her. *Glory* alone were a *reward incompetent*, for the *toils* of induſtrious *Man*. This follows him but on *Earth*, in *Heaven* is laid up a more *Noble*, more *Eſſential* recompenſe. Yet, becauſe 'tis a fruit that *ſprings* from good *actions*, I muſt think he that *loves* that, *loveth* alſo that which *cauſeth* it, *worthineſs*. In others; I will honor the *Fame*, for the deſerving *deeds* which cauſed it. In my ſelf, I will *reſpect* the *actions*, that may *merit* it. And, though for my own *benefit*, I will not much ſeek it: yet, I ſhall be glad if it may follow me, to incite others; that they may go *beyond* me, I *will*, if I *can*, tread the *path* which leads to't. If I find it, I ſhall think it a *bleſſing*: if not, my endevour will be enough for *diſcharging* my ſelf within, though I *miſs* it. *God* is not bound to *reward* me any way; if he *accepts* me, I may count it a *mercy*. The other I will not look for. I like him, that does things that deſerve a *Fame*, without either *ſearch* or *caring* for it. *Chriſt*, after many *miraculous cures*, injoyned his *patients* ſilence; perhaps to *check* the *world*, for the too too *violent queſt*, of this *vacuum*. For a mean *man* to *thirſt* for a mighty *fame*, is a kind of fond *ambition*. Can we think a *Mouſe* can caſt a *ſhadow* like an *Elephant*? Can the *Sparrow* look for a *train* like the *Eagle*? Great *Fames* are for *Princes*; and ſuch as for their parts, are the *Glories* of *Humanity*: Good ones may *crown* the *private*. The ſame *fire* may be in the *waxen Taper*, which is in the *ſtaved Torch*; but 'tis not *equal* either in *quantity*, or *advancement*. Let the world ſpeak well of me, and I will never care, though it does not ſpeak much. *Check* thy ſelf, thou *Airmonger*; that with a *madding thought*, thus chaſeſt *fleeting ſhadows*. Love *ſubſtances*, and reſt thy ſelf *content* with what *Boetius* tells thee:

Quicunque ſolam, mente præcipiti, petit
Summumque credit, Gloriam:
Latè patentes, ætheris cernat plagas,
Arctumque terrarum ſitum,
Brevem replere non valentis ambitum;
Pudebit auctі nominis.

He that thirſts for Glorious prize,
Thinking that, the top of all:
Let him view th' expanſed skies,
And the Earth's contracted Ball.
He'l be aſhamed then, that the name he wan,
Fills not the ſhort walk of one healthful man.

XVI.

Of the choice of Religion.

Variety, in any thing, *diſtracteth* the *mind*, and leaves it *waving* in a *dubious trouble*; and then, how eaſie is it to *ſway* the *mind* to either ſide? But, among all the *diverſities* that we meet with, *none* trouble us more, than thoſe that are of *Religion*. 'Tis *rare* to find two *Kingdoms* one; as if every *Nation* had (if not a *God*, yet at leaſt) a *way* to *God* by it ſelf. This *ſtumbles* the unſettled *ſoul*; that not knowing which way to take, without the danger of *erring*, ſticks to none; ſo *dies*, ere he does that, for which he was made to *live*, the *ſervice of the true Almighty*. We are born as *men* ſet down in the midſt of a *Wood*; circled round with ſeveral *voyces* calling us. At firſt, we ſee not, which will *lead* us the right *way* out; ſo divided in our ſelves, we ſit ſtill, and follow none: remaining *blind* in a flat *Atheiſm*, which ſtrikes deep at the *foundation*, both of our *own* and the whole worlds *happineſs*. 'Tis true, if we let our *dimmed underſtanding* ſearch in theſe *varieties* (which yet is the only *means*, that we have in our ſelves, to do it with) we ſhall certainly loſe our ſelves in their *windings*; there being in every of them ſomething to *believe*, above that *reaſon* which leads us to the *ſearch*. *Reaſon* gives us the *Anatomy* of things, and *illuſtrates* with a great deal of *plainneſs*, all the *ways* that ſhe goes: but her *line* is too ſhort, to reach the *depths* of *Religion*. *Religion* carries a *confutation* along with it: and with a high hand of *Soveraignty*, awes the inquiſitive *tongue* of *Nature*; and when ſhe would *murmur* privately, ſhe will not let her *ſpeak*. *Reaſon*, like a mild *Prince*, is content to ſhew his *Subjects* the cauſes of his *commands*, and *rule*. *Religion*, with a *higher ſtrain* of *Majeſty*, bids do it, without inquiring further then the *bare command*: which, without doubt, is a means of procuring mighty *reverence*. What we know not, we *reverently admire*; what we do know, is in a ſort ſubject to the triumphs of the *ſoul*, that hath diſcovered it. And, this *not knowing*, makes us not able to judg. Every one tells us, his own is the trueſt: and there

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is none, I think, but hath been *seal'd* with the blood of some. Nor can I see, how we may more than *probably*, prove any: they being all set in such *heights*, as they are not *subject* to the *demonstrations* of *Reason*. And as we may easier say what a *soul* is not, than what it is: so we may more easily disprove a *Religion* for *false*, than prove it for one that is *true*: There being in the *world*, far more *Error*, than *Truth*. Yet is there besides, another *misery*, near as great as this; and that is, that we cannot be our own *choosers*: but must take it upon *trust*, from others. Are we not oft, before we can discern the *true*, brought up and grounded in the *false*, sucking in *Heresie*, with our milk in *childhood*? Nay, when we come to years of *abler judgment*, wherein the mind is grown up *complete Man*: we examine not the soundness; but retain it meerly, because our Fathers taught it us. What a lamentable *weakness* is this in Man, that he should build his *Eternal welfare*, on the *approbation* of perhaps a weak and ignorant *Parent*? O! why is our *neglect* the most, in that, wherein our care should be *greatest*? How few are there which fulfil that *Precept* of trying all *things*, and taking the *best*? Assuredly though *Faith* be above *Reason*, yet is there a *Reason* to be given of our *Faith*. He is a *Fool* that believes he knows neither what, nor why. Among all the *Diversities of Religion*, that the *world* holds, I think it may stand with most safety, to take that, which makes most for *Gods glory*, and *Mans quiet*. I confess, in all the Treatises of *Religion* that I ever saw, I find none that I should so soon follow, as that of the *Church of England*. I never found so sound a *Foundation*, so sure a *direction* for *Religion*, as the *Song* of the *Angels* at the *Birth of Christ*; *Glory be to God on high*: There is the *Honor*, the *reverend Obedience*, and the *Admiration*, and the *Adoration*, which we ought to give him. *On earth peace*: This is the *effect* of the former; working in the *hearts of men*, whereby the *world* appears in his noblest *beauty*, being an entire *chain of intermutual amity*. *And good will toward men*: This is *Gods mercy*, to *reconcile Man* to himself, after his fearful *desertion* of his *Maker*. Search all *Religions* the world through, and you will find none that ascribes so much to *God*, nor that *constitutes* so firm a love among Men, as does the *establisht Doctrine* of the *Protestant Church* among us. All other either *detract* from God: or infringe the *Peace* of *Men*. The Jews in their *Talmud* say, Before *God* made this, he made many other *Worlds*, and mar'd them again; to keep himself from *Idleness*. The *Turks* in their *Alchoran* bring him in, discoursing with the *Angels*, and they telling him, of things which before he knew not: and after, they make him *swear* by *Mahomets Pen*, and *Lines*; and by *Figgs*, and *Olives*. The *Papists pourtray* him as an *old Man*; and by this means, *dis-deifie him*, *derogating* also from his *Royalty*, by their odious interposing of *merit*. And for the *Society* of men; what bloody *Tenets* do they *all* hold? as, That he deserves not the *name* of *Rabbi*, that hates not his Enemy to the *death*. That 'tis no *sin* to *revenge injuries*: That 'tis *meritorious* to kill a *Heretic*, with whom no *faith* is to be kept: Even to the ungluing of the whole *worlds frame*; Contexted only, by *Commerce*, and

Contracts. What abhorred *barbarisms* did *Selymus* leave in *Precept*, to his Successor *Solyman*? which, though I am not certain they were ratified by their *Mufties*; I am sure, are practised by the *Inheritors* of his *Empire.* By this *taste*, learn to *detect* them *all.*

Ne putes esse nefas, cognatum haurire cruorem:
Et nece fraterna, constabilire Domum.
Jura, Fides, Pietas, regni dum nemo superstit
Æmulus, haud turbent relligione animum.
Hæc ratio est, quæ sola queat regale tueri
Nomen, & expertem te sinit esse metus.

Think not thy kindreds murther ill, 'tis none:
By thy slain brothers, to secure thy Throne.
Law, Faith, Religion, while no Rivals aim
Thy ruin, may be practis'd, else they maim.
This is the way, how Kingly names may be
Insaf't, and from distractive terrors free.

In other *Religions*, of the *Heathen*, what fond *opinions* have they held of their *Gods*? reviling with unseemly *threats*, when their affairs have *thwarted* them. As if allowing them the *name*, they would conserve the *Numen* to themselves. In their *sacrifices*, how *butcherly* cruel? as if (as 'tis said of them) they thought by *inhumanity*, to appease the *wrath* of an offended *Deity.* The *Religion* which we now profess, establisheth all in another *strein.* What makes more for *Gods glory*? what makes more for the *mutual love* of *Man*, then *the Gospel*? All our *abilities* of good, we offer to *God*, as the *Fountain* from whence they *stream.* Can the *day* be *light*, and that *light* not come from the *Sun*? Can a *Clock* go, without a *weight* to move it, or a Keeper to set it? As for *Man:* it teaches him to tread on *Cottons*, mild's his wilder *temper:* and learns him in his *patience*, to affect his *Enemies.* And for that which doth partake on both: it makes *Just God*, a friend to *unjust man*, without being *unjust*, either to himself, or Man. Sure, it could be no other, then the *Invention* of a *Deity*, to find out a *way*, how *Man*, that had *justly* made himself *unhappy*, should, with a full *satisfaction* to exactest *Justice*, be made again most *happy.* I would wish no man that is able to try, to take his *Religion* upon others words: but once resolved in it, 'tis dangerous to *neglect*, where we know we do owe a *service*,

Dii multa neglecti dederunt,
Hesperiæ mala luctuosæ.

God neglected, plenteously
Plagued mournful *Italy.*

And this, before *Horace his time*; when *God is neglected of Man*; *Man* shall be *contemned of God.* When *Man* abridgeth *God* of his *honor*; *God* will shorten *Man* of his *happiness.* It cannot but be best, to give all to

to *him*, of whom whatsoever we have, we hold. I believe it *safest* to take that *Religion*, which most *magnifies God*, and makes most, for the *peaceable conversation of men*. For, as we cannot *ascribe* too much to *him*, to whom we owe more then we can *ascribe*: so I think the most splendid *estate* of *Man*, is that, which comes neerest to his first *Creation*: wherein, all things wrought together, in the pleasant *embracements* of *mutual love*, and *concord*.

XVII.

Of Petitions and Denials.

Denials in *suits*, are *Reprehensions*, to him that asketh. We seem thereby to tell him, that he craves *that*, which is not *convenient*; so errs from that *station*, he should rest in. In our *demands*, we uncover our own *desires*; in the answers we receive, we gather how we are *affected*. Beware what thou askest; and beware what thon *denyest*. For if *discretion* guide thee not, there is a great deal of *danger* in both. We often, by one request, open the *windows* of our *heart* wider, then all the indeavours of our *observers* can. 'Tis like *giving* of a man our hand in the *dark*; which directs him better where we are, then either our *voyce*, or his own *search* may. If we give *repulses*, we are presently held in *suspicion*; and insearched for the cause: which if it be found trenching on *discourtesie*; *Love* dies and *Revenge* springs from the *ashes*. To a *friend* therefore, a man never ought to give a rough *denial*: but always, either to grant him his *request*, or an able *reason* why we *condescend* not; by no means suffering him to go away *unsatisfied*: For that, ever leaves *fire*, to kindle a *succeeding jar*. *Deny* not a just suit; nor *perfer* thou one, that is *unjust*: Either, to a wise man, stamps unkindness in the *Memory*. I confess, to a generous spirit, as 'tis hard to *beg*; so 'tis *harsh* to be *denied*. To such, let thy grant be free, for they will neither beg *injurious* favours, nor be *importunate*; and when thou beest to receive of such, grate not to much on a yielding *friend*; though thou maist have thy wish for the present, thou shall perhaps be a *loser* in the *sequel*. Those that are readily daunted upon a *repulse*, I would wish first to try by *circumstances*, what may be the speed of their *suit*. 'Tis easier to bear *collected unkindness*, than that which we meet in *affronts*: the *one* we may wrap to death in a still *silence*; the *other* we must, for *honors* sake, take notice of. For this cause, 'twill be best, never to propound any thing, which carries not with it, a *probability of obtaining*. *Negat sibi ipsi, qui quod fieri non potest petit*: When we ask what is not likely to be had, before we ask, we give our selves the *denial*. *Ill Questions* are the *mints* for *worser Answers*. Our *refusal* is deservedly, while our *demands* are either *unfitting*, or beyond the expedience of him that should grant. Nor ought we to be offended with any but our *selves*, when we have in such *requests*, transgressed the bounds of *modesty*: though

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though in some I have known the denial of *one favour*, drowning the memory of *many* fore-performed ones. To think ill of any man, for not giving me that, which he needs not, is *injustice*: but for *that*, to blot out *former benefits*, is *extreme ingratitude*. The *good mans* thanks for *old favours*, live, even in the *blows of injury*. Why should a *diswonted unkindness* make me ingrate for *wonted benefits*? I like not those *dispositions*, that can either *make unkindnesses*, and *remember them*: or unmake *favours*, and *forget them*. For all the *favours* I receive, I will be thankful, though I meet with a stop. The *failing* of *one*, shall not make me neglectful of *many*: no, not though I find *upbraiding*; which yet hath this effect, that it makes *that* an *injury*, which was before a *benefit*. Why should I, for the *abortion* of one *child*, kill all the *elder issue*? Those *favours* that I can do, I will not do for *thanks*, but for *Nobleness*, for *Love*; and that with a free *expression*. *Grumbling* with a *benefit*, like a *hoarse voyce*, mars the *musick* of the *song*: Yet, as I will do none for *thanks*; so I will receive none without *paying* them. For *Petitions* to others, I will never put up *undecent ones*; nor will I, if I fail in those, either *vex* my *self*, or *distaste* too much the *denyer*. Why should I think he does me an *injury*, when he only but keeps his *own*? I like *Pædaretus* his mirth well, who when he could not be admitted for one of the three hundred among the *Spartans*, went away laughing, and said, *He was heartily glad, that the Republic had three hundred better men than himself*. I will neither importune too much upon *unwilling minds*; nor will I be slow in yielding what I mean to give. For the first, with *Ovid*,

Et pudet, & metuo, semperque eademque precari,
Ne subeant animo tædia justa tuo.

I shall both fear and shame, too oft to pray,
Lest *urged minds* to *just disdain* give way.

For the other; I am confident, *Ausonius* gives good *counsel*, with persuading reasons:

Si bene quid facias, facias citò: nam citò factum,
Gratum erit; ingratum, gratia tarda facit.

Dispatch thy purpos'd *good*: quick *courteous deeds*,
Cause *thanks*: slow *favour*, men unthankful breeds.

XVIII.

Of Poverty.

THe *poverty* of the *poor man*, is the least part of his *misery*. In all the storms of *Fortune*, he is the first that must stand the shock of *extremity*. *Poor men* are *perpetual Sentinels*, watching in the depth of *night*, against the incessant assaults of *want*; while the *rich* lye stoved in

in *ſecure repoſes*: and compaſs'd with a large *abundance*. if the *Land* be ruſſeted with a *bloudleſs Famine*; are not the *poor* the firſt that *ſacrifice* their lives to *Hunger*? If *War* thunders in the trembling *Countries* lap, are not the *poor* thoſe that are expoſed to the *Enemies Sword* and *outrage*? If the *Plague*, like a *loaded ſpunge*, flies, ſprinkling *poyſon* through a *populous Kingdom*; the *poor* are the *fruit* that are ſhaken from the burthen'd *Tree*: while the *rich*, furniſht with the helps of *Fortune*, have means to wind out themſelves, and turn theſe ſad indurances on the *poor*, that cannot avoid them. Like ſalt *marſhes*, that lye low; they are ſure, whenſoever the *Sea* of this World rages, to be firſt under, and imbarren'd with a *fretting care*. Who like the *poor* are harrowed with *oppreſſion*, ever ſubject to the *imperious taxes*, and the gripes of *mightineſs*? Continual *care* checks the *ſpirit*; continual *labor* checks the *body*; and continual *inſultation* both. He is like one rowled in a Veſſel full of Pikes; which way ſoever he turns, he ſomething finds that pricks him. Yet beſides all theſe, there is another *tranſcendent miſery*: and this is, that it maketh men *contemtible*.

Nil habet infœlix, &c.

Unhappy *want* hath nothing harder in it,
Then that it makes men *ſcorn'd*.——

As if the *poor man* were but *Fortunes Dwarf*; made lower then the reſt of men, to be *laughed at*. The *Philoſopher* (though he were the *ſame mind*, and the *ſame man*) in his *ſqualid rags*, could not find admiſſion, when *better robes* procured both an open door and *reverence*. Though outward things can add nothing to our *eſſential worth*: yet, when we are judged on, by the help of others *outward ſenſes*, they much conduce to our *value* or *diſ-eſteem*. A *Diamond* ſet in *braſs*, would be taken for a *Cryſtal*, though it be not ſo, whereas a *Cryſtal* ſet in *Gold*, will by many be thought a *Diamond*. A *poor man wiſe*, ſhall be thought a *fool*; though he have nothing to condemn him, but his being *poor*: The complaint is as old as *Solomon*: *the wiſdom of the poor is deſpiſed; and his words not heard*. *Poverty* is a *gulf*, wherein all good parts are ſwallowed. *Poor men*, though *wiſe*, are but like *Sattens* without a *gloſs*? which every man will refuſe to look upon. *Poverty* is a *reproach*, which clouds the luſtre of the *pureſt vertue*. It turns the *wiſe man fool* to humor him that is a *fool*. *Good parts* in *Poverty*, ſhew like *beauty* after *ſickneſs*; *pallid* and *pulingly deadiſh*. And if all theſe calamities be but *attendants*, what may we judg that ſhe is in *herſelf*? Undoubtedly, whatſoever we preach of *contentedneſs in want*; no precepts can ſo gain upon *Nature*, as to make her a *Non-ſenſitive*. 'Tis impoſſible to find *content* in gnawing *penury*. Lack of things neceſſary, like a *heavy load*, and an *ill ſaddle*, is perpetually wringing of the back that bears it. Extreme *poverty* one calls a *Lanthorn*, that lights us to all *miſeries*. And without doubt, when 'tis urgent and importunate, it is ever chafing upon the very *heart* of *nature*. What pleaſure can he have in life, whoſe whole *life* is griped by

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by some or other *misfortune?* Living no time free, but that, wherein he does not live, his *sleep*. His *mind* is ever at jar, either with *desire*, *fear*, *care*, or *sorrow*: his *appetite* unappeasedly craving *supply of food*, for his *body*; which is either nummed with *cold*, in *idleness*; or stew'd in *sweat*, with *labor*: nor can it be, but it will imbase even the purest *metal* in *man*: it will *Alchymy* the *gold* of *vertue*, and mix it with more dull *Allay*. It will make a man submit to those *coarse ways*, which another estate would scorn: nay, it will not suffer the *soul* to exercise that *generous freedom*, which equal *Nature* has given it; but hales it to such low *undecencies*, as pull *disdain* upon it. *Counsel* and *discretion*, either quite leave a man; or else are so limited, by unresistable *necessity*, as they lose the *brightness* they use to shine withal.

Crede mihi miseros, prudentia prima reliquit,
Et sensus cum re, consiliumque fugit.

Believe it, *Wisdom* leaves the man distrest:
With *wealth*, both *wit* and *counsel* quits the brest.

Certainly, *extreme poverty*, is worse then *abundance*. We may be *good* in *plenty*, if we *will*; in biting *penury* we cannot, though we would. In one, the danger is *casual*: in the other, 'tis *necessitating*. The *best* is that which *partakes* of *both*, and *consists* of *neither*. He that hath *too little*, wants *feathers* to *flie* withal: He that hath *too much*, is but cumbred with too large a *tail*. If a flood of *wealth* could profit us, it would be good to swim in such a *Sea*: but it can neither lengthen our *lives*, nor inrich us after the *end*. I am pleased with that *Epigram*, which is so like *Diogenes*, that it makes him bite in his *grave*.

Effigiem, Rex Crœse, tuam, ditissime regum,
Vidit apud manes Diogenes Cynicus:
Constitit utque procul, solito majore cachinno
Concussus, dixit: Quid tibi divitiæ
Nunc prosunt, Regum Rex ô ditissime, cùm sis
Sicut ego solus, me quoque pauperior?
Nam quæcunque habui, mecum fero, cùm nihil ipse
Extantis tecum, Crœse, feras opibus.

When the *Tub'd Cynic* went to *Hell*, and there,
Found the pale *Ghost* of *golden Crœsus* bare,
He stops, and jeering till he shrugs again,
Says; O thou richest *King of Kings*, what gain
Have all thy large heaps brought thee, since I spy
Thee here alone, and poorer now then I?
For, all I had, I with me bring: but thou,
Of all thy wealth, hast not one farthing now.

Of what little use does he make the *mines* of this same opulent man? Surely, *Estates* be then best, when they are likest *minds* that be worst:

I mean, neither *hot*, nor *cold*: neither distended with too *much*, nor narrowly pent with too *little*: yet nearer to a *plenty* than *want*. We may be at ease in a room *larger* then our selves: in a room that is *less*, we cannot. We need not use *more than will serve*: but we cannot use *less*. We see all things grow *violent*, and *struggle*, when we would imprison them in any thing *less* than themselves. *Fire*, shut up, is furious. *Exhalations* inclouded, break out with *Thunder*. *Water* compressed, spurreth through the stretched *strainer*. 'Tis harder to contract *many grains* into *one*, then to cause many spring out of *one*. Where the *channel* is too little for the *flood*, who can wonder at the *overflowing*?

Quisquis inops peccat, minor est reus,

He is less guilty, that offends for want,

was the charity of *Petronius Arbiter*. There is not in the *world*, such another object of *pity*, as the *pinched state*; which no man being secured from, I wonder at the *Tyrants braves*, and *contempt*. Questionless, I will rather with *charity* help him that is *miserable*, as *I may be*; than despise him that is poor, as I *would not be*. They have flinty and steeled *hearts*, that can add *calamities* to him, that is already but one intire *mass*.

XIX.

Of the Evil in Man from himself, and occasions.

'Tis not so much *want of good*, as *excess of ill*, that makes man post to lewdness. I believe there are *sparks* enow in the *soul*, to flame a man, to the moral life of *vertue*: but that they are quenched by the *putrid fogs* of *corruption*. As fruits of *hotter Countries*, transf-earth'd in *colder Climates*, have vigour enough in themselves to be *fructuous* according to their *nature*: but that they are hindred by the *chilling nips* of the *air*, and the *soil*, wherein they are *planted*. Surely, the *soul* hath the *reliqu'd Impressa's* of *Divine Vertue* still so left within her, as she would mount her self to the *Tower of Nobleness*, but that she is depressed, by an unpassable *Thicket* of hindrances; the *frailties* of the *Body*; the *current* of the *World*; and the *Armies* of *Enemies* that continually war against *goodness*, are ever checking the *production* of those *motions*, she is pregnant with. When we run into *new crimes*, how we school our selves when the *act* is over? as if *Conscience* had still so much *justice* left; as it would be upright in *sentencing* even against it self. Nay many times to gratulate the *company*, we are fain to force our selves to *unworthiness*. *Ill actions* run against the grain of the *undefiled soul*: and, even while we are a doing them, our *hearts* chide our *hands* and *tongues* for transgressing. There are few, that are bad at the first, meerly, out of their love to *vice*. There is a *nobleness* in the mind of *man*, which of it self, intitles it to the *hatred* of what is *ill*. Who is it, that is so *bottomless*

leſly ill, as to love *vice*, becauſe it is *vice?* Yet we find, there are ſome ſo *good*, as to love *goodneſs* purely for *goodneſs* ſake. Nay, *vice* it ſelf is loved, but for the *ſeeming good* that it carries with it. Even the firſt *ſin*, though it were (as St. *Auguſtin* ſays) originally from the *ſoul:* yet it was by a *wilful blindneſs*, committed, out of a reſpect to a *good*, that was look't for by it. 'Tis the *bodies contagion*, which makes the *ſoul* leprous. In the opinion that we all hold, at the firſt infuſing, 'tis *ſpotleſs* and *immaculate:* and where we ſee, there be means to ſecond the *progreſſions* of it, it flies to a glorious height; ſcorning, and weary of the muddy declining weight of the *body*. And when we have performed any *honourable action*, how it *cheers* and *lightens* it ſelf, and *man?* As if it had no *true joy*, but in ſuch things, as tranſcending the ſenſe of the *druggy fleſh*, tended to the *blaze*, and *aſpiring flame* of *vertue*: Nay, then, as if ſhe had diſpatched the intent of her *creation*, ſhe reſts full, in her own approvement, without the *weak worlds* reedy *under-propping*. *Man* has no ſuch *comfort*, as to be conſcious to himſelf, of the noble deeds of *Vertue*. They ſet him almoſt on the Throne of a *Deity*; aſcend him to an *unmovedneſs*; and take away from him thoſe black *fears*, that would ſpeak him ſtill to be but *fragile man*. 'Tis the ſick and diſeaſed ſoul that drives us unto unlimited *paſſions*. Take her as ſhe is in her ſelf, not dimm'd and thickned with the miſts of *corporality*; then is ſhe a *beauty*, diſplayed in a full and divine *ſweetneſs*.

Amat, ſapit, rectè facit, animo quando obſequitur ſuo.

When man obeys his mind, he's wiſe, loves, and does right.

But this is not to be underſtood at large. For, ſays the ſame *Comedian*, *Dum id modo fiat bono*, Nor does it only manifeſt it ſelf in it *ſelf*; but even over the *body* too; and that ſo far, that it even converts it to a *ſpirituality*: making it indefatigable in *travels*, in *toils*, in *vigilancies*; inſenſible in *wounds*, in *death*, in *tortures*.

Omnia deficiunt, animus tamen omnia vincit;
Ille etiam vires corpus habere facit:

Says the grand *Love-Maſter*.

Though all things want; all things the *mind* ſubdues,
And can new ſtrength in fainting *fleſh* infuſe.

When we find it ſeconded with the *prevalent incitations* of *Literature* and *ſweet Morality:* how couragious, how comfortable, how towring is *ſhe? Socrates* calls *Nature*, the *reaſon of an honeſt man*: as if *man*, following *her*, had found a *Square*, whereby to direct his *life*. The *ſoul* that takes a delight in *lewdneſs*, is gain'd upon by *cuſtom:* and after an *undoing*, dulling *practice* takes a *joy* in that, which at firſt did daunt with *terrour*. The firſt *acts* of *ſin*, are for the moſt part *trembling*, *fearful*, and *full of the bluſh*. 'Tis the *iteration of evil* that gives *forehead* to the *foul offender*. 'Tis eaſie to know a *beginning ſwearer*; he cannot

mouth

mouth it like the *practiſed man.* He *oaths it*, as a *cowardly Fencer* plays; who as ſoon as he hath offered a *blow*, ſhrinks back: as if his *heart* ſuffered a kind of *violence* by his *tongue:* yet had rather take a ſtep in *Vice*, then be left behind for not being in *faſhion.* And, though a man be plunged in *wickedneſs*, yet would he be glad to be *thought good.* Which may ſtrongly argue the *Intentions* of the *Soul* to be *good*; though unable to maturate that *ſeed* that is in it. Nay, and that like a kind of *Captive*, ſhe is carryed by *corruption*, through *boggs*, and *deſerts*, that at firſt ſhe fears to tread upon. *Sin* at firſt does a little ſtartle the *blood.* *Vice* carries *horrour* in her conſidered look, though we find a *ſhort plauſibility*, in the preſent *imbraces.* There is no man, but in his *ſoul* diſlikes a *new vice*, before he acts it. And this diſtaſte is ſo general, that when *cuſtom* has dull'd the *ſenſe*; yet the *mind* ſhames to tranſmit it ſelf to the *tongue*; as knowing, he which holds *Tenets* againſt *Natural Principles*, ſhall, by ſhewing a *quick wit*, loſe his *honeſt name. Goodneſs* is not ſo quite extinct in *man*, but that he ſtill flaſhes out a glimmering light, in *morality.* Though *vice* in ſome ſouls, have got the ſtart on her; yet ſhe makes every mans *tongue* fight for *Vices extirpation.* He that maintains *Vice* lawful, ſhall have *mankind* his *Enemy.* 'Tis *gain*, not *love to Treaſon*, that makes man fall a *Traitor.* A *noble deed* does bear a *ſpur* in it ſelf. They are *bad works*, that need *rewards* to crane them up withal. I believe, if we examine *Nature*, thoſe things that have a pleaſure in their performance, are *bad* but by miſ-uſe; not ſimply ſo in themſelves. *Eating, drinking, mirth*, are *ill*, but in the *manner*, or the *meaſure*; not at all in the *matter. Mans wiſdom* conſiſts not in the *not uſing*, but in the *well uſing* of what the world affords him. *How to uſe*, is the moſt weighty leſſon of *man.* And of this we fail, for want of ſeconding the *ſeeds* that be in the *ſoul*: The *thorns* do firſt choak them; and then, they *dwindle*, for lack of *watering.* Two things I will ſtrongly labor for: *To remove annoyance*; and *to cheriſh the growth of budding Vertue.* He ſpends his time well, that ſtrives to reduce *Nature* to her firſt perfection. Like a *true friend*, ſhe wiſhes well to *man*, but is grown ſo *poor*, and faln into ſuch *decay*, as indeed ſhe is not *able.* I will help her what I can in the way; though of my ſelf, I be not able to ſet her ſafe in the end: and if it be in *ſpiritual things*, not able to begin. As man has not that free power in himſelf, which firſt he had: ſo I am far from thinking him ſo dull, to be a *patient* meerly: it was not in the firſt fall *ſlain*, but irrecoverably *lamed: debilitated*, not *annihilated.* But whether this be true or no, I think it cannot be ill, of whatſoever *good* we do, to give our *God* the glory on't.

XX.

Of Preaching.

THe *exceſs* which is in the *defect of preaching*, has made the *Pulpit* ſlighted, I mean, the much bad *Oratory* we find it guilty of. 'Tis a wonder to me, how men can *preach ſo little*, and ſo *long*: ſo *long a time*,

and so *little matter:* as if they thought to please, by the inculcation of their vain *Tauiologies*. I see no reason, that so high a *Princess* as *Divinity* is, should be presented to the *people* in the *sordid rags* of the *tongue*: nor that *he* which speaks from the *Father of languages*, should deliver his *Embassage* in an *ill one*. A man can never speak *too well*, where he speaks not *too obscure*. Long and distended *clauses*, are both tedious to the *ear*, and difficult for their retaining. A *Sentence* well couch'd, takes both the *sense* and the *understanding*. I love not those *Cart-rope speeches*, that are longer then the memory of man can fathom. I see not, but that *Divinity*, put into apt *significants*, might ravish as well as *Poetry*. The weighty *lines* men find upon the *Stage*, I am persuaded, have been the *lures* to draw away the *Pulpits followers*. We complain of drowzines at a *Sermon*; when a *Play* of a doubled length, leads us on still with alacrity. But the fault is not all in our selves. If we saw *Divinity* acted, the *gesture* and *variety* would as much invigilate. But it is too high to be personated by *Humanity*. The *Stage* feeds both the *ear* and the *eye:* and through this *latter sense*, the *Soul* drinks deeper draughts. Things *acted*, possess us more, and are too more retainable, then the *passable tones* of the *tongue*. Besides, here we meet with more *composed language:* The *Dulcia sermonis*, moulded into curious *phrase*; though 'tis to be lamented, such *wits* are not set to the right *tune*, and consorted to *Divinity*; who without doubt, well deckt, will cast a far more radiant *lustre*, then those *obscene scurrilities*, that the *Stage* presents us with, though oe'd and spangled in their *gawdiest tyre*. At a *Sermon* well dress'd, what *understander* can have a motion to *sleep? Divinity* well ordered, casts forth a *bait*, which angles the soul into the *ear*: and how can that close, when such a guest sits in it? They are *Sermons* but of baser metal, which *lead* the eyes to slumber. And should we hear a *continued Oration*, upon such a Subject as the *Stage* treats on, in such words as we hear some *Sermons*, I am confident, it would not only be far more tedious but *nauseous* and *contemptful*. The most advantage they have of other places, is, in their good *Lives* and *Actions*; For 'tis certain, *Cicero* and *Roscius* are most compleat, when they both make but one Man. He answered well, that after often asking, said still, that *Action* was the chiefest part of an *Orator*. Surely, the *Oration* is most powerful, where the *Tongue* is diffusive and speaks in a *native decency*, even in every *limb*. A good *Orator* should pierce the *ear*, allure the *eye*, and invade the *mind* of his *hearer*. And this is *Seneca's* opinion: *Fit words* are better then *fine ones*: I like not those that are *in-judiciously made*; but such as be *expressively significant*: that lead the *mind* to something, beside the naked *term*. And he that speaks thus, must not look to speak thus every day. A *kemb'd Oration* will cost both *sweat* and the *rubbing of the brain*. And *kemb'd* I wish it, not *frizled*, nor *curl'd*. *Divinity* should not *lasciviate*. *Unwormwooded Jests* I like well; but they are fitter for the *Tavern*, then the Majesty of a *Temple*, *Christ* taught the *People* with *Authority*. *Gravity* becomes the *Pulpit*. *Demosthenes* confest he became an *Orator*, by spending more *Oyl* then *Wine*. This is too fluid an *Element* to beget

get *ſubſtantials*. *Wit*, procur'd by *wine*, is, for the moſt part, like the *ſparklings* in the *cup*, when 'tis filling: they *brisk* it for a moment, but die immediately. I admire the *valour* of ſome men, that before their *Studies*, dare aſcend the *Pulpit*; and do there take more pains, then they have done in their *Library*. But having done this, I wonder not, that they there ſpend ſometimes *three hours*, but to weary the People into *ſleep*. And this makes ſome ſuch *fugitive Divines*, that like *cowards*, they run away from their *Text*. *Words* are not *all*, nor *matter* is not *all*; nor *geſture*: yet *together*, they are. 'Tis much moving in an *Orator*, when the *Soul* ſeems to ſpeak, as well as the *tongue*. St. *Auguſtin* ſays, *Tully* was admired more for his *tongue*, then his *mind*; *Ariſtotle* more for his *mind*, then his *tongue*; but *Plato* for both. And ſurely, nothing decks an *Oration* more, than a *Judgment* able well to conceive and utter. I know, *God* hath choſen by weak things, to confound the wiſe: yet I ſee not but in all times, a waſhed *Language* hath much prevailed. And even the *Scriptures*, (though I know not the *Hebrew*) yet I believe they are pen'd in a *tongue* of deep expreſſion: wherein, almoſt every word, hath a *Metaphorical ſenſe*, which does illuſtrate by ſome *alluſion*. How *political* is *Moſes* in his *Pentateuch*? How *Philoſophical Job*? How *maſſie* and *ſententious* is *Solomon* in his *Proverbs*? how *quaint* and *flamingly amorous* in the *Canticles*? how *grave* and *ſolemn* in his *Eccleſiaſtes*? that in the *world*, there is not ſuch another diſſection of the *world* as it. How were the *Jews* aſtoniſhed at *Chriſts Doctrine*? How eloquent a *pleader* is *Paul* at the *Bar*? in *diſputation* how ſubtle? And he that reads the *Fathers*, ſhall find them, as if written with a *criſped pen*. Nor is it ſuch a fault as ſome would make it, now and then, to let a *Philoſopher* or a *Poet*, come in and wait, and give a *Trencher* at this *Banquet*. St. *Paul* is Precedent for it. I wiſh no man to be *too dark*, and full of *ſhadow*. There is a way to be *pleaſingly plain*, and ſome have found it. Nor wiſh I any man to a total neglect of his *hearers*. Some *Stomachs* riſe at *ſweet-meats*. He prodigals a *Mine* of *Excellency*, that laviſhes a *terſe Oration* to an *Apron'd Auditory*. *Mercury* himſelf may move his *tongue* in vain, if he has none to hear him, but a *Non-intelligent*. They that ſpeak to *children*, aſſume a pretty *liſping*. *Birds* are caught by the counterfeit of their own *ſhrill notes*. There is a *Magic* in the *Tongue*, can charm the *wild mans motions*. *Eloquence* is a *Bridle*, wherewith a wiſe man rides the *Monſter* of the *World*, the *People*. He that hears, has only thoſe *affections* that thy *tongue* will give him.

Thou maiſt give *ſmiles* or *tears*, which *joys* do blot:
Or *Wrath* to *Judges*, which themſelves have not.

You may ſee it in *Lucans* words:

Flet ſi flere jubes, gaudet, gaudere coactus:
Et te dante, capit Judex, quam non habet iram.

I grieve, that any thing ſo excellent as *Divinity* is, ſhould fall into a ſluttiſh handling. Sure, though other interpoſures do *eclipſe her*; yet this

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this is a principal. I never yet knew a *good Tongue*, that wanted *ears* to hear it. I will honor her, in her *plain trim*: but I will wish to meet her in her graceful *Jewels*: not that they give addition to her *goodness*: but that she is more persuasive in working on the soul she meets with. When I meet with *Worth* which I cannot over-love, I can well endure that *Art*, which is a means to heighten liking. *Confections* that are *cordial* are not the worse, but the better for being gilded.

XXI.

Of Reconciling Enemies.

'Tis much safer to *reconcile* an *Enemy*, then to *conquer* him. *Victory* deprives him of his *power*; but *Reconciliation*, of his *will*: and there is less danger in a *will* which *will not hurt*, then in a *power*, which *cannot*. The *power* is not so apt to tempt the *will*, as the *will* is studious to find out *means*. Besides, an *Enemy* is a *perpetual Spie*, upon thy actions; a *Watch*, to observe thy *fails*, and thy *excursions*. All which, in time of his *Captivity*, he treasures up, against the *day of advantage*, for the confounding of him that hath been his *Detainer*. When he is free from thy power, his *malice* makes him *nimble-eyed*: apt to note a *fault*, and publish it: and with a *strained construction*, to deprave those things, that thy *intents* have told thy *soul* are *honest*. Like the *Crocodile*, he slimes thy way, to make thee fall; and when thou art down, he insidiates thy *intrapped life*; and with the warmest bloud of thy *life*, fattens his insulting *envy*. Thy *ways* he strews with *serpents* and *invenomings*. Thy *vices* he sets, like S. *Pauls*, on high: for the gaze of the *world*, and the scatter'd *City*: Thy *vertues*, like S. *Faiths*, he placeth under ground, that none may note them. Certainly, 'tis a misery to have any *Enemy*, either very powerful, or very malicious. If they cannot wound upon *proofs*, they will do it yet upon *likelihoods*: and so by degrees and sly ways corrupt the fair temper of our *Reputations*. In which this *disadvantage* cannot be helped; that the *Multitude* will sooner believe them then our selves. For *Affirmations* are apter to win belief, then *Negatives* to uncredit them. It was a *Spawn* of *Machiavel*, that *a slander once raised, will scarce ever die, or fail of finding some, that will allow it both a harbour, and trust*. The *baggage-world* desireth of her self to scar the *face*, that is fairer then she: and therefore, when she finds occasion, she leaps, and flies then to imbracement of the thing she wished for: where, with a sharp-set *appetite*, she *quarries* on the prey she meets withal. When *Seneca* asked the Question, *Quid est homini inimicissimum? Seneca* answers, *Alter Homo*. Our *Enemies studies* are the *plots* of our *ruine*: nor is any thing left unattempted, which may induce our *damage*. And many times the *danger* is the more, because we see it not. If our *Enemy* be *Noble*, he will bear himself *valiantly*, and scorn to give us an *advantage* against him: though his own judicious *forwardness*, may put

put us to the *worſe*, let his *worth* perſuade thee to an *atonement*. *He that can be a worthy Enemy; will, reconcil'd, be a worthier Friend.* He that in a *juſt cauſe*, can *valiantly fight againſt thee*; can in a *like cauſe*, *fight as valiantly for thee*. If he be *unworthy*, reconcile him too: though there be nothing elſe gain'd, but *ſtilling of a ſcandalous tongue*; even that will be worth thy labor. Uſe him as a *Friend* in *outward fairneſs*: but beware him, as an *Enemy*, apt to re-aſſume his *Arms*. He that is a *baſe foe*, will hardly be but falſe in *friendſhip*. *Enemies*, like *Miners*, are ever working, to blow up our untainted *names*. They ſpit a *poyſon*, that will *freckle* the *beauty* of a *good report*: and that *fame* which is *white* and *pure*, they ſpot with the *puddled ſprays* of the *tongue*: For, they cannot but ſometime ſpeak as they think: and this St. *Gregory* will perſuade us to believe: That *Humana mens, omnem quem inimicum tolerat, etiam iniquum & impium putat: All men think their Enemies ill.* If it may be done with *honor*, I ſhall think it a work of good diſcretion, to regain a *violent Adverſary*. But to do it ſo, as it pulls a *poorneſs* on a mans ſelf; though it be *ſafe*, is worſe then to be conquer'd in a *manful conteſtation*. *Friendſhip* is not commendable, when it riſes from *diſhonorable Treaties*. But he that upon *good terms*, refuſes a *reconcilement*, may be *ſtubborn*, but not *valiant*, nor *wiſe*. Whoſoever thou art, that wilfully continueſt an *Enemy*, thou teacheſt him to do thee a *miſchief* if he can. I will think that endeavour ſpent to purpoſe, that either *makes* a *Friend*, or *unmakes* an *Enemy*. In the one, a *Treaſure* is won; in the other, a *Siege* is raiſed. When one ſaid, he was a *wiſe King*, that was *kind* to his *friends*, and *ſharp* to his *Enemies*: Says another, *He is wiſer, that can retain his friends in their love; and make his Enemies like them.*

XXII.

Of our ſenſe of abſent Good.

SUrely, the *Mad-worm* hath wilded all *Humanity*; we ſweat for what we loſe, before we know we have it. We ever *dote* moſt on things when they are *wanting*; before we *poſſeſs* them, we *chaſe them* with an eager run: When we *have them*, we *ſlight them*: When they are *gone*, we ſink under the wring of *ſorrow*, for their *loſs*. *Infatuated eſtate* of *Man*! That the injoyment of a *pleaſure*, muſt diminiſh it: That perpetual uſe muſt make it, like a *Pyramide*, leſſening it ſelf by degrees, till it grows at laſt to a *punctum*, to a *nothing*. With what undelayable heat, does the *lime-twig'd Lover* court a *deſerving Beauty*? Which, when he obtains, is far ſhort of that *content* it promiſed him: Yet he again no ſooner *loſes it*, but he *over-eſteems* it, to an *hyperbolical ſum*. *Preſence* drowns, or mightily cools *contentment*: and *abſence* ſeems to be a *torture*, that afflicts moſt, when moſt *ſtretched*. *Want* teacheth us the *worth* of things more truly. How ſweet a thing ſeems *liberty*, to one immur'd in a *caſe* of *walls*? How dear a *jewel* is *health*

health to him that tumbles in *diſtempered bloud?* Is it ſo, that *Pleaſure*, which is an *airy conſtitution*, cannot be graſped by a *real body?* Or do we ſo empty our ſelves in the *fruition*, that we do in it, pour out our *appetites* alſo? Or is *content* ſuch a ſlender *title*, that 'tis nothing but the *preſent now*; fled ſooner then enjoy'd? Like the report of a *loud-tongu'd Gun*, ceas'd aſſoon as heard, without any thing to ſhew it has been, ſave *remembrance* only. We *deſire long*, and pleaſe our ſelves with *hope*. We *enjoy* and *loſe* together: and then we ſee what we have *forgone* and *grieve*. I have known many, that have lov'd their *dead friends* better, than ever they did in their *life time*. There is (if I have given you the right ſenſe) a like *complaint* in the *ſinewy Lyric*.

O quiſquis velit impias
Cædes, & rabiem tollere cynicam;
Si quærit, Pater urbium
Subſcribi ſtatuis, indomitam audeat
Refrænare licentiam,
Clarus poſt genitis: quatenus (heu nefas!)
Virtutem incolumem odimus,
Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi.

They that ſtrive to chaſe away
Slaughters and inteſtine War:
That would have dumb *Statues* ſay,
Theſe their Cities Fathers are:
Let them their own wild luſts tame,
They ſhall not live, till dead. (O Fate!)
We envious, hate ſafe Vertues name:
She dead, we ſigh our widowed ſtate.

We adore the *bleſſings* that we are *depriv'd* of. An *eſtate* ſquander'd in a *wanton waſte*, ſhews better in the *miſs*, then while we had the *uſe* on't. *Poſſeſſion* blunts the *thought* and *apprehenſion*. *Thinking* is propereſt to *that*, which is *abſent*. We enjoy the *preſent*: but we think on *future things*, or paſſed. When *benefits* are loſt, the *mind* has time to recount the ſeveral *worths*: Which, after a conſiderate *ſearch*, ſhe finds to be many more, then the *unexamining poſſeſſion* told her of. We ſee more in the *diſcompoſure* of a *Watch*, then we can, when 'tis *ſet together*. 'Tis a true one; *Bleſſings* appear not, till they be *vaniſht*. The *Comedian* was then *ſerious*, when he writ,

Tum denique homines noſtra intelligimus bona,
Cùm quæ in poteſtate habuimus, ea amiſimus.

Fond men, till we have loſt the goods we had,
We underſtand not what their values were.

'Tis *folly* to neglect the *preſent*; and then, to grieve that we have *neglected*. Surely, he does beſt, that is *careful* to preſerve the *bleſſings* he has, as

as long as he can; and when they muſt take their *leaves*, to let them go without *ſorrowing*, or *over-ſumming* them. Vain are thoſe *lamentations* that have no better fruit, then the *diſpleaſanting* of the *ſoul*, that owns them. I would add a thirteenth *real labor*, to the *feigned twelve*: or do any thing that lies in *noble man*, to pleaſure or preſerve the *life* of a *friend*. But *dead* once; all that *tears* can do, is only to ſhew the *world* our weakneſs. I ſpeak but my ſelf a *fool*, to do that which *reaſon* tells me is *unreaſonable*. It was the *Philoſophers dictate*, That he which laments the *death* of a Man, laments, that that Man was a Man. I count it a *deed-royal*, in the Kingly *David*, who began to warm his joys again, when the *Infants* bloud was cold: As if the *breath* which the *child* loſt, had *diſclouded his endarkned heart*. I will apply my ſelf to the *preſent*; to *preſerve* it, to enjoy it. But, never be *paſſionate* for the loſs of *that*, which I cannot *keep*; nor can *regain*. When I have a *bleſſing*, I will *reſpect* it, I will *love* it, as ardently as any *man*. And when 'tis gone, I confeſs, I would *grieve* as little. And this I think I may *well* do, yet owe a dear *reſpect* to the *memory* of that I *loſt*.

XXIII.

That no Man can be good to all.

I Never yet knew any man ſo *bad*, but ſome have thought him *honeſt*; and afforded him *love*. Nor ever any ſo *good*, but ſome have thought him *vile*; and *hated* him. Few are ſo *ſtigmatical*, as that they are not *honeſt* to ſome. And few again are ſo *juſt*, as that they ſeem not to ſome *unequal*: either the *ignorance*, the *envy*, or the *partiality* of thoſe that *judg*, do conſtitute a *various man*. Nor, can a man in himſelf, *always appear alike* to all. In ſome, *Nature* hath inveſted a diſparity. In ſome, *Report* hath fore-blinded *Judgment*. And in ſome, *accident* is the cauſe of diſpoſing us to *love*, or *hate*. Or, if not theſe, the variation of the *bodies humors*. Or, *perhaps*, not any of theſe. The *ſoul* is often led by ſecret *motions*, and *loves*, ſhe knows not why. There are impulſive *privacies*, which urge us to liking, even againſt the *Parliamental Acts* of the two Houſes, *Reaſon*, and the *Common Senſe*. As if there were ſome *hidden beauty*, of a more *Magnetique force*, then all that the *eye* can *ſee*. And this too, more powerful at one *time*, than *another*. Undiſcovered influences *pleaſe* us now, with what we would ſometimes *contemn*. I have come to the ſame man, that hath now welcom'd me with a *free expreſſion of love*, and *courteſies*: and another time hath left me *unſaluted* at all. Yet, knowing him well, I have been certain of his ſound *affection*: and have found this, not an *intended neglect*; but an *indiſpoſedneſs*, or, a *mind*, ſeriouſly *buſied* within. *Occaſion* reins the *motions* of the ſtirring *mind*. Like men that walk in their *ſleeps*, we are led about, we neither know *whither* nor *how*. I know there is a *generation*, that do thus, out of *pride*; and in *ſtrangers*, I confeſs, I know not how to *diſtinguiſh*. For there is no *diſpoſition*, but hath a *varniſht vizor*, as well as an *unpencill'd face*.

Some people cozen the *world:* are bad, and are not thought ſo. In ſome, the *world* is cozened: believing them ill, when they are not. Unleſs it hath been ſome few of a *Family*; I have known the whole *Mole-hill* of *Piſmires* (the World) in an *error*. For, though *Report* once vented, like a *ſtone* caſt into a *Pond*, begets *circle* upon *circle*, till it meets with the *bank*, that bounds it: yet *Fame* often plays the *Cur*, and *opens*, when ſhe *ſprings* no *game*. *Cenſures* will not hold out *weight*, that have life only from the *ſpungy cels* of the *common brain*. Why ſhould I *definitively* cenſure any man, whom I know but *ſuperficially?* as if I were a *God*, to ſee the *inward ſoul*. *Nature*, *Art*, *Report*, may all fail: Yea, oftentimes *probabilities*. There is no certainty to diſcover *Man* by, but *Time*, and *Converſation*. Every *man* may be ſaid in ſome ſort, to have two *ſouls*; one, the *internal mind*; the other even the outward *air* of the *face* and *bodies* geſture. And how infinitely in ſome ſhall they differ? I have known a *wiſe look* hide a *fool* within: and a *merry face*, inhold a *diſcontented ſoul*. *Cleanthes* might well have fail'd in his *judgment*, had not accident have helped him, to the *obſcured truth*. He would undertake to read the *mind* in the *body*. Some to try his *skill*, brought him a *luxurious fellow*, that in his *youth*, had been expos'd to *toyl:* ſeeing his *face tann'd* and his *hands leather'd* with a hardened ſkin, he was at a *ſtand*. Whereupon departing, the man *ſneezed*, and *Cleanthes* ſay, Now I know the man, he is *effeminate*. For great laborers rarely *ſneeze*. *Judgment* is apt to *err*, when it paſſeth upon *things* we know not. Every man keeps his *mind*, if he liſts, in a *Labyrinth*. The heart of Man, to Man, is a room *inſcrutable*. Into which, *Nature* has made ro certain *window*, but as himſelf ſhall pleaſe to *open*. One man ſhews himſelf to me, to another, he is ſhut up. No man can either *like all*, or be *liked of all*. *God* doth not pleaſe *all*. Nay, I think it may ſtand with *Divinity*, as men are, to ſay, he cannot. Man is infinitely more *impotent*. I will ſpeak of every man as I find. If I hear he hath been *ill* to others, I will *beware him*, but not *condemn* him, till I hear his own *Apology*.

Qui ſtatuit aliquid, parte inauditâ alterâ,
Æquum licèt ſtatuerit, haud æquus eſt.
Who judgment gives, and will but one ſide hear,
Though he judg right, is no good Juſticer.

The *Nature* of many men is *abſtruſe:* and not to be eſpi'd, at an *inſtant*. And without knowing this, I know *nothing* that may warrant my *Sentence*. As I will not to far believe *reports* from others: So I will never *cenſure* any man, whom I know not *internally*; nor ever thoſe, but *ſparing*, and with *modeſty*.

XXIV.

That Man ought to be extenſively good.

I Find in the *Creation*, the *firſt bleſſing God gave Man*, was, *Be fruitful and multiply.* And this I find impoſed by a *precept*, not a *promiſe.* It being a thing ſo neceſſary, as *God* would not leave it, but almoſt in an *impulſive quality.* And withal to ſhew us that (even from the beginning) *mans happineſs* ſhould conſiſt, in obeying *Gods commands.* All men love to live in *poſterity.* Barrenneſs is a *curſe*; and makes men unwilling to die. *Men*, rather than they will want inſuing *memory*, will be ſpoken by the *handed Statue:* Or by the *long-laſting* of ſome *inſenſate Monument.* When bragging *Cambyſes* would compare himſelf with his *Father Cyrus*, and ſome of his *flatterers* told him, he did excel him: Stay, ſays *Cræſus*; you are not his *equal*, for he left a *ſon* behind him. As if he were an *imperfect Prince*, that leaveth an *unhelmed State.* When *Philip* viewed his young ſon *Alexander*, he ſaid, he could then be content to *die.* *Conceit* of a ſurviving name, ſweetens *Deaths Aloed potion.* 'Tis for this, we ſo love thoſe that are to *preſerve* us in extended *ſucceſſions.* There was ſomething more in it, than the naked jeer, when *Cæſar* (ſeeing ſtrangers at *Rome*, with *Whelps* and *Monkies* in their indulgent laps) asked, if they were the *children* that the *women* of thoſe *Lands* brought forth. For he thought ſuch *reſpectful love*, was due to none, but a ſelf-extracted *off-ſpring.* Nor is this only in the *baſer part of man*, the *body*; but even in the *ſagacious ſoul.* The firſt Act *God* requires of a *Convert*, is *be fruitful.* The good mans *goodneſs*, lies not hid in himſelf alone: he is ſtill ſtrengthening of his *weaker brother.* How ſoon would the *world* and *Chriſtianity* fail, if there were not *propagation* both of *it* and *man?* Good *works*, and good *inſtructions*, are the *generative acts* of the *ſoul:* Out of which ſpring new *poſterity* to the *Church* and *Goſpel.* And I am perſuaded, to be a means of bringing more to *heaven*, is an inſeparable deſire of a *ſoul*, that is rightly *ſtated.* *Good* men, wiſh all that they *converſe* withal, in *goodneſs*, to be like themſelves. How ungratefully he *ſlinks* away, that dies and does nothing, to reflect a *glory to Heaven?* How *barren a tree* he is, that *lives*, and *ſpreads*, and *cumbers* the ground; yet leaves not one *ſeed*, not one good *work*, to *generate* another after him? I know all cannot leave alike; yet, all may leave ſomething, anſwering their *proportion*, their *kinds.* They be *dead*, and *withered grains of Corn*, out of which, there will not one *Ear* ſpring. The *Phyſician* that hath a *Soveraign Receipt*, and *dieth* unrevealing it, robs the *world* of many *bleſſings* which might *multiply* after his *death:* Leaving this *Collection*, a truth to all *ſurvivers*, That he did *good* to others, but to do himſelf a *greater.* Which, how contrary it is to *Chriſtianity*, and the *Nature of explicative Love*, I appeal to thoſe minds where *Grace* hath ſown more *Charity.* *Vertue* is diſtributive, and had rather *pleaſure* many with a *ſelf-injury*, than bury

benefits that might *pleasure* a *multitude*. I doubt whether ever he will find the way to *Heaven*, that desires to go thither alone. They are envious *Favorites*, that wish their *Kings* to have no *loyal Subjects*, but themselves. All *heavenly* hearts are *charitable*. *Inlightned souls* cannot but disperse their *rays*. I will, if I can, do something for others, and *heaven*; not to deserve by it: but to express my *self*, and my *thanks*. Though I cannot do what I *would*, I will labor to do what I *can*.

XXV.

Of the horror Sin leaves behind.

NO willing *Sin* was ever in the *act displeasing*; yet, is it not sooner *past*, than *distasteful*. Though *pleasure* merries the *Senses* for a while: yet *horror* after vulturs the *unconsuming heart*; and those which carry the most *pleasing tasts*, fit us with the *largest reluctations*. Nothing so soon, can work so strange a *change*: Now in the *height of delight*; Now in the *depth of horror*. *Damned Satan*! that with *Orphean airs*, and *dextrous warbles*, lead'st us to the *Flames of Hell*: and then, with a *contempt* derideſt us. Like a cunning *Courtizan*, that dallies the *Ruffian* to undo himself, and then pays him with a *fleer*, and *scorn*. Or, as some men will do to a *desired beauty*, vow, and promise that, in the *heat of passion*, which they never mind to stand unto. Herein only is the *difference*: *Gratitude*, and good *nature*, may sometimes make them *penitent*, and seek some way to *satisfie*; whereas, he that yields to the *wooing Devil*, does but more augment his *tyranny*. For when we meet with *ignoble spirits*, the more *obedience*, is a cause of the *worser use*. How *often*, and how *infinitely* are we *abused*? with what *Masques* and *Triumphs* are we led to destruction? *Foolish*, *besotted*, *degenerate Man*! that having so often experimented his *juggling*, wilt yet believe his *fictions*, and his turfed *Mines*: as if he had not many ways to one *destroying end*: or could bring thee any *pleasure*, and in it not aim at thine *overthrow*. Knowest thou not, that he sows his *tares by night*; and in his *Baits*, hides all he knows may *hurt thee*? Are not all those *delights* he brings us, like *traps* we set for *Vermine*, *charitable*, but to *kill*? Does he not first pitch his *toils*, and then *train* us about to *insnare* us? He shews us nothing but a *tempting face*; where he hath counterfeited *Natures excellency*, and all the *graces* of a *modest countenance*: while whatsoever is *infective*, is vailed over with the exactest *dress* of *comelinesse*. When our *souls* thirst after *pleasure*, we are call'd as *Beasts* with *fodder* to the *slaughter-house*: or as *Boys* catch *Horses* with *provender* in their hands to *ride* them. *Ill actions* are *perpetual perturbations*: the *punishment* that follows, is far more *grievous*, then the *performance* was *delightful*: and the *guilt* is worse then the *punishment*.

Estque pati pœnam, quàm meruisse, minus.

The most smart is, to think we have deserv'd it.

I'le

I'le give you the *Story*. A *Pythagorean* bought a pair of *Shoos* upon truſt; the *Shoomaker* dies: the *Philoſopher* is glad, and thinks them *gains*: but a while after, his *conſcience* twitches him, and becomes a perpetual *chider*: he repairs to the *houſe* of the *dead*, caſts in his *mony*, with theſe *words*; *There, take thy due*; *Thou liveſt to me, though dead to all beſide*. Certainly, *ill gotten gains* are far worſe then *loſſes* with *preſerved honeſty*. Theſe *grieve* but once, the other are continually *grating* upon our quiet. He *diminiſhes* his own *contentment*, that would add to it, by *unlawfulneſs*; looking only on the *beginning*, he thinks not to what end, the end *extendeth*. 'Tis *indiſcretion* that is *Hare-ſighted*.

O Demea, iſtuc eſt ſapere, non quod ante pedes modò eſt
Videre; ſed etiam illa quæ futura ſunt proſpicere.
I tell thee *Demea*, Wiſdom looks as well
To things to come as thoſe that preſent are.

This *differenceth* a wiſe *man* and a *fool*. The firſt, *begins* in the *end*; the other *ends* in the *beginning*. I will take a part of both, and fix one *eye* on the *Act*, another on the *Conſequence*. So if I ſpy the *Devil* be *ſhrowded* in the *following train*, I will ſhut the door againſt the *pleaſure* it ſelf, though it comes like a *Lord*, under a *pretence* of honoring me.

XXVI.

Of Man's Imperfection.

OF my *ſelf*, what can *I do* without the hazard of *erring*? Nay, what can *I think*? Nay, what can *I not do*, or *not think*? even my beſt *buſineſs*, and my beſt *vacancy*, are *works of offence and error*. Uncomfortable *conſtitution of man*; that canſt not but be *bad*, both in *action*, and *forbearance*! *Corruption* mixeth with our pureſt *devotions*: and not to perform them, is *neglect*. When we think not of *God* at all, we are *impious*, and *ungrateful*: when we do, we are not able to think *aright*. *Imperfection* ſways in all the *weak diſpatches* of the palſied *ſoul*. If the *Devil* be abſent, our own *frailties* are his tempting *deputies*. If thoſe forbear, the *Meretricious world* claps our *cheeks*, and fonds us to a *cozening fail*. So which *way* ſoever we turn, we are ſure to be *bitten* with the one, or the other *head* of this *Cerberus*. To what can we intend our ſelves, wherein there is not a *Devil* to intrap us? If we *pray*, how he caſts in wandring *thoughts*, or by our *eyes*, ſteals away our *hearts*, to ſome other *object* than *God*! If we *hear*, he hath the ſame *policy*, and *prejudicates* our *opinion* with the *Man*, or part of his *doctrine*. If we *read*, he perſuades us to let *Reaſon judg*, as well as *Faith*: So, meaſuring by a *falſe rule*, he would make us believe, *Divinity* is much *ſhort* of what it *ſhews* for. If we do *good works*, he would *poyſon* them with *Phariſaiſm*, and makes us, by *over-valuing*, loſe them. If we do *ill*, he incourages us to a *continuance*: and at laſt *accuſes* us. If *nothing*, we *neglect the good* we ſhould do. If we *ſleep*, he comes in *dreams*, and wantonneth the *ill-inclining*

inclining soul. If we *wake*, we mispend our *time*; or, at best, do *good*, not *well.* So, by bad *circumstances*, *poyson* a well intended *principle.* Even *Actions* of *necessity*, we dispatch not without a *stain*; we drink to *excess*; and the drowning of the *brain.* We eat, not to satisfie *Nature*, but to over-charge *her*, and to *venereate* the unbridled *spirits.* As a *Mill-wheel* is continually turn'd round, and ever drenched with a new *stream:* so are we always hurried with successions of *various sins.* Like *Arrows* shot in mighty *winds*, we wander from the *Bow* that sent us. Sometime we think we do things well: but when they are past, we are sensible of the *trangression.* We progress in the ways of *Vice*, and are constant in *nothing*, but *perpetual offending.* You may see the thoughts of the whipping *Satyrist*, how divine they are:

Mobilis, & varia est ferme natura malorum:
Cùm scelus admittunt, superest constantia: quid fas,
Atque nefas tandem incipiunt sentire, peractis
Criminibus: tamen ad mores natura recurrit
Damnatos fixa, & mutari nescia: nam quis
Peccandi finem posuit sibi? quando recepit
Ejectum semel attritâ de fronte ruborem?
Quisnam hominum est, quem tu contentum videris uno
Flagitio?———

Nature is motive in the quest of ill:
Stated in mischief: all our ablest skill
Cannot know *right* from *wrong*, till *wrong* be done:
Fixt *Nature*, will to condemn'd customs run
Unchangedly. Who to his *sins* can set
A certain end? When hath he ever met
Blushes once from his hardned forehead thrown?
Who is it sins, and is content with one?

Surely there will not a *man* be found, that is able to answer to these *quæries.* Their *souls* have *cieled eyes*, that can see nothing but perfection, in their own *labors.* It is not to any man given, absolutely to be *absolute.* I will not be too forward in *censuring* the *works* of *others*; nor will I ever do any, that I will not submit to *judgment*, and *correction*: yet so, as I I will be able to give a *reason*, why I have *order'd* them, as the *world sees.*

XXVII.

Of curiosity in Knowledg.

NOthing *wraps a man* in such a *mist of Errors*, as his own *curiosity*, in searching things beyond him. How *happily* do they live, that know nothing, but what is *necessary?* Our *knowledg* doth but show us our *ignorance.* Our most *studious scrutiny*, is but a *discovery* of what we cannot *know.* We see the *effect*, but cannot guess at the *cause.* *Learning* is like a *River*, whose *head* being far in the *Land*, is, at first *rising*, *little*, and

and *easily viewed*: but, still as you go, it *gapeth* with a *wider bank*: not without *pleasure*, and *delightful* winding; while it is on both sides set with *trees*, and the beauties of various *flowers*. But still the *further* you *follow* it, the *deeper* and the *broader* 'tis; till at last, it *inwaves* it self in the *unfathom'd Ocean*; There you see more *water*; but no *shore*, no end of that *liquid fluid vastness*. In many things we may sound *Nature*, in the shallows of her *revelations*. We may *trace* her to her second *causes*; but beyond them, we meet with nothing but the *puzzle* of the *soul*, and the *dazle* of the *minds dim eyes*. While we speak of things that are, that we may *dissect*, and have *power*, and *means* to find the *causes*, there is some *pleasure*, some *certainty*. But, when we come to *Metaphysics*, to long *buried Antiquity*, and unto *unreveal'd Divinity*, we are in a *Sea*, which is *deeper* than the short reach of the *line of Man*. Much may be gained by *studious inquisition*; but more will ever rest, which *Man* cannot *discover*. I wonder at those, that will assume a *knowledg* of all; they are *unwisely ashamed of an ignorance*, which is not *disgracive*. 'Tis no *shame* for man not to know that, which is not in his *possibility*. We fill the *world* with cruel *brawls*, in the *obstinate defence* of that, whereof we might with more *honor*, confess our selves to be *ignorant*. One will tell us our *Saviours disputations* among the *Doctors*. Another, what became of *Moses* body. A third, what place *Paradise* stood: and where is *local Hell*. Some will know *Heaven* as perfectly, as if they had been *hurried* about in every *Sphere*: and I think they may. Former Writers would have the *Zones* inhabitable; we find them by *experience*, temperate. St. *Augustine* would by no means indure the *Antipodes*: we are now of nothing more certain. Every *Age* both *confutes* old *Errors*, and begets *new*. Yet still are we more *intangled*, and the further we go, the nearer we approach a *Sun* that *blinds* us. He that went furthest in these *things*, we find ending with a *censure* of their *vanity*, their *vexation*. 'Tis questionable, whether the *progress of Learning* hath done more hurt, or good, whether the *Schools* have not made more Questions than they have *decided*; where have we such peaceable, and flourishing *Common-wealths*, as we have found among those, which have not so much as had the *knowledg of Letters*? Surely, these *fruitless* and *ænigmatic questions*, are *bones* the *Devil* hath cast among us, that while we *strive* for a vain *conquest* in these *toys*, we forget the *prize* we should run for. The *Husbandman* that looks not beyond the *Plough* and the *Sythe*, is in much more *quiet*, than the *divided brain* of the *Statist*, or the *Scholar*. Who will not approve the *judgment* of our *Modern Epigrammatist*?

Judice me, soli semperque perinde beati
Sunt, quicunque sciunt omnia, quique nihil.
If I may judg, they only happy show,
Which do or nothing, or else all things know.

In *things* whereof I may be certain, I will *labor* to be *instructed*. But, when I come where *reason* loseth her *self*; I will be content with retiring *admiration*. Why should I rack my brains, for unprofitable *impossibilities*? Though I cannot *know* how much is *hid*; I may soon *judg* what may be *discovered*.

XXVIII. *Of*

XXVIII.

Of being Overvalued.

'TIs an *inconvenience* for a *Man* to be counted *wiser* than *ordinary*. If he be a *Superior*, it keeps him from discerning what his *inferiors* are. For, their *opinion* of his piercing *judgment*, makes them to *dissemble* themselves; and fits them with a *care*, not only to hide their *defects*, but to shew him only, the best of themselves. Like *ill complexion'd women*, that would fain be mistaken for *fair*; they *paint* most cunningly, where they know a *blemish*, or *skar*; especially, when they are to *incounter* with those, that be naturally *beautiful*. *Worth* in others, and *defect* in our selves, are two *motives*, that induce us to the *guilding* of our own *imperfections*. When the *Sun-bak'd Peasant* goes to feast it with a *Gentleman*, he *washes*, and *brushes*, and *kersies* himself in his *Holi-day clothes*. When the *Gentleman* comes to him, he does *fine* up his *homely house*, and *covers* his *clayed floor*, with the freshness of a *rushy carpet*: and all is, that he may appear as above *himself*: while he is to meet with one that is so *indeed*. If he be an *equal*, men are *fore-opinion'd* of him for a *politic* man: and in any matters of *weighty commerce*, they will study how to be more *cautelous* of him, than they would of an *unesteemed man*. So he shall be sure to *conclude* nothing, but upon harder *conditions* for himself. General *Fames* warn us to advised *contracts*. He that is to play with a cunning *Fencer*, will heed his *Wards*, and *Advantage* more; who, were he to meet with one *unskilful*, he would *neglect*, or not *think* of them. Strong *opposition* teaches *opposition* to be so. I have seen a rising *Favorite* laid at, to be trod in the *dust*: while the *unnoted man*, hath pass'd with the greater *quiet*, and *gain*: *Report* both makes *Jealousies* where there are *none*, and increaseth those that there *are*. If he be an *inferior*, he is often a man of *unwelcome society*. He is thought one of *too prying* an *observation*: and that he *looks* further into our *actions*, than we would have him search. For there be few, which do not sometimes do such *actions*, as they would not have *discretion* scan. *Integrity* it self, would not be awed with a *blabbing Spie*. I know, the *observer* may fail as well as the *other*: but we all know *Natures* to be so composed,

Aliena meliùs ut videant, & judicent, quam sua.

That they see more of others than their own.

We judg of others, by what they *should be*: of our selves, by what we are. No man has *preeminence*, but wishes to preserve it in unpruned *state*; which while an *inferior* notes of *imperfection*, he thinks, doth suffer *detriment*: so he rather seeks to be rid of his *company*, than desires to keep him, as the *watch of his ways*. Let me have but so much *wisdom*, as may orderly manage my *self*, and my *means*; and I shall never care to be digited, with a *That is he*. I wish, not to be esteemed wiser than usual: They that are so, do better in *concealing* it, than in telling

telling the *world*. I hold it a greater injury to be *overvalued*, than *under*. For, when they both ſhall come to the *touch*, the one ſhall *riſe* with *praiſe*, while the *other* ſhall decline with *ſhame*. The *firſt* hath more incertain'd *honor*; but leſs *ſafety*: The *latter* is *humbly ſecure*; and what is wanting in *renown*, is made up in a better bleſſing, *quiet*. There is no *detraction* worſe than to *over-praiſe* a man. For whileſt his *worth* comes ſhort of what *report* doth ſpeak him: his own *actions* are ever giving the *lye* to his *honor*.

XXIX.

That Miſ-conceit has ruin'd Man.

OUr own *follies* have been the only *cauſe*, to make our lives *uncomfortable*. Our *error of opinion*, our *cowardly fear* of the *worlds* worthleſs *cenſure*, and our *madding after unneceſſary gold*, have brambled the way of *Vertue*, and made it far more difficult than indeed it is. *Vertue* hath ſuffered moſt by thoſe which ſhould uphold her: That now we feign her to be, not what ſhe *is*, but what our fondneſs makes her, a *Hill* almoſt unaſcendable, by the roughneſs of a *craggy way*. We force *indurance* on our ſelves, to wave with the wanton *tail* of the *world*: We dare not do thoſe things that are *lawful*, leſt the *wandring world* miſ-conſtrue them: As if we were to look more to what we ſhould be *thought*, than to what we ſhould *reſolvedly be*. As if the *Poet* writ *untruth*, when he tells his *friend*, that,

Virtus, repulſæ neſcia ſordidæ,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus:
Nec ſumit, aut ponit ſecures
Arbitrio popularis Auræ.
Vertue, muddy cenſures ſcorning,
With unſtained *Honor* ſhines:
Without *vulgar breath's* ſuborning.
Takes the *Throne*, and *Crowns* reſigns.

Nor does ſhe live in *penury*; as ſome have ill imagined: though ſhe lives not in *Palaces*, yet ſhe does in *Paradiſe*: and there is the *Spirit of joy*, youthful in *perpetual life*. *Vertue* is a *competent fruition of a lawful pleaſure*; which we may well uſe ſo far, as it brings not any *evil* in the *ſequel*. How many have thought it the *Summum bonum*? *Antiſthenes* was of opinion, that it had ſufficient in it, to make a man perfectly *happy*: to the attaining of which, he wanted nothing but a *Socratic ſtrength*. Shall we think *goodneſs* to be the *height of pleaſure* in the other *world*; and ſhall we be ſo mad, as to think it here the *ſufferance of miſery*? Surely 'twas none of *Gods* intent, to ſquare *man* out for *ſorrows*. In our *ſalutes*, in our *prayers*, we wiſh and invoke *heaven* for the *happineſs* of our *friends*: and ſhall we be ſo unjuſt, or ſo uncharitable, as to withhold it from our *ſelves*? As if we ſhould make it a

CENT. I.

fashion, to be kind *abroad*, and discourteous at *home*. I do think nothing more lawful, than *moderately* to satisfie the *pleasing desires* of *Nature*; so as they infringe not *Religion*, hurt not *our selves*, or the *commerce* of *human society*. *Laughing* is a faculty peculiar to *Man*: yet as if it were given us for *inversion*, no creature lives so *miserable*, so *discomfolate*. Why should we deny to use that lawfully, which *Nature* hath made for *pleasure* in *imployment*? *Vertue* hath neither so crabbed a *face*, nor so austere a *look*, as we make her. 'Tis the *world*, that choaking up the way, does *rugged* that which is naturally *smoother*. How happy and how healthful do those things live, that follow harmless *Nature*? They weigh not what is *past*, are intent on the *present*, and never solicitous of what is to *come*: They are better pleased with *convenient food* than *dainty*: and that they eat not to *distemper*, but to *nourish*, to *satisfie*. They are well arayed with what *Nature* has given them: and for *rayment*, they are never clad in the *spoils of others*; but the *Flies*, the *Beasts*, the *Fishes*, may, for all them, welcome *Age* in their own *Silks*, *Woolls*, and *Scarlets*. They live like *Children*, innocently sporting with their *Mother*, *Nature*: and with a pretty kind of *harmlesness*, they hang upon her *nursing breast*. How rarely find we any *diseased*, but by *ill-mans* mis-using them? Otherwise, they are *sound* and *uncomplaining*. And this *blessedness* they have here above *Man*; that never seeking to be more than *Nature* meant them, they are much nearer to the *happiness* of their *first estate*; Wherein this, I confess, may be some reason: *Man* was curs'd for his *own sin*: they but for the *sin of Man*: and therefore they decline less into *worse*, in this the *crazed age* of the *world*: Whereas, *Man* is a daily multiplyer of his own *calamities*: and what at first *undid him*, does constantly increase his *woes*; *Search*, and *self-presumption*. He hath sought means to wind himself out of *misery*, and is thereby implunged to *more*. He hath left *Vertue* which the *Stoics* have defined to be *honest Nature*; and is lanched into *by-devices* of his own *ingiddied brain*: nor do I see, but that this *definition* may hold with true *Religion*. For that does not abolish *Nature*, but rectifie it, and bound it. And though *Man* at first fell desperately, yet we read not of any *Law* he had to live by, more than the *Instinct of Nature*, and the remnant of *Gods Image* in him, till *Moses* time: Yet in that time, who was it that did teach *Abel* to do *Sacrifice*? as if we should almost believe, that *Nature* could find out *Religion*. But when *Man* (once faln) was by degrees grown to a height of *prevarication*: Then *God* commanded *Moses*, to give them *rules*, to check the madding of their *ranging minds*. Thus, *God* made *Man righteous*; but he sought out *vain Inventions*; among all which, none hath more befooled him, than the setting up of *Gold*: For now, (*riches* swaying all) they that serve *Vertue*, like those of another *Faction*, are pusht at by those that run with the *general stream*. Incogitable *calamity* of *Man*! that must make that for the hinges of his *life* to turn on, which need not in any thing be conducent to it. I applaud that in the *Western Indies*; where the *Spaniard*

mard hath conquer'd: whose *Inhabitants* esteemed *gold*, but as it was wrought into necessary *vessels*; and that no more, than they would alike of any *inferiour metal*; esteeming more of the *commodiousness*, than they did of the thing it self. Is it not miserable, that we should set up such an *Idol*, as should destroy our *happiness*? And that *Christians* should teach *Heathens* to undo themselves by *covetousness*! How happily they liv'd in *Spain*, till *fire* made some *Mountains* vomit *Gold*! and what miserable *discords* followed after, *Vives* upon *Augustin* doth report. If this were put down, *Vertue* might then be *Queen* again. Now, we cannot serve her as we ought, without the leave of this *Godling*. Her access is more difficult, because we must go about to come to her. As when an *Usurper* hath deposed the *rightful King*; those that would shew their love to the *true one*, either *dare not*, or *cannot*, for fear of the *false ones might*. Some things I must do that I would not; as being one among the rest, that are involved in the *general necessity*. But in those things wherein I may be free from impugning the *Laws of Humanity*, I will never deny my self an honest *solace*, for fear of an *airy censure*. Why should another mans *injustice* breed my *unkindness* to my self? As for *gold*, surely the *world* would be much happier, if there were no such thing in it. But since 'tis now the *Fountain* whence all things flow, I will care for it, as I would for a *Pass*, to travel the *World* by, without *begging*. If I have none, I shall have so much the more misery; because *custom* hath plaid the *fool*, in making it *material*, when it needed not.

XXX.

Of Women.

SOme are so *uncharitable*, as to think *all women bad*: and others are so credulous, as they believe, they *all* are *good*. Sure, though every man speaks as he finds; there is reason to direct our opinion, without experience of the whole *Sex*: which in a *strict examination*, makes more for their *honor*, than most men have acknowledged. At first, she was created his *Equal*; only the difference was in the *Sex*: otherwise, they both were *Man*. If we argue from the *Text*, that *male* and *female* made *man*: so the *man* being put *first*, was *worthier*. I answer, *So the evening and the morning were the first day*: yet few will think the *night* the *better*. That *man* is made her *Governor*, and so *above her*; I believe rather the punishment of *her sin*, than the *Prerogative of his worth*. Had they both stood, it may be thought, she had never been in that *subjection*: for then it had been no *curse*, but a *continuance of her former estate*; which had nothing but *blessedness* in it. *Peter Martyr* indeed is of opinion, that *man* before the *fall*, had *priority*. But *Chrysostom*, he says, does doubt it. All will grant her *body* more *admirable*, more *beautiful* than *mans*: fuller of *curiosities*, and *Noble*

Natures wonder: both for *conception*, and *foſtering* the producted *birth*. And can we think *God* would put a *worſer ſoul* into a *better body?* When *man* was created, 'tis ſaid, *God made man:* but when *woman*, 'tis ſaid, *God builded her*; as if he had then been about a *frame of rarer Rooms*, and more *exact compoſition*. And, without doubt, in her *body*, ſhe is much more *wonderful:* and by this, we may think her ſo in her *mind*. *Philoſophy* tells us, Though the *ſoul* be not cauſed by the *body*; yet in the general it follows the temperament of it: ſo the *comelieſt out-ſides* are naturally (for the moſt part) *vertuous within*. If *place* can be any priviledge; we ſhall find her built in *Paradiſe*, when *man* was made *without* it. 'Tis certain, they are by *conſtitution* colder than the *boyling man*: ſo by this, more *temperate*; 'tis *heat* that tranſports *man* to *immoderation* and *fury*; 'tis that, which hurries him to a *ſavage* and *libidinous violence*. *Women* are naturally the more *modeſt*: and *modeſty* is the *ſeat* and *dwelling place* of *Vertue*. Whence proceed the moſt *abhorred villanies*, but from a *maſculine unbluſhing impudence?* What a deal of *ſweetneſs* do we find in a *mild diſpoſition?* When a *woman* grows bold and daring, we diſlike her, and ſay, *ſhe is too like a man:* yet in our *ſelves*, we *magnifie* what we *condemn* in *her*. Is not this *injuſtice? Every man* is ſo much the *better*, by how much he comes nearer to *God*. *Man* in nothing is more like *Him*; than in being *merciful*. Yet *woman* is far more *merciful* than *man*: It being a *ſex*, wherein *pity* and *compaſſion* have diſpers'd far brighter *rays*. *God* is ſaid to be *Love*; and I am ſure, every where *woman* is ſpoken of for tranſcending in that *quality*. It was never found, but in *two men* only, that their love exceeded that of the *feminine ſex:* and if you obſerve them, you ſhall find, they were both of *melting diſpoſitions*. I know, when they prove *bad*, the are a ſort of the *vileſt creatures:* Yet ſtill the ſame reaſon gives it: for, *Optima corrupta peſſima: The beſt things corrupted, become the worſt*. They are things, whoſe *ſouls* are of a more *ductile temper*, than the harder metal of *man:* ſo may be made both *better* and *worſe*. The Repreſentations of *Sophocles* and *Euripides* may be both true: and for the *tongue-vice*, *talkativeneſs*, I ſee not, but at *meetings*, *men* may very well *vie words* with them. 'Tis true, they are not of ſo tumultuous a *ſpirit*, ſo not ſo fit for *great actions*. *Natural heat* does more actuate the ſtirring *Genius* of *man*. Their eaſie *Natures* make them ſomewhat more *unreſolute*; whereby *men* have argued them of *fear* and *inconſtancy*. But *men* have always held the *Parliament*, and have enacted their own *wills*, without ever hearing *them* ſpeak: and then how eaſie is it to conclude them *guilty?* Beſides, *Education* makes more difference between *men* and *them*, than *Nature*: and, all their *aſperſions* are leſs noble, for that they are only from their *Enemies*, *men*. *Diogenes ſnarled bitterly*, when walking with another, he ſpyed *two women* talking, and ſaid, *See the Viper and Aſp are changing poyſon*. The *Poet* was *conceited* that ſaid, *After they were made ill*, that *God made them fearful*, that *man might rule them*; *otherwiſe they had been paſt dealing*

dealing with. Catullus his *conclusion* was too general, to collect a *deceit* in all *women*, because he was not confident of his *own*.

Nulli se dicit mulier mea nubere malle
Quàm mihi: non si se Jupiter ipse petat.
Dicit: sed mulier cupido quod dicit amanti,
In vento & rapidâ scribere oportet aquâ.
My *Mistris* swears, she'd leave all men for me:
Yea, though that *Jove* himself should *Suiter* be.
She says it: but what *women* swear to kind
Loves, may be writ in *rapid streams* and *wind*.

I am resolved to honour *Vertue*, in what *sex* soever I find it. And I think, in the general, I shall find it more in *women*, than *men*; though *weaker*, and more *infirmly guarded*. I believe, they are *better*, and may be brought to be *worse*. Neither shall the *faults* of *many*, make me *uncharitable* to *all*: nor the *goodness* of *some*, make me *credulous* of the *rest*. Though hitherto, I confess, I have not found more *sweet* and *constant goodness* in *man*, than I have found in *woman*: and yet of *these* I have not found a *number*.

XXXI.

Of the loss of things loved.

NO *crosses* do so much affect us, as those that befal us in the things we *love*. We are more grieved to lose *one child of affection*, than we should be for *many* that we do not so nearly care for, though *every* of them be alike to us, in respect of *outward Relations*. The *soul* takes a *freedom*, to indear what it *liketh*, without discovering the *reason* to *man*: and when that is taken from her, she *mourns*, as having lost a *son*. When the *choice of the affections* dies, a *general lamentation* follows. To some things we so dedicate our selves, that in their *parting*, they seem to take away even the *substance of our soul* along: as if we had laid up the *treasure of our lives*, in the frail and moveable hold of *another*. The *Soul* is fram'd of such an *active nature*, that 'tis impossible but it must assume *something* to it self, to delight in: We seldom find any, without *peculiar delight* in some *peculiar thing*; though *various*, as their *fancies* lead them, *Honor*, *War*, *Learning*, *Musick*, do all find their several *votaries*: who, if they fail in their *souls wishes*, mourn immoderately. *David* had his *Absalon*: *Hannahs wish* was *children*: *Hamans thirst* was *Honor*: *Achitophel* took the glory of his *Counsel*. Who would have thought, that they could, for the miss of these, have expressed such *excessive passions?* Who would have believed, that one neglection of his *Counsel*, would have truss'd up *Achitophel* in a *voluntary Halter*; We then begin to be *miserable*, when we are totally bent on some one *temporal object*. What one *sublunary Center* is there, which is able to receive the *circles* of the *spreading*

soul?

soul? All that we find here, is too *narrow*, and too *little*, for the *patent affections* of the *mind*. If they could afford us *happiness* in their *possession*, it were not then such *fondness* to inleague our selves with an *undividable love*: but, being they cannot make us *truly happy* in their *injoying*; and may make us *miserable* by their *parting*; it will be best, not to *concenter* all our rays upon them. Into how many *ridiculous passages* do they precipitate themselves, that dote upon a *Rosey face?* Who looks not upon *Dido*, with a kind of *smiling pity*, if *Virgil*'s *Poetry* does not injure her with *love* to *Æneas*, rather than tell the truth of her *hate* to *Iarbas*.

Uritur infœlix Dido, totáq; vagatur
Urbe furens: qualis conjecta cerva sagittâ;
Quam procul incautum nemora inter Cressia fixit
Pastor agens telis, liquitq; volatile ferrum
Nescius: illa fugâ sylvas saltusq; peragrat
Dictæos: hæret lateri lethalis arundo.

Scorch'd in fierce flames, through Cities several ways,
Lost *Dido* wanders: like some *Deer* that strays,
And unawares, by some rude *Shepherds Dart*,
In her own *Crete*, pierc'd to her fearful heart,
Flies tripping through all *Dicte*'s Groves and Plains;
Yet still the *deadly Arrow* sticks, and pains.

But for such *high-fed Love* as this, *Crates triple-remedy* is the best that I know: either *Fasting*, or *Time*: and if both these fail, *an Halter*. And surely he deserves it, for robbing himself of his *soul*. Certainly they can never live in *quiet*, that so vehemently intend a peculiar *quest*. *Fear* and *suspicion* startle their *affrighted minds*; and many times, their *over-loving* is a cause of their *loss*: *Moderate care* would make it last the longer. Often handling of the *withering Flower*, adds not to the *continuance*, but is a properation of more swift *decay*. Who loves a *Glass* so well, as he will still be playing with it, *breaks* that by his *childishness*, which might have been found in the *cellar* or *case*. But when in this we shall lay up all our *best contentments*, what do we, but like *fooliſh Merchants*, venture all our *estate* in a *bottom?* It is not good to bring our selves into that absolute *necessity*, that the failing of one *aim* should *perish* us. Who, that cannot swim well, would with one *small thred*, hazard himself in the faithless and unsounded *Sea?* How pleasantly the *wise man laughs* at that, which makes the *Lady weep*; *The death of her little Dog?* The *loving part* in her, wanted an object: so *play*, and *lapping on it*, made her place it *there*: and that so *deeply*, that she must bedew her *eyes* at parting with't. How improvident are we, to make that, *affliction* in the *farewel*, which while we had, we knew was not always to *stay* nor could (if we so pleas'd not) thieve the least *mite* from us. He is unwise, that lets his *light spleen* clap his *wanton sides*, which knows it needs must *dye*, whensoere the *Music* cease. I like him, that can both *play*, and *win*, and *laugh*, and *lose*, without a *chafe* or *sighs*. Our *loves* are not always *constant*: their *objects* are much more *uncertain*; and *events* more *casual* than they.

Something

Something I must *like* and *love*: but, *nothing* so violently, as to undo my self with wanting it. If I should ever be intangled in that *snare*; I will yet cast the *worst*, and prepare as well for a *parting journy*, as *cohabitation*. And to prevent all, I will bend my *love* toward that, which can neither be *lost*, nor admit of *excess*. Nor yet will I ever *love* a *Friend* so *little*, as that he shall not command the *All* of an *honest man*.

XXXII.

Of the uncertainty of Life.

Miserable brevity! more *miserable uncertainty* of *life!* We are sure that we cannot *live long*: and uncertain that we shall *live at all*. And even while I am writing *this*, I am not sure my *pen* shall end the *sentence*. Our *life* is so *short*, that we cannot in it *contemplate* what our selves are: so *uncertain*, as we cannot say, *we will resolve to do it*. *Silence* was a full *answer* in that *Philosopher*, that being asked, *What he thought of human life*; said nothing, turn'd him round, and *vanisht*. Like *leaves* on *trees*, we are the sport of every *puff* that blows: and with the least *gust*, may be shaken from our *life* and *nutriment*. We *travel*, we *study*, we think to dissect the *world* with *continued searches*: when, while we are contriving but the *neerest way* to't, *Age*, and *consumed years* o'retake us; and only *labor* pays us the *losses* of our *ill-expended time*. *Death* whisks about the unthoughtful *world*, and with a *Pegasæan speed*, flies upon unwary *Man*; with the *kick* of his *heel*, or the *dash* of his *foot*, springing Fountains of the tears of *Friends*. *Juvenal* does tell us, how *life* wings away:

——*Festinat enim decurrere velox*
Flosculus angustæ, miseræq; brevissima vitæ
Portio: dum bibimus, dum serta, unguenta, puellas
Poscimus, obrepit, non intellecta, senectus.
——The short-liv'd *Flower*, and *portion*
Of poor, sad *life* post-hasteth to be gone:
And while we *drink*, seek *women*, *wreaths* and *earn'd*
Applause, *old age* steals on us *undiscern'd*.

If *Nature* had not made *man* an *active creature*, that he should be delighted in *imployment*, nothing would convince him of more *folly*, than the durance of some *enterprizes* that he takes in hand: for they are many times of such a future length, as we cannot in reason hope to live till their *conclusion* comes. We *build*, as if we laid *foundations* for *Eternity*: and the *expeditions* we take in hand, are many times the length of three or four *lives*. How many *Warriers* have expir'd in their *expugnations*; leaving their *breath* in the places where they laid their *Siege*? Certainly, he that thinks of *lifes casualties*, can neither be *careless*, nor *covetous*. I confess, we *may* live to the *Spectacle*, and the *bearing-staff*, to the *stooping back*, to the *snow*, or to the *sleekness* of the *declining*

clining crown: but, how few are there, that can unfold you a *Diary* of so many *leaves*? More do die in the *Spring* and *Summer* of their years, than live till *Autumn*, or their *growned Winter*. When a man shall exhaust his very *vitality*, for the hilling up of *fatal Gold*; and shall then think, how a *Hair* or *Fly* may snatch him in a moment from it; how it quels his *laborious hope*, and puts his posting *mind* into a more safe and quiet pace. Unless, we are sure to enjoy it, why should any man strain himself, for more than is *convenient*? I will never care too much, for that I am not sure to *keep*. Yet I know, should all men respect but their *own time*, an *Age* or two would find the World in *ruin*: so that for such actions, men may plead their *charity*, that though they live not to enjoy those things themselves, they shall yet be beneficial to *posterity*. And I rather think this an *Instinct* that God hath put in *Man*, for the conservation of things; than an *intended good* of the *Author* to his *followers*. Thus, as in *propagation* we are often more beholden to the *pleasure* of our *Parents*, than their desire of having us: so in matters of the *world*, and *Fortune*, the aims of our *Predecessors* for themselves, have by the secret work of *Providence*, cast benefits upon us. I will not altogether blame him that I see begins *things lasting*. Though they be *vanities* to him, because he knows not who shall enjoy them: yet they will be things well fitted for some that shall succeed them. They that do me *good*, and know not of it, are causes of my *benefit*, though I do not owe them my *thanks*: and I will rather *bless* them, as *instruments*; than *condemn* them, as not *intenders*.

XXXIII.

That good counsel should not be valued by the Person.

TO some, there is not a *greater vexation*, than to be advised by an *Inferior*. *Directions* are unwelcom, that come to us by ascensions: as if *wealth* only were the full accomplishment of a *soul* within; and could as well infuse an *inward judgment*, as procure an *outward respect*. Nay, I have known some, that being advised by such, have run into a *worse contradiction*; because they would not seem to learn of one below them: or if they see no other way convenient, they will delay the *practice*, till they think the *Prompter* has forgot how he counsel'd them. They will rather flie in perillous height, than seem to decline at the voice of *one beneath them*. *Pitiful*! that we should rather *mischief our selves*, than be content to be *unprided*: For had we but so much *humility*, as to think our selves but what we are, *men*; we might easily believe, another might have *brain* to equal us. He is sick to the ruin of himself, that refuseth a *Cordial*, because presented in a *Spoon of wood*. That *wisdom* is not *lastingly good*, which stops the *ear* with the *tongue*: that will command and *speak all*, without hearing the voice of another. Even the *Slave* may sometimes light on a way to

to *inlarge* his *Master*, when his own *invention* fails. Nay, there is some reason why we should be best directed by *men below our state*. For, while a *Superior* is *sudden* and *fearless*, an *Inferior* premeditates the *best*; lest being found *weak*, it might displease by being too light in the *poize*. *Job* reckons it a part of his *integrity*, that he had not refused the *judgment of his servants*. 'Tis good to *command*, and *hear* them. Why should we shame, by any *honest means*, to meet with *that* which benefits us? In things that be *difficult*, and not of important *secresie*, I think it not a miss to consult with *Inferiors*. He that lies under the *Tree*, sees more than they that sit o'th top on't. *Nature* hath made the *bodies eyes* to *look upward* with more ease than *down*: So, *the eye of the soul* sees better in *ascensions*, and things *meanly raised*. We are all, with a kind of *delectation*, carried to the *things above us*: and we have also better means of observing them, while we are admitted their *view*, and yet not thought as *Spies*. In *things beneath us*, not being so *delighted* with them, we pass them over with *neglect*, and *not observing*. *Servants* are usually our *best friends*, or our *worst enemies*: *Neuters* seldom. For, being known to be privy to our *retired actions*, and our more *continual conversation*, they have the advantage of being *believed*, before a *removed friend*. *Friends* have more of the *tongue*, but *Servants* of the *hand*: and *actions* for the most part, speak a *man* more truly than *words*. *Attendants* are like to the *locks* that belong to a *house*: while they are *strong* and *close*, they preserve us in safety: but *weak* or *open*, we are left a *prey* to *thieves*. If they be such as a *stranger* may pick, or another open with a *false key*; it is very fit to *change* them instantly: But if they be well *warded*, they are then good *guards* of our *fame* and *welfare*. 'Tis good, I confess, to consider how they stand *affected*; and to *handle* their *counsels* before we *embrace* them: they may sometimes at once, both *please* and *poyson*. *Advice* is as well *the wise mans fall*, as *the fools advancement*: and is often *most wounding*, when it stroaks us with a *silken hand*. All *families* are but *diminutives* of a *Court*; where most men respect more their own *advancement*, than the *honor* of their *Throned King*. The same thing, that makes a *lying Chamber-maid* tell a *foul Lady*, that she looks *lovely*: makes a *base Lord*, sooth up his *ill King* in *mischief*. They both counsel, rather to *insinuate themselves*, by floating with a *light-lov'd humor*; than to profit the *advised*, and imbetter his *fame*. It is good to know the disposition of the *Counsellor*, so shall we better judg of his *counsel*; which yet if we find *good*, we shall do well to follow, howsoever his affection stand. I will love the *good counsel*, even of a *bad man*. We think not *gold* the worse, because 'tis brought us in a *bag of leather*: No more ought we to contemn *good counsel*, because it is presented us, by a *bad man*, or an *underling*.

XXXIV.

Of Custom in advancing Mony.

CUstom misleads us all: we magnifie the *wealthy man*, though his *parts* be never so *poor*; the *poor man* we despise, be he never so well otherwise *qualified*. To be *rich*, is to be three parts of the way onward to *perfection*. To be *poor*, is to be made a *pavement* for the tread of the *full-minded man*. *Gold* is the only *Coverlet* of *imperfections*: 'tis the *Fools Curtain*, that can hide all his *defects* from the *world*: It can make *knees bow*, and *tongues speak*, against the native *genius* of the *groaning heart*: It supples more than *Oyl*, or *Fomentations*: and can stiffen beyond the *Summer Sun*, or the *Winters white-bearded cold*. In this we differ from the ancient *Heathen*; They make *Jupiter* their *chief god*; and we have crowned *Pluto*. He is *Master of the Muses*, and can buy their *voices*. The *Graces* wait on him: *Mercury* is his *Messenger*: *Mars* comes to him for his *pay*: *Venus* is his *Prostitute*: He can make *Vesta* break her *vow*: He can have *Bacchus* be *merry* with him; and *Ceres* feast him, when he lists: He is the *sick mans Æsculapius*: and the *Pallas* of an *empty brain*. Nor can *Cupid* cause *love*, but by his *golden-headed Arrow*. *Mony* is a *general man*: and, without doubt, excellently parted. *Petronius* describes his Qualities:

Quisquis habet nummos, securâ naviget aurâ:
Fortunamq; suo temperet arbitrio.
Uxorem ducat Danaen, ipsumq; licebit
Acrisium jubeat credere quòd Danaen:
Carmina componat, declamet, concrepet omnes
Et peragat causas, sitque Catone prior.
Jurisconsultus, paret, non paret, habetor;
Atque esto, quicquid Servius aut Labeo.
Multa loquor: quidvis nummis præsentibus opta,
Et veniet: clausum possidet arca Jovem.

The *Monyed-man* can safely sail all *Seas*;
And make his *Fortune* as himself shall please.
He can wed *Danae*, and command that now
Acrisius self that fatal match allow.
He can declaim, chide, censure, *verses* write;
And do *all things*, better than *Cato* might.
He knows the *Law*, and rules it: hath, and is
Whole *Servius*, and what *Labeo* could possess.
In brief; let *rich men* wish whats'ere they love,
'Twill come; they in a *lockt Chest* keep a *Jove*.

The *time* is come about, whereof *Diogenes* propheſied; when he gave the reason why he would be buried *groveling*; We have made the *Earths bottom* powerful to the *lofty skies*: *Gold*, that lay buried in the *buttock* of the *world*; is now made the *Head* and *Ruler* of the *People*;

People; putting all under it, we have made it extensive, as the *Spanish Ambition*: and, in the mean, have undeservedly put *worth* below it. *Worth* without *wealth*, is like an *able servant* out of *imployment*; he is fit for all businesses, but wants wherewith to put himself into any: he hath good *Materials* for a *foundation*: but misseth wherewith to rear the *walls* of his *fame*. For, though indeed, *riches* cannot make a man *worthy*, they can shew him to the *world*, when he is so: But when we think him *wise*, for his *wealth alone*, we appear content to be *misled* with the *multitude*. To the *rich*, I confess, we owe something; but to the *wise man*, most: To *this*, for *himself*, and his *innate worthiness*: to the *other*, as being *casually happy*, in things that of themselves are *blessings*; but never *so much*, as to make *Virtue mercenary*; or a *flatterer* of *Vice*. *Worth* without *wealth*, beside the *native Nobleness*, has this in it; That it may be a way of getting the *wealth* which is wanting: But as for *wealth* without *worth*, I count it nothing but a *rich Saddle*, for the *State* to ride an *Ass* withal.

XXXV.

That Sin is more crafty than violent.

BEfore we *sin*, the *Devil* shews his *policy*; when we have *sinned*, his *baseness*: he makes us first revile our *Father*, and then steps up, to *witness* how we have *blasphemed*. He begs the *rod*, and the *wand*, for *faults* which had not been, but for his own *inticement*. He was never such a *Soldier*, as he is a *Politician*: He blows up more by *one mine*, than he can kill by *ten assaults*: He prevails most by *Treaty*, and *facetious ways*. *Presents* and *Parlies* win him more than the *cruel wound*, or the *drag* of the *compulsive hand*. All *sin* is rather *subtil*, than *valiant*. The *Devil* is a *coward*; and will, with thy *resisting*, fly thee: nor dare he shew himself in a *noted good mans* company; if he does, he comes in *seeming-virtues*; and the garments of *belyed Truth*. *Vice* stands abasht at the glorious *Majesty* of a good confirmed *soul*. *Cato*'s presence stopt the practices of the *Romans* brutish *Floralia*'s. *Satan* began first with *hesitations*, and his sly-couch'd *Oratory*: and ever since, he continues in *wiles*, in *stratagems*, and the *fetches* of a toyling *brain*; rather persuading us to sin, than urging us: and when we have done it, he seldom lets us see our *folly*, till we be plunged in some deep *extremity*: then he writes in *capital letters*, and carries it as a *Pageant* at a *show*, before us. What could have made *David* so heartless, when *Absalom* rose against him, but the guilt of his then presented *sins*; when he *fled*, and *wept*, and *fled* again? It appears a *wonder*, that *Shimei* should rail a *King* to his face; and unpunisht, brave him, and his host of *Soldiers*, casting *stones*, and spitting *taunts*, while he stood incompassed with his *Nobles*. Surely, it had been impossible, but that *David* was full of the horror of his *sins*, and knew he repeated truth; though in that, he

acted but the *Devils* part, ignobly to insult over a man in misery. *Calamity*, in the sight of *worthiness*, prompts the *hand*, and opens the *purse*, to relieve. 'Tis a *hellish disposition*, that watcheth how to give a *blow* to the man that is already reeling. When we are in danger, he galls us with what we have done; and on our *sick beds*, shews us all our *sins* in *multiplying-Glasses*. He first draws us into *hated Treason*; and when we are taken, and brought to the *Bar*, he is both our *accuser*, and *condemning witness*. His *close policy*, is now turn'd to declared *baseness*. Nor is it a wonder: for, *unworthiness* is ever the end of *unhonest deceit*: yet sure this *cozenage* is the more condemned, for that it is so *ruinous*, and so *easie*. Who is it but may *cozen*, if he minds to be a *Villain*? How poor and inhuman was the craft of *Cleomenes*, that concluding a *league* for seven days, in the *night* assaulted the secure *Enemy*? alleging, The *nights* were not excluded from *slaughter*. Nothing is so like to *Satan*, as a *Knave* furnisht with *dishonest fraud*: the best way to avoid him, is to disdain the *league*. I will rather labor for *valor*, at the first, to resist him; than after *yielding*, to endeavour a *flight*. Nor can I well tell which I should most hate, the *Devil*, or his *Machiavel*. For though the *Devil* be the more secret *Enemy*, yet the base *Politician* is the more familiar: and is indeed but a *Devil* in *Hose* and *Doublet*, fram'd so, in an acquainted shape, to advantage his *deceit* the more.

XXXVI.

Of Discontents.

THe *discontented man* is a *Watch* over-wound, wrested out of tune, and goes false. *Grief* is like *Ink* poured into *water*, that fills the whole *Fountain* full of *blackness* and *disuse*. Like *mist*, it spoils the *burnish* of the *silver-mind*. It casts the *Soul* into the *shade*, and fills it more with consideration of the *unhappiness*, than thought of the *remedy*. Nay, it is so busied in the *mischief*, as there is neither room, nor time for the ways that should give us *release*. It does dissociate *man*, and sends him, with *Beasts*, to the loneliness of *unpathed Deserts*, who was by *Nature* made a *Creature companiable*. Nor is it the *mind* alone, that is thus mudded; but even the *body* is disfaired: it thickens the *complexion*, and dies it into an *unpleasing swarthiness*: the *eye* is dim, in the *discoloured* face; and the whole man becomes as if statued into *stone* and *earth*. But, above all, those *discontents* sting deepest, that are such as may not with safety be communicated: For, then the *soul* pines away, and starves for want of *counsel*, that should feed and cherish it. *Concealed sorrows*, are like the *vapours*, that, being shut up, occasion *Earth-quakes*; as if the *world* were plagued with a fit of the *Colic*. That man is *truly miserable*, that cannot but *keep* his *miseries*; and yet must not *unfold* them. As in the *body*, whatsoever is taken in, that is *distastful* and continues there unvoided, does daily *impost hume*, and gather, till at last it *kills*,

kills, or at leaſt *indangers* to extremity: So is it in the *mind*: *Sorrows* entertain'd, and ſmother'd, do *collect* ſtill, and ſtill *habituate* it ſo, that all *good diſpoſition* gives way to a *harſh moroſity*. *Vexations*, when they daily *billow* upon the *mind*, they froward even the ſweeteſt *ſoul*, and from a *dainty affability*, turn it into *ſpleen* and *teſtineſs*. It is good to do with theſe, as *Jocaſta* did with *Oedipus*, caſt them out in their *infancy*, and lame them in their *feet*: or, for more ſafety, *kill them*, to a not reviving. Why ſhould we hug a *poyſoned Arrow* ſo cloſely in our *wounded boſomes*? Neither *griefs*, nor *joys*, were ever ordained for *ſecreſie*. It is againſt *Nature*, that we ſhould ſo long go with child with our *conceptions*; eſpecially when they are ſuch, as are ever ſtriving to quit the *ejecting womb*.

Strangulat incluſus Dolor, atq; cor æſtuat intus;
Cogitur & vires multiplicare ſuas.
Untold griefs choak, cynder the *Heart*; and, by
Reſtraint, their burning forces multiply.

I think, no man but would willingly tell them, if either *ſhame of the cauſe*, or *diſtruſt of the friend*, did not bridle his *expreſſions*. Either of theſe intrail a mans mind to *miſery*. Every *ſorrow* is a *ſhort convulſion*; but he that it makes a *cloſe priſoner*, is like a *Papiſt*, that keeps *Good-Friday* all the year; he is ever *whipping*, and inflicting *penance* on himſelf, when he needs not. The *ſad man* is an *Hypocrite*: for he *ſeems wiſe*, and is not. As the *eye*, fixt upon one *object*, ſees other things but by halves and glancings: ſo the *ſoul* intent on this *accident*, cannot diſcern on other *contingencies*. *Sad objects*, even for *worldly things*, I know are ſometimes profitable: but yet, like *Willows*, if we ſet them deep, or let them ſtand too long, they will grow *trees*, and *overſpread*, when we intended them but for *ſtays*, to *uphold*. *Sorrow* is a *dull paſſion*, and deads the activeneſs of the *mind*. Methinks *Crates* ſhew'd a *braver ſpirit*, when he danc'd and laugh'd in his *thred-bare Cloak*, and his *wallet* at his back, which was all his *wealth*: than *Alexander*, when he wept, that he had not ſuch a huge *Beaſt*, as the *Empire of the World*, to govern. He *contemned*, what this other did *cry* for. If I muſt have *ſorrow*, I will never be ſo in love with it, as to keep it to my *ſelf* alone: nor will I ever ſo affect *company*, as to live where *vexations* ſhall daily ſalute me.

XXXVII.

Of Natures recompenſing Wrongs.

THere be few *bodily imperfections*, but the *beauty of the mind* can *cover*, or *countervail*, even to their *not-ſeeming*. For, that which is *unſightly* in the *body*, though it be our *misfortune*, yet it is not our *fault*. No man had ever power to *order Nature* in his own *compoſure*: what we have there, is ſuch as we could neither give our *ſelves*, nor *refuſe*

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refuſe when it was bequeathed us: But, what we find in the *ſoul*, is either the *blur of the man*, or the *bloſſom* for which we praiſe him: becauſe a *mind well qualified*, is oft beholden to the *induſtry* of the *careful man:* and that again which is mudded with a *vicious inquination*, is ſo, by the vileneſs of a *wilful ſelf-neglect*. Hence, when *our ſoul* finds a rareneſs in a *tuned ſoul*, we fix ſo much on that, as we become charitable to the *diſproportion'd body*, which we find containing it: and many times, the *fails of the one*, are *foils*, to ſet off the *other* with the greater *grace* and *luſtre*. The *minds excellency* can ſalve the *real bleminiſhes* of the *body*. In a man *deformed*, and *rarely qualified*, we uſe firſt to view his *blots*, and then to tell his *virtues*, that tranſcend them: which be, as it were, *things* ſet off with more *glory*, by the pitty and defect of the *other*. 'Tis fit the *mind* ſhould be moſt magnified. Which I ſuppoſe to be the reaſon, why *Poets* have aſcribed more to *Cupid* the *Son*, than to *Venus* the *Mother:* becauſe *Cupid* ſtrikes the *mind*, and *Venus* is but for the *body*. *Homer* ſays, *Minerva* cur'd *Ulyſſes* of his *wrinkles* and *baldneſs*; not that ſhe took them away by *ſupplements*, or the *deceiving fucus:* but that he was ſo *applauded*, for the *acuteneſs* of an *ingenious mind*, that men ſpared to object unto him his *deformity:* and if it ſhall chance to be remembred, it will be allayed with the adjunct of the other's *worth*. It was ſaid of *bald*, *hook-nos'd*, *crook-footed Galba*, only that his *wit* dwelt ill. *Worth* then does us the *beſt ſervice*, when it both *hides the faults of Nature*, and brings us into *eſtimation*. We often ſee *blemiſh'd bodies*, rare in *mental excellencies:* which is an admirable *inſtinct of Nature*, that being conſcious of her own *defects*, and not able to *abſterge* them, ſhe uſes diverſion, and draws the conſideration of the *beholders* to thoſe parts, wherein ſhe is more confident of her *qualifications*. I do think, for *worth* in many men, we are more beholden to the *defects of Nature*, than their own *inclinary love*. And certainly, for *converſe* among men, *beautiful perſons* have leſs need of the *minds commending Qualities*. *Beauty* in it ſelf is ſuch a *ſilent Orator*, as is ever pleading for *reſpect* and *liking*: and by the *eyes* of others, is ever ſending to their *hearts* for *love*. Yet, even *this* hath this *inconvenience* in it, that it makes them oft neglected the furniſhing of the mind with *Nobleneſs*. Nay, it oftentimes is a cauſe, that the *mind* is ill. The *modeſt ſweetneſs* of a *lilied face* makes men perſuade the *heart* unto *immodeſty:* Had not *Dinah* had ſo good a one, ſhe had come home *unraviſhed*. *Unlovely features* have more liberty to be *good* withal; becauſe they are freer from *ſolicitations*. There is a kind of *continual combate*, between *Virtue* and *Proportions pleaſingneſs*. Though it be not a *curſe*; yet 'tis many times an *unhappineſs* to be *fair*.

——Vetat optari faciem Lucretia, qualem
Ipſa habuit; cuperet Rutilæ Virginia gibbum
Accipere, atq; ſuam Rutilæ dare. Filius autem
Corporis egregii miſeros, trepidoſq; parentes
Semper habet: rara eſt adeo concordia formæ
Atque pudicitiæ.——

Lucretia's

Lucretia's fate warns us to wish no *face*
Like hers; *Virginia* would bequeath her grace
To Lute-backt *Rutila*, in exchange: for still,
The fairest Children do their Parents fill
With greatest care; so seldom *Modesty*
Is found to dwell with *Beauty*.———

The words be *Juvenal's*. Above all therefore, I applaud that man which is *amiable* in both. This is the true *Marriage*, where the *body* and the *soul* are met in the *similiary Robe* of *Comelinesse*: and he is the more to be affected, because we may believe, he hath taken up his *goodness*, rather upon *love to it*, than upon *sinister ends*. They are *rightly virtuous*, that are so, without *incitation*: nor can it but argue, *virtue* is then strong, when it lives *upright*, in the preasse of *many temptations*. And, as these are the best in *others eyes*, so are they most composed in *themselves*. For here *Reason* and the *Senses* kiss; *disporting* themselves with *mutual speculations*: whereas those men, whose *minds* and *bodies* differ, are like two that are *married* together, and *love not*: they have ever *secret reluctations*, and do not *part* for any other *reason*, but because they *cannot*.

XXXVIII.

Of Truth, and bitternesse in Jests.

IT is not good for a man to be too *tart* in his *Jests*. *Bitternesse* is for *serious Potions*; not for *Healths of merriment*, and the *jollities* of a *mirthful Feast*. An *offensive man* is the *Devils bellows*, wherewith he blows up *contentions* and *jars*. But among all passages of this nature, I find none more galling than an *offensive Truth*, For thereby we run into two *great Errors*. One is, we *child* that in a *loose laughter*, which should be *grave*, and savour both of *love* and *pity*. So we rub him with a *poyson'd oyl*, which spreads the more, for being put in such a *fleeting suppleness*. The other is, we descend to *particulars*, and by that means, draw the *whole company* to witness his disgrace we break it on. The *Souldier* is not *noble*, that makes himself sport, with the wounds of his own *companion*. Whosoever will *jest*, should be like him that *flourishes* at a *show*: he may turn his *weapon* any way, but not aim more at one, than at another. In this case, things *like Truth*, are better than *Truth it self*. Nor is it less ill than unsafe, to fling about this *wormwood of the brain*: some *noses* are too tender to endure the strength of the *smell*. And though there be many like *tyled houses*, that can admit a falling spark, unwarm'd: yet some again, are cover'd with such light, dry *straw*, that with the least touch they will kindle, and flame about your *troubled ears*: and when the *house* is on fire, it is no disputing with how small a matter it came: it will quickly proceed to mischief; *exitus iræ furor*: *Anger* is but a step from *Rage*; and that is wild *fire* which will not be extinguisht. I know, *wise men* are not too nimble at an *injury*. For, as with *fire*, the *light stuff*, and

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and *rubbiſh*, kindles ſooner than the *ſolid*, and more *compacted*: ſo *anger* ſooner inflames a *Fool*, than a man compoſed in his *reſolutions*. But we are not ſure always to meet *diſcreet ones*: nor can we hope it, while we our ſelves are otherwiſe in giving the *occaſion*, *Fools* are the greater number: *wiſe men* are like *timber-trees* in a *wood*, here and there one: and though they be moſt acceptable, to *men wiſe* like themſelves, yet have they never more need of *wiſdom*, than when they converſe with the *ringing elboes*: who, like *corrupt air*, require many *Antidotes*, to keep us from being infected: But when we grow *bitter* to a *wiſeman*, we are then *worſt*: For, he ſees further into the *diſgrace*, and is able to harm us more. *Laughter* ſhould *dimple* the *cheek*, not *furrow* the *brow* into ruggedneſs. The *birth* is then *prodigious*, when *Miſchief* is the *child* of *Mirth*. All ſhould have liberty to laugh at a *Jeſt*: but if it throws a diſgrace upon one, like the crack of a *ſtring*, it makes a *ſtop* in the *Muſic*. *Flouts* we may ſee proceed from an *inward contempt*; and there is nothing cuts deeper in a *generous mind* than *ſcorn*. *Nature* at firſt makes us all *equal*: we are differenc'd but by *accident*, and *outwards*. And I think 'tis a *jealouſie* that ſhe hath infus'd in *Man*, for the maintaining of her own *Honor* againſt external *cauſes*. And though all have not wit to reject the *Arrow*, yet moſt have memory to retain the *offence*; which they will be content to owe a while, that they may repay it both with more *advantage*, and *eaſe*. 'Tis but an *unhappy wit*, that ſtirs up *Enemies* againſt the *owner*. A man may ſpit out his *friend* from his *tongue*; or laugh him into an *Enemy*. *Gall* in *mirth* is an *ill mixture*; and ſometimes *truth* is *bitterneſs*. I would wiſh any man to be *pleaſingly merry*: but let him beware he bring not *Truth* on the *Stage*, like a *wanton* with a edged *weapon*.

XXXIX.

Of Apprehenſion of Wrongs.

WE make our ſelves more *injuries* than are offered us: they many times paſs for *wrongs* in our *own thoughts*, that were never meant ſo, by the *heart* of him that ſpeaketh. The *apprehenſion of wrong*, hurts more, than the ſharpeſt part of the *wrong* done. So, by falſly making of our ſelves *patients* of *wrong*, we become the true and firſt *Actors*. It is not good, in matters of *diſcourteſie*, to dive into a mans *mind*, beyond his own *Comment*: not to ſtir upon a doubtful *indignity*, without it: unleſs we have *proofs*, that carry *weight* and *conviction* with them. *Words* do ſomtimes fly from the *tongue*, that the *heart* did neither *hatch* nor *harbor*. While we think to *revenge* an *injury*, we many times *begin one*: and after that, repent our *miſconceptions*, In things that may have a *double ſenſe*, 'tis good to think, The *better* was intended; ſo ſhall we ſtill both keep our *friends*, and *quietneſs*. If it be a *wrong* that is *apparent*; yet it is ſometimes better to *diſſemble* it, than play the *Waſp*, and ſtrive to return a *ſting*. A *wiſe mans glory* is, in paſſing by an *offence*: and this

was

was *Solomons Philosophy*. A *Fool* strook *Cato* in the *Bath*; and when he was sorry for it, *Cato* had forgot it: For, says *Seneca*, *Melius putavit non agnoscere, quam ignoscere*. He would not come so near *Revenge*, as to acknowledg that he had been *wronged*. *Light injuries* are made *none*, by a not regarding; which with a *pursuing revenge*, grow both to height, and burthen. It stands not with the discretion of a *generous spirit*, to return a *punishment* for every *abuse*. Some are such, as they require nothing but *contempt* to kill them. The *cudgel* is not of use, when the *beast* but only *barks*. Though *much sufferance* be a *stupidity*; yet a little is of good esteem. We hear of many that are disturbed with a *light offence*, and we condemn them for it: because, that which we call *remedy*, slides into *disease*; and makes *that* live to *mischief* us, which else would *die*, with giving life to *safety*. Yet, I know not what *self partiality* makes us think our selves behind-hand, if we offer not repayment in the *same coin* we received it. Of which, if they may stand for *reasons*, I think, I may give you two, One is the *sudden apprehension of the mind*, which will endure any thing with more patience, than a *disgrace*; as if by the secret *spirits* of the *air* it conveyed a *stab* to the *æthereal soul*. Another is, because living among *many*, we would justifie our selves, to avoid their *contempt*; and these being most such, as are not able to *judg*, we rather satisfie them by *external actions*, than rely upon a *judicious verdict*, which gives us in for *nobler*, by *contemning it*. However we may prize the revengeful man for *spirit*; yet without doubt 'tis *Princely* to *disdain a wrong*: who, when *Embassadors* have offered *undecencies*, use not to *chide*, but to deny them *audience*: as if *silence* were the *way Royal* to reject a *wrong*. He enjoys a *brave composedness*, that seats himself above the flight of the *injurious claw*. Nor does he by this shew his *weakness*, but his *wisdom*. For, *Qui leviter sæviunt, sapiunt magis: The wisest rage the least*. I love the man that is *modestly valiant*, that stirs not till he must needs; and then *to purpose*. A *continued patience* I commend not; 'tis different from what is *goodness*. For though *God* bears *much*, yet he will not bear *always*.

XL.

When Vice is most dangerous.

WHen *Vice* is got to the *midst*, it is hard to stay her, till she comes to the *end*. Give a hot *Horse* his head at first, and he will surely run away with you. Who can stop a man in the *thunder* of his *wrath*, till he a little hath discharg'd his *passion* either by *intemperate speech* or *blows*? In vain we preach a *patience*, presently after the sense of the loss. What a stir it asks, to get a man from the *Tavern*, when he is but *half-drunk*! *Desire* is dispersed into every *vein*; that the *Body* is in all his parts *concupiscible*. And this dies not in the way; but by *discharge* or *recess*. The *middle* of *extremes* is worst. In the *beginning*, he may for-

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bear; in the *end*, he will leave alone: in the *middeſt*, he cannot but go on to worſe; nor will he, in that heat, admit of any thing that may teach him to deſiſt. *Rage* is no *friend* to any man. There is a time, when 'tis not ſafe to offer even the *beſt advice*. Be counſel'd by the *Roman Ovid*.

Dum furor in curſu eſt, currenti cede furori;
Difficiles aditus impetus omnis habet.
Stultus, ab obliquo qui cum diſcedere poſſit,
Pugnat in adverſas ire natator aquas.

When rage runs ſwiftly, ſtep aſide, and ſee
How hard th' approaches of fierce *Fury* be.
When danger may be ſhun'd, I reckon him
Unwiſe that yet againſt the ſtream will ſwim.

We are ſo blinded in the *heat of the Chaſe*, that we beat back all *preſervatives*: or make them means to make our *vices* more. That I may keep my ſelf from the *end*, I will ever leave off in the *beginning*. Whatſoever *Precepts* ſtrict *Stoiciſm* would give us, for the calming of *untemper'd paſſion*; 'tis certain, there is none like *running away*. *Prevention* is the beſt *bridle*. I commend the *policy* of *Satyrus*, of whom *Ariſtotle* hath this Story; that being a *Pleader*, and knowing himſelf *choleric*, and, in that *whirre* of the *mind*, apt to ruſh upon foul *tranſgreſſion*; he uſed to ſtop his ears with *wax*, leſt the ſenſe of *ill Language* ſhould cauſe his *fierce blood* to *ſeeth* in his *diſtended skin*. It is in *Man* to avoid the *occaſion*; but not the *inconvenience*, when he hath admitted it. Who can retire in the *impetuous girds* of the *Soul*? Let a *Giant* knock, while the door is ſhut, he may with eaſe be ſtill kept out; but if it once open, that he gets in but a *limb* of himſelf, then there is no courſe left to keep out the entirer *bulk*.

XLI.

That all things are reſtrained.

I Cannot think of any *thing* that hath not ſome *enemy*, or ſome *Antagoniſt*, to reſtrain it, when it grows to *exceſs*. The whole *world* is order'd by *diſcord*; and every part of it is but a more particular *compoſed jar*. Not a *man*, not a *beaſt*, not a *creature*, but have ſomthing to ballaſt their *lightneſs*. One *ſcale* is not always in *depreſſion*, nor the other lifted ever *high*; but the *alternate wave* of the *beam* keeps it ever in the *play* of *motion*. From the *Piſmire* on the *tufted hill* to the *Monarch* on the *raiſed Throne*, nothing but hath ſomwhat to *awe* it. We are all here like *birds*, that *Boys* let fly in ſtrings: when we *mount* too *high*, we have that which pulls us *down* again. What man is it which lives ſo *happily*, which fears not ſomthing, that would *ſadden* his *ſoul* if it fell; nor is there any whom *Calamity* doth ſo much *triſtitiate*, as that he never ſees the *flaſhes* of ſome warming *joy*. *Beaſts* with *beaſts* are *terrified* and *delighted*. *Man* with *man* is *awed* and *defended*. *States* with *States* are *bounded* and *upheld*. And in all theſe it makes greatly for the *Makers glory*, that ſuch an admirable

mirable *Harmony* ſhould be produced out of ſuch an *infinite diſcord*, The world is both a perpetual *war*, and a *wedding*. *Heraclitus* call'd *Diſcord* and *Concord* the univerſal *Parents*. And to rail on *Diſcord* (ſays the Father of the *Poets*) is to ſpeak ill of *Nature*. As in *muſic*, ſomtimes one ſtring is louder, ſomtimes another; yet never one *long*, nor never all at *once*: ſo ſomtimes one *State* gets a *Monarchy*, ſomtimes another; ſomtime one *Element* is violent, now another: yet never was the whole *world* under one long, nor were all the *Elements* raging together. Every ſtring has his *uſe*, and his *tune*, and his *turn*. When the *Aſſyrians* fell, the *Perſians* roſe. When the *Perſians* fell, the *Grecians* roſe. The loſs of one *man*, is the gain of *another*. 'Tis *viciſſitude* that maintains the *world*. As in infinite *circles* about one *Center* there is the ſame *method*, though not the ſame *meaſure*: ſo in the ſmalleſt *creature* that is there is an *Epitome* of a *Monarchy*, of a *World*, which hath in it ſelf *Convulſions*, *Areſcations*, *Enlargements*, *Erections*; which, like props, keep it *upright*, which way ſoever it *leans*. Surely *God* hath put theſe lower things into the hands of *Nature*, which yet he doth not *relinquiſh*, but *diſpoſe*. The *world* is compoſed of four *Elements*, and thoſe be contraries. The year is quartered into four different *ſeaſons*. The body both conſiſts, and is nouriſhed by *contraries*. How diverſe, even in *effect* are the *birds*, and the *beaſts* that *feed us*; and how diverſe again are thoſe things that *feed them*? How many ſeveral qualities have the *plants* that they *browſe* upon? which all mingled together, what a well-temper'd *Sallad* do they make? The *mind* too is a *mixture* of *diſparities*: *joy*, *ſorrow*, *hope*, *fear*, *hate*, and the like. Neither are thoſe things *pleaſing*, which flow to us, in the *ſmoothneſs* of a free *proſtitution*. A gentle *reſiſtance* heightens the deſires of the *ſeeker*. A friendly *war* doth indulciate the enſuing *cloſe*. 'Tis *variety* that hits the *humors* of both ſides, 'Tis the *imbecillity* of declining *Age*, that commits man priſoner to a *ſedentary* ſettledneſs. That which is the vigor of his *life*, is *ranging*. *Heat* and *cold*, *dryneſs* and *moyſture*, *quarrel* and *agree* within him. In all which he is but the great *worlds Breviary*. Why may we not think the *world* like a *maſking Battel*, which *God* commanded to be made for his own content in viewing it? Wherein, even a *dying fly* may lecture out the *worlds mortality*. Surely, we deceive our ſelves, to think, on *earth*, *continued joys* would pleaſe. 'Tis a way that croſſes that which *Nature* goes. Nothing would be more tedious, than to be glutted with perpetual *Jollities*: were the *body* tied to one *diſh* always, (though of the moſt exquiſite *delicate*, that it could make choiſe of) yet after a ſmall time, it would complain of *loathing* and *ſatiety*. And ſo would the *ſoul*, if it did ever *epicure* it ſelf in *joy*. *Diſcontents* are ſomtimes the better part of our *life*. I know not well which is the more *uſeful*; *Joy* I may chuſe for *pleaſure*, but *adverſities* are the beſt for *profit*. And ſomtimes theſe do ſo far help me, as I ſhould, without them, want much of the *joy* I have.

XLII.

Of Diſſimulation.

Diſſimulation in Vice is like the *Brain in man*. All the *Senſes* have recourſe to *that*, yet is it much *controverted*, whether that at all be *ſenſitive*, or no: So, all *vices* fall into *diſſimulation*, yet is it in a *diſpute*, whether that in it ſelf be a *vice*, or no. Sure, men would never act *vice* ſo freely, if they thought not they could eſcape the *ſhame* on't by *diſſembling*. *Vice* hath ſuch a *loathed look* with her, that ſhe deſires to be ever *masked*. *Deceit* is a *dreſs* that ſhe does continually wear. And howſoever the *Worlds* corrupted *courſe* may make us ſomtimes uſe it; even this will *condemn* it, that it is not of uſe, but either when we do ill our *ſelves*, or meet with ill from others. Men are *divided* about the queſtion; ſome diſclaim *all*, ſome admit too *much*, and ſome have hit the *Mean*. And ſure as the *World* is, it is not all *condemnable*. There is an *honeſt policy*. The *heart* is not ſo far from the *tongue*, but that there may be a *reſervation*; though not a *contradiction* between them. All *policy* is but circumſtantial *diſſembling*; *pretending* one thing, *intending* another. Some will ſo far allow it, as they admit of an abſolute *receſs* from a *word* already *paſſed*, and ſay, that *Faith* is but a *merchants*, or *mechanic-vertue:* And ſo they make it higher, by making it a regal *vice*. There is an other that out-goeth *Machiavel:* or elſe he is *honeſter* than his wont, where he confeſſes, *Uſus fraudis in cæteris actionibus deteſtabilis: in bello gerendo laudabilis, That fraud which in war is commendable, is, in other actions, deteſtable*. 'Tis certain there is a *prerogative* in *Princes*, which may *legitimate* ſomthing in their *Negotiations*, which is not allowable in a *private perſon*. But even the grant of this *liberty*, hath encourag'd them to too great an *inlargement*. *State* is become an *irreligious Riddle*. *Lewis* the eleventh of *France* would wiſh his ſon to learn no more *Latin*, than what would *teach* him to be a *diſſembling Ruler*. The *plain heart*, in *Court*, is but grown a better word for a *Fool*. Great *men* have occaſions both more, and of more *weight*, and ſuch as require contrivings, that go not the *ordinary* way; leſt, being *traced*, they be *countermined*, and fall to *ruin*. The ancient *Romans* did (I think) *miſcal* it, *Induſtry*. And when it was againſt an *enemy*, or a bad *man*, they needs would have it *commendable*. And yet the priſoner that got from *Hannibal*, by eluding his *oath*, was by the *Senate* (as *Livy* tells us) *apprehended* and *ſent* back again. They *practiz'd* more than ſome of them *taught*; though in this deed there was a greater *cauſe* of *performance*, becauſe there was a *voluntary* truſt repoſed. Contrary to the *opinion* of *Plato*, that allowed a lie lawful, either to ſave a *Citizen*, or *deceive* an *enemy*. There is a *ſort*, that the *Poet* bid us *cozen*;

Fallite fallentes, ex magnâ parte profanum
Sunt genus: in laqueos, quos poſuere, cadent.
Cozen the Cozeners; commonly they be
Profane: let their own ſnare their ruin be.

But

But sure we go too far, when our *cozenage* breeds their *mischief*. I know not well whether I may go along with *Lipsius*; *Fraus triplex: prima levis, ut dissimulatio, & diffidentia: hanc suadeo. Secunda media, ut conciliatio, & deceptio: illam tolero. Tertia magna, ut perfidia, & injustitia, istam damno.* I had rather take *Peter Martyrs distinction of good* and *bad*, *Good*, as the *Nurse* with the *child*, or the *Physitian* with his *Patient*, for his *health's* sake: *Bad*, when 'tis any way author of *harm*. Certainly, the *use* of it any way is as great a *fault*, as an *imperfection*; and carries a kind of *diffidence* of *God* along with it. I believe if *Man* had not *faln*, he should never need have us'd it: and as he is now, I think no *Man* can live without it. The best way to *avoid* it, is to *avoid* much *business* and *vice*. For, if *men defend* not in some sort, as others *offend*; while you maintain one *breach*, you leave another unman'd: and for *Vice*, she ever thinks in this *dark*, to hide her abhorred *foulness*. If I must *use* it, it shall be only so, as I will neither, by it, *dishonor Religion*, nor be a *cause* of *hurt* to my *neighbor*.

LXIII.

Of Censure.

TIs the *easiest* part to *censure*, or to *contradict* a *truth*. For *truth* is but *one*, and *seeming truths* are *many*: and few *works* are *performed* without *errors*. No man can *write* six lines, but there may be somthing one may *carp* at, if he be *dispos'd* to *cavil*. *Opinions* are as *various*, as *false*. *Judgment* is from every *tongue*, a *several*. *Men* think by *censuring* to be *accounted wise*; but, in my *conceit*, there is nothing lays forth more of the *Fool*. For this you may ever *observe*; they that *know least*, *censure most*. And this I *believe* to be a *reason*, why men of *precise lives*, are often *rash* in this *extravagancy*. Their *retiredness* keeps them *ignorant* in the *course* of *business*; if they weighed the *imperfections* of *humanity* they would *breath* less *condemnation*. *Ignorance* gives *disparagement*, a louder *tongue* than *Knowledg* does. *Wise men* had rather *know*, than *tell*. Frequent *dispraises* are, at best, but the *faults* of *uncharitable* wit. Any *Clown* may see the *Furrow* is but *crooked*, but where is the *man* that can *plow* me a *streight* one? The best *works* are but a kind of *Miscellany*; the cleanest *Corn*, will not be without some *soil*: No not after often *winnowing*. There is a *tincture* of *corruption*, that dies even all *mortality*. I would wish men in *works* of others, to *examine* two things before they judg. Whether it be more *good*, than *ill*: And whether they themselves could at first have perform'd it *better*. If it be most *good*; we do *amiss* for some *errors* to condemn the *whole*. Who will cast away the whole *body* of the *Beast*, because it inheld both *guts* and *ordure*? As man is not judged *good*, or *bad*, for one *action*, or the fewest *number*; but as he is most in *general*: So in *works*, we should weigh the *generality*, and, according to that, *censure*. If it be rather *good* than *ill*, I think he deserves some *praise*, for raising

CENT. I.

raiſing *Nature* above her ordinary *flight*. Nothing in this *World* can be framed ſo entirely *perfect*, but that it ſhall have in it ſome *delinquencies*, to argue more were in the *compriſor*. If it were not ſo, it were not from *Nature*, but the immediate *Deity*. The next, if we had never ſeen that *frame*, whether or no, we think we could have *mended* it. To *eſpy* the *inconveniences* of a houſe built, is *eaſie*: but to lay the *plot* at firſt, well; is matter of more *pate*, and ſpeaks the *praiſe* of a good *Contriver*. The *crooked lines* help better to ſhew the *ſtreight*. *Judgment* is more certain by the *eye*, than in the *fancy*; ſurer in things *done* than in thoſe that *are* but in *cogitation*. If we find our ſelves able to correct a *Copy*, and not to produce an *Original*, yet dare to *deprave*; we ſhew more *Criticiſm* than *Ability*. Seeing we ſhould rather magnifie him, that hath *gone* beyond us; than *condemn* his *worth* for a few *fails*. *Self-examination* will make our *judgments* charitable. 'Tis from where there is no *judgment*, that the heavieſt *judgment* comes. If we muſt needs *cenſure*, 'tis good to do it as *Suetonius* writes of the twelve *Cæſars*; tell both their *vertues*, and their *vices* unpartially: and leave the upſhot to *collection* of the private *mind*, So ſhall we learn by hearing of the *faults* to avoid them: and by knowing the vertues practiſe the like. Otherwiſe, we ſhould rather *praiſe* a man for a little *good*, than brand him for his more of *ill*. We are full of *faults*, by *Nature*; we are *good*, not without our *care* and *induſtry*.

XLIV.

Of Wiſdom and Science.

SCience by much is ſhort of *Wiſdom*. Nay, ſo far, as I think you ſhall ſcarce find a more *Fool*, than ſomtimes a *meer Scholar*. He will ſpeak *Greek* to an *Oſtler*, and *Latin* familiarly to *women* that underſtand it not. *Knowledg* is the *treaſure* of the *mind*, but *Diſcretion* is the *key*: without which it lies *dead*, in the dulneſs of a *fruitleſs reſt*. The *practic* part of *Wiſdom* is the beſt. A native *ingenuity* is beyond the watchings of induſtrious ſtudy. *Wiſdom* is no *inheritance*, no not to the greateſt *Clerks*. Men *write* commonly more formally, than they *practiſe*; and they *converſing* only among *books* are put into *affectation*, and *pedantiſm*. He that is built of the *Preſs*, and the *Pen*, ſhall be ſure to make himſelf *ridiculous*. *Company* and *Converſation* are the beſt *Inſtructors* for a *Noble behavior*. And this is not found in a *melancholy* ſtudy alone. What is written, is moſt from *Imagination* and *Fancy*. And how *aery* muſt they needs be, that are *congeriated* wholly on the fumes, perhaps of *diſtempered brains*? For if they have not *judgment*, by their *Learning*, to amend their *converſations*; they may well want *judgment* to chuſe the worthieſt *Authors*. I grant they *know much*: and I think any man may *do ſo*, that hath but *Memory*, and beſtows ſome time in a *Library*. There is a *flowing nobleneſs*, that ſome men be graced with, which far out-ſhines the *notions* of a *timed Student*. And without the vain *purls* of *Rhetoric*; ſome

ſome men ſpeak more *excellently*, even from *Natures* own *judiciouſneſs*, than can the *Scholar* by his *quiddits* of *Art*. How *fond* and *untunable* are *Freſh-nens Brawls*, when we meet them out of their *Colledg?* with many times a long *recited Sentence*, quite out of the *way*, *Arguments* about nothing; or at beſt *nicities*. As one would be of *Martin's Religion*, another of *Luthers*, and ſo quarrel about their *Faith*. How *eaſie* an *invention* may put falſe matter into true *Syllogiſms?* So I ſee how *Seneca* laugh at them. *O pueriles ineptias! in hoc ſupercilia ſubduximus? in hoc barbam dimiſimus? Diſputationes iſtæ, utinam tantùm non procleſſent? nocent. O moſt childiſh follies! is it for this we knit our brows, and ſtroke our beards? Would God theſe Diſputations did only not profit us; they are hurtful.* In *diſcourſe*, give me a *Man* that ſpeaks *reaſon*, rather than *Authors*: rather *ſenſe*, than a *Syllogiſm*, rather his *own*, than *anothers*. He that continually *quotes* others, *argues* a barrenneſs in *himſelf*, which forces him to be ever a *borrowing*. In the one, a man bewrays *Judgment*; in the other *Reading*. And in my *opinion*, 'tis a greater *commendation* to ſay, he is *wiſe*, than well-*read*. So far I will honor *Knowledg*, as to think, this *art* of the *brain*, when it meets with an able *Nature* in the *mind*, then only makes a *man* compleat. Any *man* ſhall ſpeak the better, where he *knows* what others have ſaid. And ſomtimes the *conſciouſneſs* of his inward *knowledg*, gives a *confidence* to his outward *behaviour*: which of all other is the beſt thing to grace a man in his *carriage*.

XLV.

That miſapplication makes Paſſion ill.

I Read it but of *one*, that 'tis ſaid, He was a *Man after Gods own heart*. And *Him* among all others, I find extremely *paſſionate*, and very *valiant*. Who ever read ſuch bitter *Curſes*, as he prays may light upon his *Enemies? Let Death come haſtily upon them: and let them go quick to Hell. Let them fall from one wickedneſs to another. Let them be wiped out of the Book of Life. Let their prayer be turned into ſin.* Certainly, ſhould ſuch *imprecations* fall from a Modern *tongue*, we ſhould *cenſure* them for want of *charity*: and I think we might do it *juſtly*. For *God* hath not given us *commiſſion* to curſe his *enemies*, as he did to *David*. The Goſpel hath ſet *Religion* to a ſweeter *tune*. The *Law* was given with *Thunder*, ſtricking *terror* in the *Hearers*; The *Goſpel* with *Muſic*, *Voyces*, and *Angel-like apparitions*. The *Law* came in like *War*, threatning *ruin* to the *land of Man*; The *Goſpel* like *Peace*, in the ſoft *pleaſures of uniting Weddings*. And this may ſatisfie for his *rigor*: But if we look upon him in another *trim* of the *mind*: how *ſmooth* he is, and *mollifying?* how does his *ſoul* melt it ſelf into his *eyes*, and his *bowels* flow with the *full ſtreams of compaſſion?* how fixt he was to *Jonathan?* how like a weak and tender *woman*, he laments his *Rebel Abſalom*, and *weeps* oftner than I think we read of any through the whole *Story* of the *Bible?* His *valor*, we cannot doubt:

doubt: it is so *eminent* in his *killing* of the *Bear* and *Lion*: in his *Duel* with that huge *Polypheme* of the *Philistims*, and his many other *Martial acts* against them. So that there seems to be in him, the highest pitch of *contrarying passions*: and yet the man, from *Gods own mouth*, hath a testimony of a true *approvement*. When *passions* are directed to their right *end*, they may fail in their *manner*, but not in their *measure*. When the *subject* of our *hatred* is *sin*, it cannot be *too deep*: When the *object* of our *Love* is *God*, it cannot be *too high*. *Moderation* may become a *fault*. To be but *warm*, when *God* commands us to be *hot*, is *sinful*. We bely *Vertue* into the constant dulness of a *Mediocrity*. I shall never condemn the *nature* of those *men*, that are somtimes *violent*: but those that know not, when 'tis *fit* to be so. *Valor* is then best temper'd, when it can turn out of a stern *fortitude* into the mild strains of *Pity*. 'Tis written to the *honor* of *Tamberlane*, that conquering the *Moscovites* with expression of a *princely valor*, he falls from the *joy* of the *victory*, to a *lamentation* of the *many casual miseries* they endure, that they are tied to *follow* the *leading* of *Ambitious Generals*: And all this, from the sight of the *field*, covered with the *soul-less men*. Some report of *Cæsar*, that he *wept*, when he heard how *Pompey* dy'd. Though *pity* be a downy *vertue*, yet she never shines more *brightly*, than when she is clad in *steel*. A *Martial man compassionate* shall conquer both in *peace* and *war*; and by a two-fold *way* get *Victory*, with *honor*. *Temperate men* have their *passions* so ballanced within them, as they have none of either side in their *height* and *purity*. Therefore, as they seldom fall into *foul acts*; so they very rarely cast a lustre, in the excelling *deeds of Nobleness*. I observe in the general, the most *famed men of the World* have had in them both *Courage* and *Compassion*; and oftentimes *wet eyes*, as well as *wounding hands*. I would not rob *Temperance* of her *Royalty*. *Fabius* may conquer by *delaying*, as well as *Cæsar*, by *expedition*. As the *casualties* of the *world* are, *Temperance* is a *vertue* of singular *worth*: But without doubt, *high spirits* directed *right* will bear away the *Bays*, for more *glorious actions*. These are best to raise *Common-Wealths*: but the other are best to *rule them after*. This, best keeps in *order*, when the other hath stood the *shock* of an *innovation*; of either, there is excellent *use*. As I will not *over-value* the *moderate*: So I will not too much *disesteem* the *violent*. An arrow, *aimed right*, is not the worse for being *drawn home*. That *action* is best done, which being *good*, is done with the *vigor* of the *spirits*. What makes *zeal* so *commendable*, but the *fervency* that it *carrieth* with *it*?

XLVI.

Of the waste and change of Time.

I Look upon the lavish *Expences* of former *Ages*, with *Pity* and *Admiration*, That those things men built for the *honor* of their name, (as they thought) are either eaten up by the *steely Teeth of Time*, or else

elſe reſt as *monuments*, but of their *pride*, and *luxury*. Great *works*, undertaken for *oſtentation*, miſs of their *end*, and turn to the Authors *ſhame*: if not; the *tranſitions* of *time*, wear out their engraved *names*, and they laſt not much longer than *Caligula's Bridg* over the *Bajæ*. What's become of the *Mauſolæum*, or the *ſhip-beſtriding Coloſſus*? where is *Marcus Scaurus Theater*, the *Bituminated walls of Babylon*? and how little *reſts* of the *Egyptian Pyramids*? and of theſe, how divers does *report* give in their *Builders*? ſome aſcribing them to *one*, ſome to *another*. Who would not pity the *toils* of *Vertue*, when we ſhall find greater *honor* inſcribed to looſe *Phryne*, than to victorious *Alexander*? who when he had razed the *walls* of *Thebes*, ſhe offer'd to *reedifie* them, with *condition* this *Sentence* might but on them be *inletter'd*: *Alexander pull'd them down; but Phryne did rebuild them*. From whence, ſome have *jeſted* it into a *quarrel* for *fame*, betwixt a *Whore* and a *Thief*: Doubtleſs, no *Fortifications* can hold againſt the cruel *devaſtations* of *Time*. I could never yet find any *eſtate* exempted from this *Mutability*. Nay, thoſe which we would have thought had been held up with the ſtrongeſt *pillars of continuance*, have yet ſuffered the extremeſt *changes*. The *houſes* of the *dead*, and the *urned bones*, have ſomtimes met with *rude hands*, that have ſcattered them. Who would have thought when *Scanderbeg* was laid in his *tomb*, that the *Turks* ſhould after *rifle* it, and wear his *bones* for *Jewels*? *Change* is the great *Lord of the World*, *Time* is his *Agent*, that brings in all things to ſuffer his *unſtaid Dominion*.

——— *Ille tot Regum parens,*
Caret Sepulchro Priamus, & flammâ indiget,
Ardente Troja. ———
——— He that had a *Prince* each ſon,
Now finds no *grave*, and *Troy* in flames,
He wants his Funeral one.

We are ſo far from *leaving* any thing certain to *poſterity*, that we cannot be ſure to *injoy* what we *have*, while we *live*. We *live* ſomtimes to ſee more *changes* in our ſelves, than we could *expect* could happen to our *laſting off-ſpring*. As if none were *ignorant* of the *Fate*, the *Poet* asks.

Divitis audita eſt cui non opulentia Crœſi?
Nempe tamen vitam, captus ab hoſte tulit.
Ille, Syracuſâ modò formidatus in urbe,
Vix humili duram reppulit arte famem.
Who has not heard of *Crœſus* heaps of Gold,
Yet knows his Foe did him a Pris'ner hold?
He that once aw'd *Sicilia's* proud extent,
By a poor *Art*, could *Famine* ſcarce prevent.

We all put into the *World*, as men put *Mony* into a *Lottery*. Some *loſe* all and get *nothing*: Some with *nothing*, get infinite *prize*; which perhaps *ventring* again, with *hope* of *increaſe*, they *loſe* with *grief*, that they did not reſt *contented*. There is nothing that we can *confidently* call our own: or that we can ſurely ſay, we ſhall either *do*, or *avoid*. We have not power over the *preſent*: Much leſs over the *future*, when we

ſhall be *abſent*; or *diſſolved*. And indeed, if we *conſider* the *World* aright, we ſhall find ſome *reaſon*, for theſe continual *Mutations*. If every one had *power*, to tranſmit the certain *poſſeſſion* of all his *acquiſitions*, to his own *Succeeders*, there would be *nothing* left, for the *Noble Deeds of new aſpirers to purchaſe*: Which would quickly betray the *world*, to an *incommunicable dulneſs*, and utterly *diſcourage* the generous *deſigns* of the *ſtirring*, and more *elementary ſpirit*. As things now are, every man thinks ſomthing may *fall* to his *ſhare*: and ſince it muſt *crown* ſome indeavours, he *imagines*, why not his? Thus by the *various* treads of *Men*, every *action* comes to be *done*, which is requiſite for the *Worlds maintaining*. But ſince nothing here *below* is certain, I will never *purchaſe* any thing with too great a *hazard*. 'Tis *Ambition*, not *Wiſdom*, that makes *Princes* hazard their whole *eſtates* for an *honor* meerly *titular*. If I find that *loſt*, which I thought to have *kept*; I will comfort my ſelf with this, that I knew the *World* was changeable; and that as *God* can take away a *leſs good*: ſo he can, if he pleaſe, confer me a *greater*.

XLVII.

Of Death.

THere is no *Spectacle* more *profitable*, or more *terrible*, than the ſight of a *dying man*, when he lies exſpiring his *ſoul* on his *death-bed*: to ſee how the antient ſociety of the *body* and the *ſoul* is divelled; and yet to ſee how they ſtruggle at the *parting*: being in ſome doubt what ſhall become of them after. The *ſpirits* ſhrink inward, and retire to the anguiſht *heart*: as if, like *Sons* preſt from an *indulgent Father*, they would come for a ſad *Vale*, from that which was their *lifes maintainer*: while that in the mean time pants with *afrighting pangs*; and the *hands* and *feet*, being the moſt remote from it, are by degrees encoldned to a *faſhionable Clay*: as if *Death* crept in at the *nails*, and by an *inſenſible ſurprize*, ſuffocated the *inviron'd heart*. To ſee how the *mind* would fain utter it ſelf, when the *Organs of the voice* are ſo debilitated, that it cannot. To ſee how the *eye* ſettles to a fixed *dimneſs*, which a little before, was ſwift as the *ſhoots of Lightning*, nimbler than the *thought*, and bright as the *poliſht Diamond*: and in which this *Miracle* was more eminent than in any of the *other parts*, That it, being a *material earthly body*, ſhould yet be conveyed with *quicker motion*, than the revolutions of an *indefinite Soul*; ſo ſuddenly bringing the *object* to *conceits*, that one would think, the *apprehenſion of the heart* were ſeated in the *eye* it ſelf. To ſee all his *friends*, like *Conduits*, dropping *tears* about him; while he neither knows his *wants*, nor they his *cure*. Nay, even the *Phyſician*, whoſe whole *life* is nothing but a *ſtudy* and *practice* to continue the *lives* of *others*, and who is the *Anatomiſt* of general *Nature*, is now as one that gazes at a *Comet*, which he can reach with nothing, but his eye alone. To ſee the *Countenance*, (through which perhaps

perhaps there ſhin'd a *lovely Majeſty*, even to the captivating of *admiring Souls*) now altered to a frightful *paleneſs*, and the terrors of a *gaſtly look*. To think, how that which commanded a *Family*, nay perhaps a *Kingdom*; and kept all in awe, with the moving of a *ſpongy tongue*, is now become a thing ſo full of *horror*, that *Children* fear to ſee it: and muſt now therefore be tranſmitted from all theſe *inchanting blandiſhments*, to the dark and hideous *grave*: Where, inſtead of ſhaking of the *golden Scepter*, it now lies impriſon'd but in five foot of *Lead*: and is become a *neſt of worms*, a *lump of filth*, a *box of pallid putrefaction*. There is even the difference of two ſeveral Worlds betwixt a King enamel'd with his *Robes* and *Jewels*, ſitting in his *Chair* of adored *State*, and his condition in his *bed of Earth*, which hath made him but a *Caſe* of *Crawlers*: and yet all this change, without the loſs of any *viſible ſubſtantial*: Since all the *limbs* remain as they were, without the leaſt ſign, either of *diſlocation*, or *diminution*. From hence 'tis, I think, *Scaliger* defines *Death* to be the *Ceſſation of the Souls functions*: as if it were rather a *reſtraint*, than a *miſſive ill*. And if any thing at all be wanting, 'tis only *color*, *motion*, *heat*, and *empty air*. Though indeed, if we conſider this *diſſolution*, *man* by *death* is abſolutely divided and diſ-man'd. That groſs object, which is left to the ſpectators eyes, is now only a compoſure but of the two *baſer Elements*, *Water*, and *Earth*: that now it is theſe two only, that ſeem to make the *body*, while the two purer, *Fire* and *Air*, are wing'd away, as being more fit for the compact of an *elemental* and *aſcentive Soul*. When thou ſhalt ſee all theſe things happen to one whoſe *converſation* had indeared him to thee; when thou ſhalt ſee the *body* put on *Deaths* ſad and aſhy *countenance*, in the dead age of *night*, when *ſilent darkneſs* does incompaſs the dim light of thy *glimmering Taper*, and thou heareſt a *ſolemn Bell* toll'd, to tell the *World* of it; which now, as it were, with this ſound, is ſtruck into a *dumb attention*: Tell me if thou canſt then find a thought of thine, devotion thee to *pleaſure*, and the fugitive *toys* of *life*? O what a *bubble*, what a *puff*, what but a *wink of Life is man*! And with what a general ſwallow, *Death* ſtill gapes upon the *general World*! when *Hadrian* askt *Secundus*, What *Death* was, He anſwered in theſe ſeveral truths: *It is a ſleep eternal*; *the Bodies diſſolution*; *the rich mans fear*; *the poor mans wiſh*; *an event inevitable*; *an uncertain Journey*; *a Thief that ſteals away man*; *Sleeps father*; *Lifes flight*; *the departure of the living*, *and the reſolution of all*. Who may not from ſuch *ſights* and *thoughts* as theſe, learn, if he will, both *humility* and *loftineſs*? the one to vilifie the *body*, which muſt once periſh in a *ſtenchful naſtineſs*; The other to advance the *Soul*, which lives here but for a higher, and a more heavenly *aſcenſion*? As I would not care for too much indulging of the *fleſh*, which I muſt one day yield to the *worms*: So I would ever be ſtudious for ſuch actions, as may appear the iſſues of a *noble* and *diviner Soul*.

XLVIII.

Of Idleneſs.

THe *Idle man* is the *barrenneſt piece of Earth* in the *Orb*. There is no *Creature* that hath *life*, but is buſied in ſome *action* for the benefit of the *reſtleſs world*. Even the moſt *venemous* and moſt *ravenous* things that are, have their *commodities* as well as their *annoiances*: and they are ever ingaged in *ſome action*, which both profiteth the *World*, and continues them in their *Natures* courſes. Even the *Vegetables*, wherein *calm Nature* dwells, have their turns and times in *fructifying*: they *leaf*, they *flower*, they *ſeed*. Nay, *Creatures* quite inanimate are (ſome) the moſt laborious in their *motion*. With what a cheerly face the *Golden Sun* Chariots thorow the *rounding Sky*? How perpetual is the *Maiden Moon*, in her juſt and horn'd *mutations*? The *Fire*, how reſtleſs in his quick and catching *flames*? In the *Air*, what *tranſitions*? and how fluctuous are the *ſalted waves*? Nor is the *teeming earth* weary, after ſo many thouſand years *production*? All which may tutor the *couch-ſtretched man*, and raiſe the *modeſt red* to ſhewing through his *unwaſht-face*. *Idleneſs* is the moſt *corrupting Fly*, that can blow in any *human mind*. That *Ignorance* is the moſt miſerable, which knows not *what to do*. The *Idle man* is like the *dumb Jack* in a *Virginal*: while all the other dance out a *winning muſic*, this, like a *member out of joynt*, ſullens the whole *Body*, with an ill diſturbing *lazineſs*. I do not wonder to ſee ſome of our *Gentry* grown (well-near) the *lewdeſt men* of our *Land*: ſince they are moſt of them, ſo muffled in a *non-imploiment*. 'Tis *Action* that does keep the *Soul* both *ſweet* and *ſound*: while *lying ſtill* does rot it to an *ordur'd noiſomneſs*. *Auguſtin* imputes *Eſau*'s loſs of the *bleſſing*, partly to his *ſlothfulneſs*, that had rather receive *meat*, than ſeek it. Surely, *exerciſe* is the fat'ning food of the *Soul*, without which, ſhe grows lank, and thinly-parted. That the Followers of *Great men* are ſo much debauched, I believe to be *want of imployment*: For the *Soul*, impatient of an *abſolute receſs*, for want of the wholeſom food of *buſineſs*, preys upon the *lewder Actions*. 'Tis true, *men* learn to do *ill*, by doing what is next it, *nothing*. I believe *Solomon* meant the *field of the ſluggard*, as well for the *Emblcme of his mind*, as the certain *Index of his outward ſtate*. As the one is over-grown with *Thorns* and *Briers*; ſo is the other with *vices* and *enormities*. If any wonder how *Egiſthus* grew adulterate, the *exit* of the Verſe will tell him --*Deſidioſus erat*. When one would brag the *bleſſings* of the *Roman ſtate*, that ſince *Carthage* was raz'd, and *Greece* ſubjected, they might now be *happy*, as having nothing to *fear*: Says the beſt *Scipio*, *We now are moſt in danger*; *for while we want buſineſs, and have no Foe to awe us, we are ready to drown in the mud of Vice and ſlothfulneſs*. How bright does the *Soul* grow with *uſe* and *negotiation*! With what proportioned *ſweetneſs* does that *Family* flouriſh, where but one *laborious Guide* ſteereth in an order'd *Courſe*!

Courſe! When *Cleanthes* had laboured, and gotten ſome *coin*, he ſhews it his *Companions*. and tells them, that *he now, if he will, can nouriſh another Cleanthes*. Believe it, *Induſtry* is never wholly unfruitful. If it bring not *joy* with the *incoming proſit*, it will yet baniſh *miſchief* from thy *buſied gates*. There is a kind of *good Angel* waiting upon *diligence*, that ever carries a *Laurel* in his hand, to crown her. *Fortune*, they ſaid of old, ſhould not be pray'd unto, but with the hands in *motion*. The *boſom'd fiſt* beckens the *approach of poverty*, and leaves beſide, the *noble head* unguarded: but the *lifted arm* does frighten *want*, and is ever a *ſhield to that noble director*. How unworthy was that *man of the world*, that ne'r did ought, but only *liv'd* and *dy'd*. Though *Epaminondas* was ſevere, he was yet exemplary, when he found a *ſouldier* ſleeping in his *Watch*, and ran him through with his *Sword*; as if he would bring the two Brothers, *Death* and *Sleep*, to a meeting: And when he was blam'd for that, as *cruelty*, he ſays he did but leave him as he found him, *dead*. It is none of the meaneſt happineſs, to have a *mind* that loves a *vertuous exerciſe*: 'Tis dayly riſing to *bleſſedneſs* and *contentation*. They are *idle Divines*, that are not *heav'ned* in their *lives*, above the unſtudious man. Every one ſhall ſmell of that he is buſied in: as thoſe that ſtir among *perfumes* and *ſpices*, ſhall, when they are gone, have ſtill a grateful *odour* with them: ſo they, that turn the *leaves* of the *worthy Writer*, cannot but retain a *ſmack* of their *long-liv'd Author*. They converſe with *Vertues Soul*, which he that writ, did ſpread upon his *laſting Paper*. Every *good line* adds ſinew to the *vertuous mind*: and withal, heals that *vice*, which would be ſpringing in it. That I have liberty to do any thing, I account it from the favouring *Heavens*. That I have a mind ſomtimes inclining to uſe that *liberty* well; I think, I may, without *oſtentation*, be thankful for it, as a *bounty of the Deity*. Sure, I ſhould be *miſerable*, if I did not love this buſineſs in my *vacancy*. I am glad of that *leiſure*, which gives me leiſure to *imploy my ſelf*. If I ſhould not grow better for it; yet this benefit, I am ſure, would accrue me: I ſhould both keep my ſelf from *worſe*, and not have time to entertain the *Devil* in.

XLIX.

That all things have a like progreſſion and fall.

THere is the ſame *method* through all the *World* in general. All things come to their height by *degrees*; there they ſtay the leaſt of time; then they *decline* as they *roſe*: only *miſchief*, being more importunate, ruins at once, what *Nature* hath been long a rearing. Thus the *Poet* ſung the *fall*.

Omnia ſunt hominum tenui pendentia filo,
Et ſubito caſu, quæ valuêre, ruunt:
All that *man* holds, hangs but by ſlender twine;
By ſudden chance the ſtrongeſt things decline.

Man

Man may be *kill'd* in an inſtant; he cannot be made to *live*, but by ſpace of time in *conception*. We are curdled to the faſhion of a life, by *time*, and ſet *ſucceſſions*; when all again is *loſt*, and in the moment of a minute, *gone*. *Plants*, *fiſhes*, *beaſts*, *birds*, *men*, all grow up by *leiſurely progreſſions*: ſo *Families*, *Provinces*, *States*, *Kingdoms*, *Empires*, have the ſame way of riſe by ſteps. About the *height* they muſt ſtay a while, becauſe there is a nearneſs to the middle on both ſides, as they *riſe*, and as they fall: otherwiſe, their continuance in that *top*, is but the very *point* of *time*, the preſent *now*, which *now* again is *gone*. Then they at beſt *deſcend*; but for the moſt part *tumble*. And that which is true in the *ſmalleſt particulars*, is, by taking a *larger view*, the ſame in the *diſtended Bulk*. There were firſt, *Men*, then *Families*, then *Tribes*, then *Common-Wealths*, then *Kingdoms*, *Monarchies*, *Empires*; which, we find, have been the height of all *worldly dignities*: And as we find thoſe *Monarchies* did *riſe* by degrees; ſo we find they have ſlid again to *decay*, There was the *Aſſyrian*, the *Perſian*, the *Grecian*, the *Roman*. And ſure, the height of the *Worlds glory* was in the days of the *Roman Empire*; and the height of that *Empire*, in the days of *Auguſtus*. *Peace* then gently breathed through the *Univerſe*; *Learning* was then in her *fulleſt flouriſh*: no *Age*, either before or ſince, could preſent us with ſo many *towring ingenuities*. And then, when the *whole World* was moſt like unto *God*, in the ſway of one *Monarch*, when they ſaluted him by the *Title* of *Auguſtus*; and they then, like *God*, began in rule to be called *Imperatores*: This, I take it, was the *fulneſs of time*, wherein *GOD*, the *Savior of the World*, vouchſafed, by taking *human nature* upon him, to deſcend in the *World*. And ſurely the conſideration of ſuch things as theſe, are not unworthy our *thoughts*: Though our *Faith* be not bred, yet it is much *confirmed*, by obſerving ſuch *like circumſtances*. But then may we think, how ſmall a time this *Empire* continued in this *flouriſh*. Even the next *Emperor*, *Tiberius*, began to degenerate; *Caligula* more; *Nero* yet more than he; till it grew to be embroiled and diſmembred, to an *abſolute diviſion*. Since, how has the *Turk* ſeized one in the *Eaſt*? And the other in the *Weſt*, how much is it ſubdivided, by the deduction of *France*, *Britain*, *Spain*? Some have alſo obſerved the *Site* of theſe *Empires*, how the firſt was neareſt the *Eaſt*; the next, a *Degree* further off; and ſo on in diſtant *removals*, following the courſe of the *Sun*: as if beginning in the *morning*, of the *World*, they would make a larger *day* by declining toward the *Weſt*, where the *Sun* goes down, after his riſing in the *Eaſt*. This may ſtand to the *Southern* and *Weſtern Inhabitants* of the *World*; but I know not how to the *Northern*: for elſe how can that be ſaid to *riſe any where* which reſteth *no where*, but is perpetually in the ſpeed of a *circular motion*? For the *time*, it was when the *world* was within a very little aged four thouſand years; which, I believe, was much about the *middle age* of the *world*: though ſeeing there are *promiſes* that the *latter days* ſhall be *ſhortned*, we cannot expect the like *extent of time* after it, which we find did go before it. Nor can we think, but that *decay*, which haſtens in the *ruin* of all leſſer things, will

likewiſe

likewiſe be more ſpeedy in this. If all things in the *world decline* faſter by far, than they do *aſcend*; why ſhould we not believe the *world* to do ſo too; I know not what certain *grounds* they have, that dare aſſume to foretel the *particular time* of the *worlds conflagration*. But ſurely in *reaſon*, and *Nature*, the *end* cannot be mightily diſtant. We have ſeen the *Infancy*, the *Youth*, the *Virility*, all paſt: Nay, we have ſeen it well ſtept into *years*, and declination, the moſt infallible *pre-monitors* of a *diſſolution*. Some could believe it within leſs than theſe nine and twenty *years*, becauſe as the *Floud* deſtroy'd the *former world*, one thouſand ſix hundred fifty ſix years after the *firſt deſtroying Adam*; ſo the *latter world* ſhall be conſumed by *fire*, one thouſand ſix hundred fifty and ſix years after the *ſecond ſaving Adam*; which is *Chriſt*. But I dare not fix a *certainty*, where *God* hath left the *world* in *ignorance*. The exact *knowledg* of all things is in *God* only. But ſurely, by *collections* from *Nature* and *Reaſon*, *Man* may much help himſelf, in *likelihood* and *probabilities*. Why hath *Man* an *arguing* and *premeditating Soul*, if not to think on the *courſe* and *cauſes* of *things*, thereby to magnifie his *Creator* in them? I will often muſe in ſuch like *Themes*: for, beſides the *pleaſure* I ſhall meet, in *knowing further*; I ſhall find my *Soul*, by *admiration* of theſe *wonders*, to love both *Reaſon*, and the *Deity* better. As our *admiring of things evil*, guides us to a *ſecret hate* and *deceſſion*: ſo, whatſoever we *applaud* for *goodneſs*, cannot but cauſe ſome *raiſe* in our *affections*.

L.

Of Detraction.

IN ſome *unlucky diſpoſitions*, there is ſuch an envious kind of *Pride*, that they cannot endure that any but themſelves ſhould be ſet forth for *excellent*: ſo that when they hear one *juſtly praiſed*, they will either ſeek to diſmount his *Vertues*; or, if they be like a *clear light*, eminent; they will *ſtab* him with a *But* of *detraction*: as if there were ſomthing yet ſo *foul*, as did *obnubilate* even his *brighteſt glory*. Thus when their *tongue* cannot juſtly *condemn* him, they will leave him in ſuſpected *ill*, by *ſilence*. Surely, if we conſidered *detraction*, to be bred of *envy*, *neſted* only in *deficient minds*; we ſhould find, that the applauding of *virtue* would win us far more *honnor*, than the ſeeking ſlily to *diſparage* it. That would ſhew we *lov'd* what we *commended*; while this tells the *world*, we grudge at what we want in our ſelves. Why may we not think the *Poet* meant them for *Detractors*, which ſprung of the *teeth of Cadmus poyſoned Serpent*? I am ſure their *ends* may parallel; for they uſually murther one another in their *fame*: and where they find not *ſpots*, they deviſe them. It is the *baſeſt Office* Man can fall into, to make his *tongue* the *whipper* of the *worthy man*. If we do know *vices* in men, I think we can ſcarce ſhew our ſelves in

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in a *nobler virtue*, than in the *charity* of concealing them: ſo it be not a *flattery*, perſuading to *continuance*. And if it be in *abſence*, even ſomtime that which is *true*, is moſt unbeſeeming the report of a *Man*. Who will not condemn him as a *Traitor* to *reputation* and *ſociety*, that tells the *private fault* of his *friend*, to the *public* and *depraving World?* When *two friends* part, they ſhould lock up one anothers *ſecrets*, and interchange their *keys*. The *honeſt man* will rather be a *grave* to his *neighbours fails*, than any way *uncurtain* them. I care not for his *humor*, that loves to clip the wings of a *lofty fame*. The Counſel in the *Satyre* I do well approve of.

——*Abſentem qui rodit amicum,*
Qui non defendit alio culpante, ſolutos
Qui captat riſus hominum, famamq; dicacis,
Fingere qui non viſa poteſt, commiſſa tacere
Qui nequit; hic niger eſt, hunc tu, Romane, caveto.
——Who bites his abſent Friend,
Or not defends him blam'd, but holds along
With mens looſe laughter, and each *praters* tongue;
That feigns what was not, and diſcloaks a *ſoul*;
Beware him, *Noble Roman*, he is foul.

And for the moſt part, he is as *dangerous*, in another *vice* as this. He that can *detract unworthily*, when thou canſt not anſwer him; can *flatter* thee as *unworthily*, when thou canſt not chuſe but *hear* him. 'Tis uſual with him to *ſmooth* it in the *Chamber*, that keeps a *railing tongue* for the *Hall*. And beſides all this, it implies a kind of *cowardiſe*: for who will judg him otherwiſe, that but then unbuttons his tumor'd *breſt*, when he finds none to oppoſe the bigneſs of his *looks* and *tongue?* The *valiant mans tongue*, though it never boaſteth vainly, yet is ever the greateſt *Coward* in *abſence*: but the *Coward* is never *valiant* but then: and then too, 'tis without his *heart*, or *ſpirit*. There is nothing argues *Nature* more *degenerate*, than her ſecret repining at anothers *tranſcendency*. And this, beſides the ill, plunges her into this *folly*, that by this *act*, ſhe is able leſs to *diſcern*. He that pretending virtue is buſie in the *ſtains* of men, is like to him that ſeeks *loſt gold* in *aſhes*, and blowing them about, hides that more, which he better might have found with *ſtilneſs*. To *overcommend* a man, I know is not good: but the *Detractor* wounds *three* with the *one Arrow* of his *viperous tongue*. Indeed it is hard to ſpeak a *man* true, as he is: but howſoever, I would not deprave the fame of the *abſent*: 'Tis then a time for *praiſes*, rather than for *reprehenſion*. Let *praiſe* be voiced to the *ſpreading air*; but *chidings* whiſper'd in the *kiſſed ear*: Which action teaches us, even while we *chide*, to *love*. If there be *Virtues*, and I am call'd to ſpeak of him that owns them, I will tell them forth *unpartially*. If there be *vices* mixt with thoſe, I will be content the *world* ſhall know them by ſome *other tongue* than *mine*.

LI.

Againſt Compulſion.

AS nothing prevails more than *Courteſie*: ſo *Compulſion* often is the way to *loſe*. Too much *importunity* does but teach men how to *deny*. The more we deſire to *gain*, the more do others deſire that they may not *loſe*. *Nature* is ever jealous of her own *ſupremacy*: and when ſhe ſees that others would *under-tread* it, ſhe calls in all her *powers* for *reſiſtance*. Certainly they work by a wrong *Engin*, that ſeek to gain their *ends* by *conſtraint*. Croſs *two Lovers*, and you knit but their *affection* ſtronger. You may *ſtroak* the *Lion* into a *bondage*: but you ſhall ſooner *hew* him to *pieces*, than *beat* him into a *chain*. The *Fox* may *praiſe* the *Crows* meat from her *Bill*: but cannot with his *ſwiftneſs* overtake her *wing*. *Eaſie Nature*, and *free liberty*, will ſteal a man into a *winy exceſs*: when *urged healths* do but ſhew him the way to *refuſe*. The *nobleſt weapon*, wherewith *Man* can conquer, is *love*, and *gentleſt courteſie*. How many have loſt their *hopes*, while they have ſought to *raviſh* them with too rude a hand? *Nature* is more apt to be led by the ſoft motions of the *muſical tongue*, than the ruſtic threſhings of a *ſtriking arm*. *Love of life*, and *Jollities*, will draw a man to more, than the fear of *death*, and *torments*. No doubt, *Nature* meant *Cæſar* for a *Conquerour*, when ſhe gave him both ſuch *courage*, and ſuch *courteſie*; both which put *Marius* into a *muze*. They which durſt ſpeak to him, (he ſaid) were *ignorant of his greatneſs*; and they which durſt not, were ſo of his *goodneſs*. They are men the *leſt compoſed*, than can be *reſolute*, and *remiſs*. For, as *fearful Natures* are wrought upon by the ſternneſs of a *rough comportment*: ſo the *valiant* are not gain'd on, but by *gentle affability*, and a ſhew of *pleaſing liberty*. *Little Fiſhes* are twitched up with the violence of a *ſudden pull*; when the like action cracks the *line*, whereon a *great one hangs*. I have known *denials*, that had never been given, but for the *earneſtneſs* of the *requeſter*. They teach the *petitioned* to be *ſuſpicious*; and *ſuſpicion* teaches him to *hold* and *fortifie*. He that comes with *you muſt have me*, is like to prove but a *fruitleſs Wooer*. Urge a *grant* to ſome men, and they are *inexorable*; *ſeem careleſs*, and they will force the thing upon you. *Auguſtus* got a friend of *Cinna*, by giving him a *ſecond life*, whereas his *death* could at beſt but have remov'd an *Enemy*. Hear but his *exiled Poet*.

Flectitur obſequio curvatus ab arbore ramus:
Franges, ſi vires experiere tuas.
Obſequio tranantur aquæ, nec vincere poſſis
Flumina, ſi contrà, quàm rapit unda, nates.
Obſequium Tigreſq; domat, tumidoſq; Leones:
Ruſtica paulatim taurus aratra ſubit.

The *Trees* crookt-branches, gently bent, grow right;
When as the hands full vigor breaks them quite.

He safely swims, that waves along the flood;
While crossing streams is neither safe nor good.
Tigers and *Lions*, *mildness* keeps in awe:
And gently us'd, *Bulls* yoakt in *Ploughs* will draw.

Certainly, the *fair way* is the best, though it be something the further *about*. 'Tis less ill for a *Journey* to be *long*, than *dangerous*. To vex other men, I will think, is but to tutor them, how they should again *vex* me. I will never wish to purchase ought unequally: What is got against *reason*, is for the most part won, by the meeting of a *Fool* and *Knave*. If ought be sought with *reason*, that may come with *kindness*; for then *Reason* in their own *bosoms*, will become a *pleader* for me: but I will be content to lose a little, rather than be drawn to obtain by *violence*. The *trouble* and the *hazard* we avoid, may very well sweeten, or out-weigh a *slender loss*. *Constraint* is for *extremities*, when all ways else shall fail. But in the *general*, *Fairness* has preferment. If you grant, the other may supply the *desire*; yet this does the like, and purchaseth *love*; when that only leaves a *lothsom hate* behind it.

LII.

Of Dreams.

Dreams are notable *means* of discovering our own *inclinations*. The *wise man* learns to know himself as well by the *nights black mantle*, as the *searching beams* of *day*. In *sleep* we have the naked and natural thoughts of our *souls*: *outward objects* interpose not, either to shuffle in *occasional cogitations*, or hale out the *included fancy*. The *mind* is then shut up in the *Burrough* of the *body*: none of the *Cinqueports*, of the *Isle of man*, are then open, to in-let any strange *disturbers*. Surely, how we fall to *vice*, or rise to *virtue*, we may by observation find in our *dreams*. It was the wise *Zeno*, that said, he could collect a man by his *Dreams*. For then the *soul*, stated in a deep *repose*, bewrayed her true *affections*, which in the busie *day*, she would either *not shew*, or *not note*. It was a custom among the *Indians*, when their *Kings* went to their *sleep*, to pray with *piping acclamations*, that they might have *happy dreams*; and withal consult well for their *Subjects* benefit: as if the *night* had been a time, wherein they might grow *good*, and *wise*. And certainly, the *wise man* is the wiser for his *sleeping*, if he can *order well* in the *day*, what the *eye-less night* presenteth him. Every *dream* is not to be counted of: nor yet are *all*, to be cast away with *contempt*. I would neither be a *Stoic*, *superstitious* in all; nor yet an *Epicure*, *considerate* of none. If the *Physician* may by them judg of the *disease* of the *body*, I see not, but the *Divine* may do so, concerning the *soul*. I doubt not but the *Genius* of the *Soul* is *waking* and *motive*, even in the fastest *closures*, of the *imprisoning eye-lids*. But to *presage* from these thoughts of *sleep* is a *wisdom* that I would not reach to. The best *use* we can make of

of *dreams*, is *observation*: and by that, our own *correction*, or *incouragement*. For, 'tis not *doubtable*, but that the *mind* is working, in the *dullest depth of sleep*. I am confirmed by *Claudian*,

Omnia quæ sensu volvuntur vota diurno,
Tempore nocturno reddit amica quies.
Venator defessa toro cum membra reponit,
Mens tamen ad sylvas, & sua lustra redit.
Judicibus lites, aurigæ somnia currus,
Vanaque nocturnis meta cavetur equis.
Furto gaudet amans; permutat navita merces:
Et vigil elapsas quærit avarus opes.
Blandaque largitur frustra sitientibus ægris,
Irriguus gelido pocula fonte sopor.
Me quoque Musarum studium, sub nocte silenti,
Artibus assiduis, sollicitare solet.

Day-thoughts, transwinged from th'industrious brest,
All seem re-acted in the nights dumb rest.
When the tyr'd Huntsman his repose begins,
Then flies his mind to Woods, and wild Beasts dens.
Judges dream Cases: Champions seem to run,
With their night Coursers, the vain bounds to shun.
Love hugs his rapes, the Merchant Traffick minds.
The Miser thinks he some lost treasure finds.
And to the thirsty sick some potion cold
Stiff flattering sleep inanely seems to hold.
Yea, and in th' age of silent rest, even I,
Troubled with *Arts* deep musings, nightly lie.

Dreams do sometimes call us to a recognition of our *inclinations*, which *print* the deeper in so *undisturbed times*, I could *wish* men to *give* them their *consideration*, but not to *allow* them their *trust*, though somtimes 'tis easie to pick out a *profitable Moral*. *Antiquity* had them in much more *reverence*, and did oft account them *Propheſies*, as is easily found in the *sacred volume*: and among the *Heathen*, nothing was more *frequent*. *Astyages* had two of his *daughter Mandane*, the *Vine*, and her *Urin*. *Calphurnia* of her *Cæsar*; *Hecuba* of *Paris*; and almost every *Prince* among them, had his *Fate* shewed in *interpreted dreams*. *Galen* tells of one, that *dream'd* his *thigh* was turn'd to *stone*, when soon after it was struck with a *dead Palsie*. The aptness of the *humors* to the like *effects*, might suggest somthing to the *mind*, then apt to receive. So that I doubt not but either to *preserve health* or amend the *life*, *dreams*, may, to a *wise observer*, be of *special benefit*. I would neither depend upon any, to incur a *prejudice*, nor yet cast them all away, in a *prodigal neglect* and *scorn*. I find it of one that having long been *troubled* with the *paining spleen*; that he dreamt, if he opened a certain *vein*, between two of his *fingers*, he should be *cured*: which he, *awaked*, did, and *mended*. But, indeed I would rather *believe* this, than be drawn to *practise* after it. These *predictions* are more rare *fore-tellings*, used

to be lapp'd in *obſcured folds*: and now that *Art* loſt, *Chriſtianity* hath ſetled us to leſs *inquiſition*; 'tis for a *Roman ſoothſayer* to read thoſe *darker ſpirits* of the night, and tell that ſtill *Dictator*; His *dream*, of *copulation* with his *mother*, ſignified his *ſubjecting* of the *world* to *himſelf*. 'Tis now ſo out of uſe, that I think it not to be *recovered*. And were it not for the *power* of the *Goſpel*, in *crying* down the *vains* of men, it would appear a wonder, how a *Science* ſo pleaſing to *humanity*, ſhould fall ſo quite to *ruin*.

LIII.

Of Bounty.

THere is ſuch a *Royalty* in the *mind*, as betrays a man to *baſeneſs*, and to *poverty*. Exceſſes, for the moſt part, have but ill *concluſions*. There is a *dunghil miſchief*, that awaits even the *man of the bounteous ſoul*: and they, that had ſtore of a *native goodneſs*, grow at laſt to the *practice* of the *fouleſt villanies*. They are free as the *deſcending rain*, and *pour a plenty* on the *general world*. This *Munificence* conſumes them, and brings them to the *miſeries* of an *emptyed Mine*. Yet, in this *fall* of their *melted demeans*, they grow *aſhamed* to be publicly ſeen come ſhort of their wonted *revelling*. So, rather than the *world* ſhall ſee an *alteration*, they leave no *lewdneſs* privately *unpractiſed*. 'Tis a noted *truth* of *Tacitus*. *Ærarium, ambitione exhauſtum, per ſcelera ſupplendum erit. Treaſure ſpent ambitiouſly, will be ſupply'd by wickedneſs*. 'Tis pity, that which bears the name of *Noble*, ſhould be *parent* of ſuch hated *Vileneſs*. What is it *Ambition* will not *practiſe*, rather than let her *port* decline? *Vain-glory* ends in *lewdneſs*, and *contempt*. The *laviſh mind* loves any *indirection* better than to *flag* in *ſtate*. A fond *popularity* bewitches the *ſoul*, to *ſtrew* about the *wealth*, and *means*: and, to *feed* that *diſperſive humor*, all ways ſhall be trodden, though they never ſo much *unworthy* the man. Surely, we nick-name the ſame *flooding man*, when we call *him* by the name of *Brave*. His ſtriving, to be like a *God in Bounty*, throws him to the *loweſt eſtate of man*. 'Tis for none, but him that has *all*, to give to all *abundantly*. Where the carrying *ſtream* is greater, than the bringing *one*, the *bottom* will be quickly *waterleſs*; and then what *commendation* is it, to ſay, There is a *plenty* waſted? He has the beſt *Fame*, that keeps his *eſtate* unniggardly: The other *flux*, is meerly out of *weakneſs*. He overvalues the *drunken* and *reeling* love of the *vulgar*, that buys it with the *ruin* of *himſelf*, and his *family*. He fears he is not *lov'd*, unleſs that he be looſe and *ſcattering*. They are *fools* that think their *minds* ill-woven, unleſs they have *allowance* from the *popular ſtamp*. The *wiſe man* is his own both *World* and *Judg*; he gives what he knows is fit for his *eſtate*, and him, without ever caring how the *waving Tumult* takes it. To *weak minds*, the *People* are the greateſt *Paraſites*: they *worſhip* and *knee* them, to the ſpending of a fair *inheri-*

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tance: and then they cruſh them with the *heavy load of Pity*. 'Tis the *inconſiderate Man*, that *ravels* out a *ſpacious Fortune*. He never thinketh how the *heap* will *leſſen*, becauſe he loſes, but by *grains*, and *parcels*. They are ill *Stewards*, that ſo *ſhowr* away a *large State*. Says *Democritus*, when he ſaw one *giving* to all, and that would want *nothing* which his *mind* did *crave*; Mayſt thou *periſh unpitied*, for making of the *Virgin Graces*, *Harlots*. He made his *liberality*, like a *Whore*, to *court* the *Public*; when indeed ſhe ought to *win* by *modeſty*. For, as the *Harlots* offers but procure the *good mans hate*: So when *bounty* proves a *Curtezan*, and offers too undecently, it fails of gaining *love*, and gets but the *diſlike* of the *wiſe*. He does *bounty* injury, that ſhews her ſo much, as he makes her but be *laught* at. Who gives or ſpends too much, muſt *fall*, or elſe deſiſt with *ſhame*. To live well of a *little*, is a great deal more *honor*, than to ſpend a great deal *vainly*. To know both when, and what to part withal, is a *knowledg* that befits a *Prince*. The beſt *object of bounty*, is either *neceſſity*, or *deſert*. The beſt *motive*, thy own *goodneſs*: And the limit, is the ſafety of thy *ſtate*. For, this I will conſtantly think; The beſt *bounty* of man, is, not to be too *bountiful*. It is not good to make our *kindneſs* to others, to be *cruelty* to our *ſelves* and *ours*.

LIV.

Of Mans Inconſtancy.

NO *Weathercock* under *Heaven* is ſo *variable*, as *inconſtant Man*. Every breath of *wind*, fans him to a *various ſhape*. As if his *mind* were ſo near a kin to *Air*, as it muſt, with every *motion*, be in a *perpetual change*. Like an *Inſtrument* cunningly *plaid on*, it does *riſe*, and *fall*, and *alter*, and all on a *ſudden*. We are *Feathers* blown in the *bluſter* of our own looſe *paſſions*, and are meerly the *dalliance* of the flying *winds*. How many in an inſtant have *murthered* the *men* they have *lov'd*? as if *Accident* were the *Fate* of things, and the *Epicure* had balked *truth*. How ardently can we *affect* ſome, even beyond the deſire of *dying* for them, when immediately one ſudden *Ebullition* of *Choler* ſhall render them extremely *offenſive*? nay, *ſteep* them in our *hate*, and *curſes*? Behold the *hold* that *Man* doth take of *Man*! 'tis loſt in a *moment*, with but the *clacking* of the *tongue*, a *nod*, or *frown*, or any ſuch like *nothing*. We cancel *leagues* with *friends*, make new ones with our *Enemies*, and break them ere *concluded*. Our *Favorites* with the places alter: And our *hate* hath wings to *alight*, and *depart*. In our *diet*, how infinitely does the *variation* of *humors* diſrelliſh the *ill taſting palate*? what to *day* we *raven* on, is the *riſe* of the next *days ſtomach*. In our *recreations* how inconſtantly *loving*? ſomtimes *affecting* the *noiſeful Hound*; ſomtimes the ſtiller *ſport* of the *wing*; though ever ingaged to a *giddy variety*. In our Apparel how *mutable*? as if *faſhion* were a *God*, that needs would be ador'd in *changes*. Our whole *life* is but a greater, and longer

longer *child-hood*. What *man living* would not die with *anguish*, were he bound to follow another, in all his *unstedfast motions*; which though they be ever *turning*, yet are never *pleasing*, but when they proceed from the *native freedom* of the *Soul*? which argues her *change* not more out of *object*, than her *self*, and the *humors* wherewith she is *composed*. They first *flowing* to incite *Desire*, then *poured* out upon an *object*, die in their *birth*, while more succeed them. Like *Souldiers* in a running *Skirmish*, *come up*, *discharge*, *fall off*, *fly*, and *re-inforce* themselves. Only *order* is in *their proceedings*, while *confusion* doth distract the *man*. Surely, there is nothing argues his *imperfection* more. For though the Nobler *Elements* be most *motive*, and the *Earth* least of all, which is yet *basest*: yet are they never mutable, but as the *object* that they fix on makes them; nor do they ever wander from that *quality*, wherewith *Nature* did at first *invest* them. But *man*, had he no *object*, he would *change* alone; and even to such things, as Nature did not once intend him. *Minds* thus temper'd, we use to call *too light*, as if they were *unequally* mixt, and the two nimbler *Elements* had gotten the *predominance*. Certainly, the best is a noble *constancy*. For, *perfection* is immutable. But for things *imperfect*, *change* is the way to *perfect them*. It gets the name of *wilfulness*, when it will not admit of a lawful *change*, to the better. Therefore *Constancy*, without *Knowledg*, cannot be always good. In things ill, 'tis not *virtue*, but an absolute *Vice*. In all *changes*, I will have regard to these three things: *Gods approbation*, my *own benefit*, and the *not-harming of my Neighbor*, where the *change* is not a *fault*, I will never think it a *disgrace*; though the great *Exchange*, the *World* should judg it so. Where it is a *fault*, I would be *constant*, though outward things should wish my *turning*. He hath but a weak *warrant* for what he does, that hath only the *fortune* to find his bad *actions* plausible.

LV.

Of Logic.

NOthing hath spoil'd *Truth* more than the *Invention of Logic*. It hath found out so many *distinctions*, that it inwraps *Reason* in a *mist of doubts*. 'Tis *Reason* drawn into too fine a *thred*; tying up *Truth* in a twist of *words*, which, being hard to *unloose*, carry her away as a *prisoner*. 'Tis a *net* to *intangle* her, or an *art instructing* you, how to tell a reasonable *lye*. When *Diogenes* heard *Zeno*, with subtle *Arguments*, proving that there was no *Motion*: he suddenly *starts up*, and *walks*. *Zeno* asks the *cause*? Says he again, *I but confute your reasons*. Like an over-curious *workman*, it hath sought to make *Truth* so *excellent*; that it hath marr'd it. *Vives* saith, He doubts not but the *Devil* did invent it. It teaches to *oppose* the *Truth*, and to be falsly *obstinate*, so cunningly *delighting*, to put her to the *worse*, by *deceit*. As a *Conceitest*, it hath laid on so many *colours*, that the *counterfeit* is more *various* than the *pattern*.

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It gives us so many *likes*, that we know not which is the same. *Truth*, *in logical arguments*, is like a *Prince* in a *Masque*; where are so many other *presented* in the same *attire*, that we know not which is *he*. And as we know there is but one *Prince*, so we know there is but one *Truth*; yet by *reason* of the *Masque*, *Judgment is distracted*, and *deceived*. There might be a double *reason*, why the *Areopagitæ* banisht *Stilpo*, for proving by his *Sophistry*, *Minerva* was no *Goddess*: One, to shew their *dislike* to the *Art*: another, that it was not fit, to suffer one to *wanton* with the *Gods*. Sure, howsoever men might first *invent* it, for the help of truth, it hath *prov'd* but a help to *wrangle*: and a thing to set the *mind* at *jar* in it self: and doing nothing but confound *conceit*, it grows a *toy* to *laugh* at. Let me give you but one of our own.

Nascitur in tenebris animal, puer, insçius, infans,
Conferat Oxonium se, citò fiet homo.
A thing born blind, a child, and fooliſh too,
Shall be made man, if it to *Oxford* go.

Aristarchus his *Quip*, may fall upon our *Times*: Heretofore (says he) there were but seven wise men; and now it is hard to find that number of *fools*. For every *man* will be a *Sophister*, and then he thinks he's *wise*; though I doubt, some will never be so, but by help of *Logic*. *Nature* herself makes every man a *Logician*: they that brought in the *Art*, have *presented* us with one that hath *overacted* her: and somthing *strain'd* her beyond her *genuine plainness*. But I speak this of *Logic* at large, for the pure *Art* is an *Excellency*. Since all is in *use*, 'tis good to retain it, that we may make *it* defend *us*, against it *self*. There is no way to secure a *Mine*, but to *countermine*. Otherwise, like the *Art of Memory*, I think it spoils the *Natural*. How can it be otherwise, when the *Invention of Man*, shall strive with the *investigation of Supream Nature*? In matters of *Religion*, I will make *Faith* my means to *ascertain*, though not *comprehend* them; For other *matters*, I will think simple *Nature* the best *Reason*, and naked *reason* the best *Logic*. It may help me to *strip off doubts*, but I would not have it help to *make* them.

LVI.

Of Thoughtfulness in Misery.

THe *unfortunate mans wisdom*, is one of his greatest *miseries*. Unless it be as well able to *conquer*, as *discern*, it only shews him but the *blacker face of mourning*. 'Tis no *commendation*, to have an *in-sight* deep in *Calamity*. It can shew him mischief which a *Fool* sees not; so help him to *vexation*, which he cannot tell how to *cure*. In *temporal* things, 'tis one great *happiness* to be free from *miseries*: A next to *that*, is not to be *sensible of them*. There is a *comfort*, in seeing but the *shell of sorrow*. And in my *opinion*, he does *wisely*, that, when grief *presents her self*, lets her wear a *vizor*, fairer than her *naked skin*. Certainly, 'tis a *felicity*

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felicity to be an *honeſt fool*, when the piercing *eye* of his *ſpirit*, ſhall not ſee into the *bowels* of his *attendant trouble*. I believe our *eyes* would be ever *winterly*, if we gave them the *flow* but for every juſt *occaſion*. I like of *Solon's courſe*, in *comforting* his conſtant *friend*: when taking him up to the top of a *Turret*, over-looking all the *piled buildings*, he bids him think, how many *Diſcontents* there had been in thoſe *houſes* ſince their *framing*, how many *are*, and how many *will be*. Then, if he can, to leave the *world's calamities*, and *mourn* but for his *own*. To *mourn* for none elſe, were *hardneſs*, and *injuſtice*. To *mourn* for *all*, were *endleſs*. The beſt way is, to *uncontract* the *brow*, and let the *worlds* mad *ſpleen* fret, for that we ſmile in *woes*. *Sorrows* are like *putrid graves*, the *deeper* you dig, the *fuller* both of *ſtench*, and *horror*. Though *conſideration* and a *fool* be *contraries*, yet nothing increaſeth *miſery* like it. Who ever knew a *Fool* die of a diſcontenting *melancholy?* So poor a *condition* is man *faln to*, that even his *glory* is become his *puniſhment*: and the *rays* of his *wiſdom* light him but to ſee thoſe *anguiſhes*, which the darkneſs of his *mind* would cover. *Sorrows* are not to be entertain'd with hugs, and lengthned *complements*; but the caſt of the *eye*, and the put-by of the turning *hand*. Search not a *wound* too deep, leſt you make a *new one*. It was not ſpoken without ſome *Reaſon*, That *fortunate* is better than *wiſe*; ſince whoſoever is *that*, ſhall be thought to be *this*. For *vulgar eyes* judg rather, by the *event*, than the *intention*. And he that is *unfortunate*, though he be *wiſe*, ſhall find many, that will dew him with that at leaſt *ſuppoſed* folly. This only is the *wiſe mans benefit*: As he ſees more *miſchiefs*; ſo he can curb more *paſſions*: and by this *means hath wit* enough, to endure his *pains* in *ſecrecy*. I would *look* ſo far into *croſſes*, as to cure the *preſent*, and prevent the *future*: But will never care for *ſearching* further, or indearing cares by thoughtfulneſs. They are like *Charons Cave* in *Italy*, where you may enter a little *way*, without danger, and further perhaps with *benefit*, but going to the *end*, it ſtifles you. No *Ship* but may be caſt away, by putting too far into *tempeſtuous Seas*.

LVII.

Of Ill Company.

WE have no *Enemy* like *baſe Company*: it kills both our *fame*, and our *ſouls*. It gives us *wounds*, which never will admit of *healing*: and is not only *diſgraceful*, but *miſchievous*. Wer't thou a *King*, it would rob thee of thy *Royal Majeſty*: who would reverence thy *ſway*, when, like *Nero*, thou ſhould'ſt *Tavern* out thy time with *wantons*, triumph with *Minſtrels* in thy *Chariot*, and *preſent* thy ſelf upon a *common Stage* with the buskin'd *Tragedian*, and the *Pantomime?* 'Tis like a *Ship* new *trimmed*, whereſoever you but *touch*, it *ſoils* you: and though you be *clean*, when you enter, even a little *motion* will fill you with *defiled badges*. And then the *whiter* the *Swan* is, the more is the *black apparent*.

How

How many have died *ignominiously*, and have used their last *breath*, only to *complain* of this; as the *Witch* that had *inchanted* them, to the *evils* that they now must *smart* for? 'Tis an *Engin* wherewith the *Devil* is ever *practising*, to lift *Man* out of *Virtues* seat. 'Tis the *spiritual Whore*, which *toys* the good *man* to his *souls undoing*. Certainly, if there be any *Dalilah* under *Heaven*, it is in bad *Society*. This will *bind us*, *betray us*, *blind us*, *undo us*. Many a man had been *good* that is not, if he had but kept *good company*. When the *Achates* of thy *life* shall be *ill*, who wil not *imagine* thy *life* to be so too? even *waters* change their *virtues*, by running through a *changed vein*. No *man* but hath both *good* and *bad* in his *nature*, either of which *fortifie*, as they meet with their *like*; or *decline*, as they find a *contrary*. When *Vice* runs in a single *stream*, 'tis then a *passable shallow*; but when many of these shall fall into *one*, they swell a deeper *chanel* to be *drown'd* in. *Good* and *wise Associates*, are like *Princes* in defensive *Leagues*; one defends the other against the *devices* of the common *Foe*. Lewd ones are like the *mistaken Lanthorn* in 88. which under pretence of guiding, will draw us unto *hazard*, and loss among our *Enemies*. Nor was the *fiction* of the *Syrens* any other in the *Moral*, than pleasant wits, vitiated in *accustom'd lewdness*; who for that were feigned to be *Monsters* of a parted *nature*, and with sweet tunes, intic'd men to *destruction*. Could my name be safe, yet my *soul* were in danger; could my *soul* be *free*, yet my *fame* would suffer; were my *body* and *estate* secure, yet those other two (which are the purest *excellencies* of *Man*) are ever laid at the *stake*. I know, *Physicians* may converse with *sick ones*, *uninfected*: but then, they must have *stronger Antidotes*, than their *nature* gives them: else they themselves shall soon *stand in need*, of what themselves *once were*, *Physicians*. One *rotted Apple*, will *infect* the *floor*. The *putrid Grape*, corrupts the whole sound *Cluster*. Though I be no *Hermit*, to sit away my days in a *dull Cell*; yet will I *chuse* rather to have no *Companion*, than a *bad one*. If I have found any *good*, I will *cherish* them, as the *choise of men*: or as *Angels*, that are sent for *Guardians*. If I have any *bad ones*, I will *study* to lose them: lest by keeping them, I lose my *self* in the *end*.

LVIII.

That no Man always sins unpunisht.

WHen *David* saw the *delights* of the *wicked*, he was forced to fly to the *stop*, with a *Fret not thy self, O my soul!* The *Jollities* of the *villanous man stagger the religious mind*. They *live*, as if they were *passing* through the *world* in *state*: and the stream of *prosperity* turning it self, to *rowl* with their applauded *ways*: When, if we do but look to despised *virtue*, how *miserable*, and how *stormy* is her *Sea*? Certainly, for the *present*, the *good man* seems to be in the disgrace of *Heaven*; He *smarts*, and *pines*, and *sadneth* his incumbred *soul* and *lives* as it were in

the *frown*, and the *nod* of the *traducing world*. When the *Epicure* considered this, it made him to exclude the *Providence*. And surely to view the *virtuous* with but *Natures* eyes, a man would think, they were things that *Nature envi'd*, or that the whole *world* were *deluded* with a *poysonous* lie, in making only the *virtuous happy*. 'Tis only the *daring soul*, that *digesting vice* in gross, climbs to the seat of *Honor*. *Innocence* is become a *stair* to let others rise to our *abuse*, and not to raise *our selves* to *greatness*. How rare is it to find one raised for his *sober worth* and *virtues*? What was it but *Joseph*'s goodness, that brought him to the *stocks*, and *Irons*? Whereas if he had cop'd with his *Inticer*, 'tis like he might have *swam* in *Gold*, and liv'd a lapling to the *silk*, and *dainties*. The *world* is so much *Knave*, that 'tis grown a *vice* to be *honest*. Men have removed the *Temple of Honor*, and have now set it, like an *arbor*, in a *Wilderness*, where unless we trace those *devious ways*, there is no *hope* of finding it. Into what a *sad Complaint*, did these thoughts drive the weighty *Tragedian*?

Res humanas ordine nullo
Fortuna regit, spargitque manu
Munera cæcâ, pejora fovens.
Vincit sanctos dira libido;
Fraus sublimi regnat in aulâ.
Tradere turpi fasces populus
Gaudet: eosdem colit, atque odit.
Tristis virtus perversa tulit
Præmia recti: Castos sequitur
Mala paupertas, vitioque potens
Regnat Adulter.

Bent to worse, all human ways
Quite at random, *Fortune* sways,
Her loose *favours* blindly throwing.
Cruel *lust* the *good* man kills:
Fraud the *Court* triumphant fills;
People, *honors* ill bestowing,
Them they hate, even those they kiss.
Sad worth ill rewarded is;
And the *chaste* are poor, while *Vice*
Lords it by *Adulteries*.

Were these *Ages* chain'd to *ours*? Or why complain we that the *world* is *worse*, when fifteen hundred years space cannot (for ought I see) alter the *condition*? But, what is past, we *forget*; what is to come, we *know not*: so we only take a spleen at the *present*. 'Tis true, *Vice* braves it with a *boldned face*, and would make one think, it were only she that the *doting world* had chose, to make a *Favorite* on. But, if we have time for *observation*, we shall see her *halting* with a *Crutch*, and *shame*. Have we not seen the *vices* of the *aged Father*, punisht in the *Son*, when he hath been *aged* too? I am persuaded there be few *notorious vices*, but even in this *world* have a certain *punishment*, although we cannot know it.

it. *God* (for the most part) doth neither *punish*, nor *bless* at once; but by *degrees*, and *warnings*. The *world* is so full of *changings*, that 'tis *rare* for one *man*, to see the *completed race* of another. We live not long enough to observe, how the *Judgments* of the *justest God* do walk their rounds in *striking*. Neither always are we able. Some of *Gods corrections* are in the *night*, and *closetted*. Every *offence* meets not with a *Market lash*. Private *punishments* sometimes gripe a *man* within, while men, looking on the outer *face* of *things*, see not how they smart in *secret*. And sometimes those are deep *wounds* to one *man*, that would be *Balm* and *Physic* to another. There are no *Temporal blessings*, but are sometimes had in the *nature* of *perverted curses*. And surely all those *creatures* that *God* hath put *subordinate* to Man, as they (like inferior servants) obey him while he is a *true Steward*,: so when he grows to injure his great *Master*, they send up *complaints* against him, and forsake him: chusing rather to be true to their *Maker*, God; than assisting to the *vileness* of his *falsest Steward*, *Man*. So that though men, by lewd ways, may start into a short *preferment*; yet sure there is a secret *chain* in *Nature*, which draws the *universal* to revenge a *vice*. Examples, might be infinite; every *Story* is a *Chronicle* of this *Truth*, and the whole *World* but the *practice*. How many *Families* do we daily see, wherein a *whipping hand* scourgeth the stream of all their *lineal blood*? As if there were *curses*, *heriditary* with the *Lands* their *Fathers* left them. I confess, they have a *valour* beyond mine, that dare forage in the wilds of *vice*. Howsoever I might for a while, in my self, *sleep* with a *dumb conscience*; yet I cannot think, the *All of Creatures* would so much cross the *current* of their *natures*, as to let me go unpunished. And, which is more than this, I find a *soul* within my *soul*, which tells me, that I do *unnobly*; while I love *Sin* more for the *pleasure* of it, than I do *Virtue* for the *amiable sweetness* that she yields in her self.

LIX.

Of Opinion.

NOt any *Earthly pleasure* is so essentially *full* in it self, but that even *bare conceit* may return it much *distastful*. The *World* is wholly set upon the *God* and *waving*: meer *Opinion* is the *Genius*, and, as it were, the *foundation* of all *temporal happiness*. How often do we see men pleased with *Contraries*? As if they parted the *fights* and *frays* of *Nature*: every one maintaining the *Faction* which he liketh. One delighteth in *Mirth*, and the *friskings* of an *airy soul*: another findeth *something amiable* in the saddest look of *Melancholy*. This man loves the *free*, and open-handed; that the *grasped fist*, and *frugal sparing*. I go to the *market*, and see one *buying*, another *selling*, both are *exercised* in things different, yet either pleas'd with his *own*; when I, standing by think it my *happiness*, that I do neither of these. And in all these, nothing frames *Content*

CENT. I.

ſo much as *Imagination*. *Opinion* is the *ſhop* of *pleaſures*, where all *human felicities* are forged, and receive their *birth*. Nor is their *end* unlike their *beginning*: for, as they are begot out of an *airy phantaſm*; ſo they die in a *fume*, and diſperſe into *nothing*. Even thoſe things which in them carry a ſhew of *reaſon*, and wherein (if *Truth* be Judg) we may diſcern *ſolidity*, are made *placid* or *diſguſtful*, as *fond Opinion* catches them. *Opinion* guides all our *paſſions* and *affections*, or at leaſt, begets them. It makes us *love*, and *hate*, and *hope*, and *fear*, and *vary*: for, every thing, we light upon, is as we apprehend it. And though we know it be nothing, but *an uncertain prejudgment of the mind*, miſ-informed by the *outward ſenſes*; yet we ſee it can work wonders. It hath *untongued* ſome on the ſudden; and from ſome hath ſnatcht their natural *abilities*. Like *Lightning*, it can ſtrike the *Child* in the *womb*, and kill it ere 'tis worlded; when the *Mother* ſhall remain unhurt. It can caſt a man into *ſpeedy diſeaſes*, and can as ſoon *recure* him. I have known ſome, but *conceiting* they have taken a *Potion*, have *found* the *operation*, as if they had taken it *indeed*. If we believe *Pliny*, it can change the *Sex*; who reports himſelf to have ſeen it; and the *running Montaigne* ſpeaks of ſuch another. Nor is it only thus powerful, when the *object* of the *mind* is at *home* in our *ſelves*; but alſo when it lights on things *abroad*, and *apart*. *Opinion* makes *Women fair*, and *Men lovely*: *Opinion* makes *men wiſe*, *valiant*, *rich*, nay *any thing*. And whatſoever it can do on one ſide to *pleaſe* and *flatter* us; it can do the ſame on the other ſide, to *moleſt* and *grieve* us. As if every man had a *ſeveral ſeeming truth* in his *ſoul*, which if he follows, can for a time render him, either *happy*, or *miſerable*. Here lies all the *difference*; If we light on things but *ſeeming*, our *felicity* fades; if on things *certain* and *eternal*, it *continues*. 'Tis ſure, we ſhould bring all *opinions* to *Reaſon*, and true *Judgment*, there to receive their *doom* of *admittance* or *ejection*: but even that, by the former is often *ſeduced*, and the grounds that we follow, are *erroneous*, and *falſe*, I will never therefore wonder much at any man, that is ſwayed with *particular affections*, to things *ſublunary*. There are not more *objects* of the *mind*, than *diſpoſitions*. Many things I may *love*, that I can yield no *Reaſon* for: or, if I do, perhaps *Opinion* makes me coin that for a *Reaſon*, which another will not aſſent unto. How vain then are thoſe, that aſſuming a *liberty* to themſelves, would yet tie all men to their *Tenents*? Conjuring all men to the trace of their *ſteps*; when, it may be, what is *Truth* to them, is *Error* to another as wiſe. I like not men that will be *Gods*, and have their *Judgments* abſolute. If I have liberty to hold things as my *mind* informs me, let me never deſire to take away the like from another. If *fair arguments* may perſuade, I ſhall with quiet ſhew what *grounds* do lead me. If thoſe cannot ſatisfie, I think I may wiſh any man to ſatisfie his *own Conſcience*. For that, I ſuppoſe, will bear him out in the things that it juſtly approves. Why ſhould any man be *violent* for *that*, which is more diverſe, than the *wandering judgments* of the *hurrying Vulgar*, more changing than the *love of inconſtant women*; more *multifarious* than the *ſports* and

plays

plays of *Nature*, which are every minute *fluctuous*, and returning in their *new varieties?* The beſt *guide* that I would chuſe, is the *reaſon of an honeſt man*: which I take to be a *right-informed Conſcience*: and as for *Books*, which many rely on, they ſhall be to me, as *diſcourſes* but of *private men*, that muſt be judged by *Religion*, and *Reaſon*; ſo not to tie me, unleſs *theſe* and my *conſcience* join, in the *conſent* with them.

LX.

That we are govern'd by a Power above us.

THat which we either *deſire* or *fear*, I obſerve, doth *ſeldom happen*; but ſomething, that we think not on, doth for the moſt part *intervene*, and *conclude*: or if it do fall out as we expect, it is not till we have given over the *ſearch*, and are almoſt out of thought of *finding* it. *Fortunes* befal us *unawares*, and *miſchiefs* when we think them *ſcaped*. Thus *Cambyſes*, when *Cyrus* had been *King of the Boys*, he thought the *predictions* of his *rule* fulfilled, and that he now might ſit and *ſleep* in his *Throne*; when ſuddenly he was awaked to *ruin*. So, *Sarah*, was *fruitful*; when ſhe could not *believe* it: and *Zachary* had a *ſon*, when he was ſtooped into *years*, and had left *hoping* it. When *Diocleſian* thought himſelf *deluded* by the *Propheſie*, having kill'd many *wild Boars*, at laſt he lights on the right *Aper*, after whoſe *death* he obtained the *Empire*. As if *God*, in the *general* would teach, that we are not wiſe enough to chuſe for our *ſelves*, and therefore would lead us to a *dependency* on *Him*. Wherein he does like *wiſe Princes*, who feed not the *expectations* of *Favourites* that are apt to *preſume*; but often *croſs* them in their *hopes* and *fears*: thereby to tie them faſter in their *duty*, and *reverence* to the *hand* that giveth. And certainly, we ſhall find this *infallible*: Though *God* gives not our *deſires*, yet he always imparts to our *profits*. How infinitely ſhould we intangle our ſelves, if we could *ſit down*, and obtain our *wiſhes?* Do we not often wiſh that, we after ſee would be our *confuſion?* and is not this, becauſe we ignorantly follow the *fleſh*, the *body*, and the *blinded appetite*, which look to nothing, but the *ſhell* and *outſide?* Whereas *God* reſpecteth the *ſoul*, and diſtributeth his *favour*, for the good of *that*, and his *glory*. *God ſees* and *knows* our hearts, and things to come in *certainty*: *We*, but only by our *weak collections*, which do often *fail* of finding *truth*, in the *Croud* of the *Worlds occaſions*. No man would be more *miſerable*, than he that ſhould cull out his *own ways*. What a *ſpecious ſhew* carried *Midas* his *wiſh* with it, and how it paid him with *ruin* at laſt! Surely, *God* will work alone, and *Man* muſt not be of his *council*. Nothing pulls *deſtruction* on him ſooner, than when he preſumes to part the *Empire* with *God*. If we can be *patient*, *God* will be *profitable*: but the *time* and *means* we muſt leave to him, not challenge to our ſelves. Neither muſt our own *indeavours* wholly be laid in the *couch* to *laze*. The *Moral* of the *Tale* is a kind of an *inſtructive*

ſtructive Satyre, when the *Carter* prayed in vain to *Jupiter*, becauſe he did not put his *ſhoulder* to the *wheel*. Do thy *part* with thy *induſtry*, and let *God* point the *event*. I have ſeen *matters* fall out ſo *unexpectedly*, that they have tutor'd me in all *affairs*, neither to *deſpair*, nor *preſume*: Not to *deſpair*; for *God* can *help me*: Not to *preſume*; for *God* can *croſs* me. It is ſaid of *Marius*, that *one day* made him *Emperor*, the next ſaw him *rule*; and the third he was *ſlain* of the *Souldiers*. I will never *deſpair*, 'cauſe I have a *God*: I will never *preſume*, 'cauſe I am but a *Man*. *Seneca* has *counſel*, which I hold is worth the *following*:

Nemo confidat nimiùm ſecundis,
Nemo deſperet meliora, lapſus;
Miſcet hæc illis, prohibetq; Clotho
Stare fortunam.——
Let none faln, deſpair to riſe,
Nor truſt too much proſperities.
Clotho mingling both, commands
That neither ſtands.——

LXI.

Of Miſery after Joy.

AS it is in *Spiritual proceedings*, better never to have been *righteous*, than, after *righteouſneſs*, to become *Apoſtate*: So in *temporal* it is better never to have been *happy*, than after *happineſs*, to be drown'd in *calamities*. Of all *objects* of *ſorrow*, a *diſtreſſed King* is the moſt *pitiful*; becauſe it preſents us moſt the *frailty* of *Humanity*; and cannot but moſt midnight the *ſoul* of him that is faln. The *ſorrows* of a *depoſed King*, are like the *diſtorquments* of a *darted Conſcience*; which none can know, but he that hath loſt a *Crown*. Who would not have *wept*, with our *Second Edward*, when his *Princely tears* were all the *warm water* his *Butchers* would allow to *ſhave* him with? when the *hedge* was his *cloth of State*; and his *Throne*, the *humble*, though the *honor'd ground*. *Miſery* after *Joy*, is killing as a *ſudden damp*; terrible, as *fire* in the *night*, that ſtartles us from a *pleaſing repoſe*. *Sudden changes*, though to *good*, are *troubleſome*, eſpecially if they be *extreme*: but when they plunge us into *worſe*, they are then the *Strapados* of a *human ſoul*. A *palpable darkneſs* in a *Summers day* would be a diſmal thing. *Diſeaſes*, when they do happen, are moſt violent in the *ſtrongeſt conſtitutions*. He that meets with *plagues* after a *long proſperity*, has been but *fatted*, like a *beaſt*, for *ſlaughter*: he is more *mollified*, only to make the pains and pangs of *death* more *ſenſible*: as if we ſhould firſt *ſupple* a *limb* with *Oyls* and *Unguents*; and then dab it with *Aqua fortis*, *toothed waters*, and *corroding Minerals*. It is better never to have been *fair*, than after a *rare beauty*, to grow into *uglineſs*. The *memory* of thy *blindneſs*, makes thy *miſery* more deplorable; which like *dead Beer*, is never more diſtaſtful, than after a *Banquet* of *Sweetmeats*.

meats. Nor is this *misery* meerly *opinionate*, but truly argued from the measure of *pity* that it meets with from *others*. For you may *period upon this*; That where there is the *most pity* from *others*; that is the *greatest misery* in the *party pitied*. Toward those that have been *alway poor*, *pity* is not so *passionate*: for they have had no *elevation* to make their *depression* seem the *greater wonder*. The *tann'd slave*, that hath ever tugg'd at the *Oar*, by a long use, hath mingled *Misery* with *Nature*; that he can now endure it uncomplaining. But when a *soft Wanton* comes to the *Galley*, every *stroak* is a *wounding Spear* in the *side*. I wonder not to hear *Dionysius* say, *They are happy, that have been unblest from their youth.* It was the opinion of *Diogenes*, that the most lamentable *spectacle* that the *world* had, was an *old man* in misery: whereunto, not only a *present impotency*, but also a remembrance of a *passed youth*, gave addition. Even the absence alone of fore-gone *joy*, is troublesome: how much more, when they wind downward, into *smartful extremities? Death* and *Darkness* both are but *privations*; yet we see how deep they terrifie. *Wax*, when it takes a *second impression*, receives it not without *new passion*, and more *violence*: so the *mind*, retaining the *prints* of *Joy*, suffereth a new *Creation*, in admitting a *contrary stamp*. For *Bajazet* to change his *Seraglio* for a *Cage*; for *Valerian* to become a *Footstool* to his *proud foe*; are *calamities* that challenge the *tributes* of a *bleeding eye*. I shall pity any man that meets with *misery*; but they that find it after continual *blessedness*, are so much the more to be wailed, by how much they are unacquainted with the gloominess of *downfals*. That which *Sophonisba* return'd, when her *Husband* sent her *poyson*, the day after her *wedding*, as it shew'd *resolution* in her, so it incites *compassion* in others: *Hoc nuntia, melius me morituram fuisse, si non in funere meo nupsissem. Tell him, I had died more willingly, if I had not met my Grave in Marriage.*

LXII.

Of the temper of Affections.

EVery *Man* is a vast and *spacious Sea*: his *passions* are the *winds*, that swell him into *disturbant waves*: How he *tumbles*, and *roars*, and *fomes*, when they in their fury trouble him! Somtimes the *West* of *pleasure*, fanning in *luxurious gales*: somtimes the *madid South*, *sorrowful*, and full of *tears*; somtimes the *sharp East*, piercing with a *testy spleen*: somtimes the violent and *blustring North*, swelling the *cheek*, with the *Angers boyling blood*. Any of these, in *extremes*, makes it become *unnavigable*, and full of *danger* to the *vessel* that shall coast upon it. When these are too loud, 'tis *perillous*: but when again they are all laid in the stilness of an immotive *calm*, 'tis *useless*: and though it be not so ready to hurt, yet it is far from *availing*, to the *profit* of a *Voyage*: and the *passengers* may sooner *famish*, by being *becalmed*, than *coast* it over for the *advantage* of their *Mart*. Surely, the man that is always *still* and *reposed*

posed in his *own thoughts*, though he be *good*, is but a piece of *deadned charity*. I care not for the *planed Stoic*, there is a *Sect* between him and the *Epicure*. An *unmoved man*, is but a *motive Statue*; harmless and unprofitable. Indeed *fury* is far the *worser extreme*; for, besides the *trouble* it puts on the *company*, it always delivers the *Author* into *successive mischiefs*. He that is *raging* in one thing, seeds his busines with many *inconveniencies*. *Fury* is like *false position* in a *Verse*, at least nine *faults* together.

Says *Claudian*,

——*Caret eventu nimius furor*:

——*Rage* knows not when, nor how to end.

I like neither a *devouring Stork*, nor a *Jupiters Log*. *Man* is not fit for *conversation*, neither when his *passions* hurry him in a *hideous distemper*; nor when they are all laid in a *silent* and *unstirring calm*. The *Sea* is best in a *pleasant Gale*: and so is *Man*, when his *passions* are alive, without *raging*. *God* implanted *passions* in the *Soul*, as he gave his *Talents* in the *Gospel*, neither to be *lavisht* out impetuously, nor to be *buried* in *Napkins*. We may warm us at these *fires*: though we burn not. *Man* without any, is no better than a *speaking stone*. *Cato's* best *Emperor* was, *Qui potuit imperare affectibus*; he does not say, *deponere*. *Moderate passions* are the most *affable expressions* of *humanity*; without which, the *Soul* finds nothing like it self to *love*. A *Horse*, too hot and fiery, is the danger of his *Rider*; one too *dull*, is his trouble: And as the *first* will not *endure* any *man*; so the last will be *indur'd* by no *man*. One will suffer none to *back him*; the other admits each child to *abuse him*. A *good temper* is a sure *expression* of a *well compos'd Soul*. Our *wild passions* are like so many *Lawyers*, wrangling and brawling at the *Bar*; *Discretion* is the *Lord-keeper of man*, that sits as *Judg*, and moderates their *contestations*. Too great a *spirit* in a man born to *poor means*, is like a *high-heeld shoo* to one of mean *stature*: It advanceth his *proportion*, but is ready to fit him with *falls*. The *flat sole* walks more sure, though it abates his *gracefulness*: yet, being too *low*, it is subject to bemire the *foot*. A little *elevation*, is the best *mediocrity*; 'tis both raised from the *Earth*, and sure: and for his *talness*, it disposeth it to an equal *competency*. I will neither walk so *lifted*, as to occasion *falling*; nor so *dejected*, as at every step to take *soil*. As I care not for being *powder*, or the *cap of the Company*; so I would not be *Earth*, or the *Fools Foot-ball*.

LXIII.

That Religion is the best Guide.

NO man lives *conveniently*, unless he propounds somthing, that may bound the whole way of his *actions*. There must be somthing for him to flie to, beyond the reach of his *cavilling senses*, and *corrupted reason*: otherwise, he shall waver in his ways, and ever be in a *doubtful unsetledness*, If he takes *policy*, that is both *endless* and *uncertain*:

tain: and many times depends more upon the *circumſtance*, than the *main Act*. What to day is *good*, is to morrow *unſaving*: what *benefits one*, may be the *undoing of another*; though to an *eye* that is not *curious*, the *matter* may appear the *ſame*. How like the *Aſs* it ſhow'd, when he thought by leaping in his *Maſters lap*, to be made much on, becauſe he had ſeen the *Dog* do the like, before him? Beſides, *Policy* is not a *Flower* growing in every mans *Garden*. All the *world* is not *wit* and *ſtratagem*. If it were, *Policy* is but a *fight of wit*, a *brain-war*: and in all *wars*, how doubtful, how inconſtant is *Victory*? *Oedipus* his cunning, in the reſolving *Sphinx*'s *Riddle*, did but betray him to the fatal *marriage* of his *Mother*. *Palamedes* found out *Ulyſſes fained madneſs*; and *Ulyſſes* after, by *hidden gold*, and *forged Letters*, found *means* to have him *ſtoned*; even while he made ſhew of *defending* him. No man has a *Monopoly* of *craft* alone. Again, in *private men* it is infinitely *ſhorten'd*; both in reſpect of *means* and *lawfulneſs*. Even thoſe that have allowed *deceit* lawful in *Princes*, have yet condemn'd it as *vicious* in *private perſons*. And believe it, *Policy* runs ſmootheſt, when it turns upon a *golden hinge*: without the ſupply of *means*, 'tis but like a *Clock* without a *weight* to ſet it going: *Curious workmanſhip*, but it wants a *mover*. If a man takes *Nature*, ſhe is both *obſcure* and *inſufficient*: and will, with a *pleaſing breath*, waft us into *Mare mortuum*. Nay, *ſhe* that, before *Man* fell, was his ſufficient *Genius*, is ſince become his *Paraſite*, that ſmoothing his *ſenſes*, ſerves them, as the *tyrannous Emperor* did his *ſervants*, let them fall into a *chamber* fill'd with *Roſes*; that, being *ſmother'd* in them, they might meet the *bitterneſs* of *death*, in *ſweetneſs*. Nor is *Nature*, for the moſt part, without the over-bearing of *predominant humors*. *Cicero* is in one place doubtful, whether ſhe be a *mother*, or a *ſtep-dame*; ſhe is ſomtimes ſo weighing a man to *extremities*. Nor, if ſhe were able, could we have her *pure* alone. *Cuſtom* hath ſo mingled her with *Art*, that we can hardly ſever her: if we do, we ſhall ſo differ from the *world*, as we ſhall but, by it, make our ſelves a *prey* to the *nature* that is *arted* with the ſubtilties of *time* and *practice*. Either of theſe are but *ſinking floors*, that will fail us, when our weight is on them. *Reaſon* is contradicting, and ſo is *Nature*; and ſo is *Religion*, if we meaſure it by either of theſe. But *Faith* being the *Rule* of that placeth it above the *cavils* of *Imagination*, and ſo ſubjecteth both the other to *it*. This being above *all*, is that only, which, giving *limits* to all our *actions*, can confine us to a *ſetled reſt*. *Policy* governs the *world*; *Nature*, *Policy*; but *Religion*, *All*. And as we ſeldom ſee thoſe *Kingdoms* govern'd by *Vice-Roys*, flouriſh like thoſe where the *Prince* is preſent in *Perſon*: So, we never find *Policy* or *Nature*; to keep a man in that quiet, which *Religion* can, The two firſt I may uſe as *Counſellors*; hear what they ſay, and weigh it: but the *laſt* muſt be my *Soveraign*. They are to *Religion*, as *Apocrypha* to the *Bible*; They are *good things*, may be *bound up*, and *read* with it: but muſt be rejected, when they croſs the *Text Canonical*. *God* is the *Summit* of *Mans happineſs*: *Religion* is the *way*. Till we arrive at *Him*, we are but *vapours*, tranſported by *unconſtant winds*.

LXIV.

Of the Soul.

HOw infinitely is *Man* distracted about *himself?* Nay, even about that which makes him capable of that *distraction*; his *Soul?* Some have thought it of the nature of *fire*, a hot subtil *body*, dispersing it self into *rays*, and *fiery Atoms*; as *Democritus* and some of the *Stoics*. Others have thought it *Air*; as *Diogenes*, and *Varro*, and others. *Epicurus* makes it a *Spirit*, mixt of *fire* and *air*. Some would have every *Element* a *Parent* of the *Soul*, separately: so every *Man* should have many distinct *Souls*, according to the *Principles* of his *composition*. Some have call'd it *an undetermined virtue*; some, *a self-moving number*; some, *a Quint-essence*. Others have defin'd it to be nothing but a *Harmony*, conflated by the most even composure of the *four Elements* in *man*. And for this one might thus argue: The *body* is before the *soul*; and till the *body* be perfect, the *soul* appears not: as if the perfection of the *body*, in his even *contemperation*, were the *generation* of the *soul* within it. The *soul* also changeth with the *body*: Is it not childish in *Infancy*, luxurious and unbounded in *Youth*, vigorous and discerning in the *strength of Manhood*, froward and doting in the *declining age* of his *life?* For, that which in *old men* we call *transcending wisdom*, is *more collection* by *long observation*, and *experience* of things without them, than the genuine vigour of *judgment* in themselves. Hence some wise *Princes* have been careful, neither to chuse a *green head*, nor one that is worn with *age*, for *Counsel*. Next, we see the *soul* following the temperature of the *body*; nay, even the *desires* of it, generated by the *present* constitution of the *body*: as in *longing* after things that please our *humors*, and are agreeable to their *defect* or *excess*: Doth not the distemper of the *body* insaniate the *soul?* What is *madness*, but *Mania*, and the exuberancy and pride of the *blood?* And when again they mean to cure the *soul*, do they not begin with *Doses*, and *Potions*, and *Prescriptions* to the *body? Johannes de Combis* cites *Augustin*, saying, *Anima est omnium similitudo*: because it can fansie to it self, the shape of whatsoever appears. But for all these, I could never meet with any, that could give it so in an *absolute Definition*, that another or himself could conceive it: Which argues, that to all these, there is somthing sure *immortal* and *transcending*, infus'd from a supernal *Power*. *Cicero* is there *divine*, where he says, *Credo Deum immortalem sparsisse animos in humana corpora*: and where he says again, *Mihi quidem nunquam persuaderi potuit, Animos, dum in corporibus essent mortalibus, vivere: cùm exîssent ex iis, emori: I could never think souls to live in mortal bodies, to dy when they depart them.* *Seneca* does raise it higher, and asks, *Quid aliud voces hunc, quàm Deum, in corpore humano hospitantem? What other canst thou term it, but a God, Inning in the flesh of man?* The *Conscience*, the *Character* of a *God* stampt in it, and the apprehension of *Eternity*, do all prove it a *shoot of everlastingness*. For though I doubt whether I may be of their opinion, who utterly take

take away all *reason* from *Beasts*: yet I verily believe, these are things that were never *instincted* in them. *Man* hath these things in *grant* only: whereby the *soul* doth seem *immortal*; and by this seeming, is proved to be so indeed: Else *seeming* should be better than *certainty*; and *falshood* better than *truth*; which cannot be. Therefore they which say, the *soul* is not immortal; yet, that 'tis good men should think it so, thereby to be awed from *vice*, and incited to *virtue*; even by that *Argument*, argue against themselves. They that believe it not, let them do as *Philosophers* wish *them* to do, that deny *fire* to be hot, because they see not the *means* that make it so: let them be *cast into it*, and then hear if they will *deny*: So let them that *deny* the *immortality of the soul*, be immerged in the horrors of a *vulned Conscience*, then let them tell me what they *believe*. 'Tis certain, *Man* hath a *Soul*; and as certain, that it is *immortal*. But *what*, and *how* it is, in the *perfect nature* and *substance* of it; I confess, my *human reason* could never so inform me, as I could fully explain it to my own *apprehension*. O my *God*! what a *clod* of *moving ignorance* is *Man*! when all his *industry* cannot instruct him, what himself is; when he knows not *that*, whereby he knows that he does not know it. Let him study, and think, and invent, and search the very *inwards* of obscured *Nature*; he is yet to seek, how to define this *inexplicable*, *immortal*, *incorporeal wonder*: this *Ray* of *Thee*; this *emanation* of thy *Deity*. Let it then be sufficient, that *God* hath given me a *Soul*, and that my *eternal welfare* depends upon it: though he be not accountable either how I had it, or what it is. I think both *Seneca* and *Cicero* say truest, when they are of opinion, that *Man* cannot know what the *Soul* is. Nor indeed need any man wonder at it: Since he may know, whatsoever is created by a *Superior Power*, suffers a *Composure*, but cannot know it: because it was done, before it self was. *Man* though he hath *Materials*, cannot make any thing, that can either know how it was made, or what it is, being made: yet it is without *defect*, in respect of the *end* 'tis intended for. How then can *Man* think to know *himself*, when both his *materials* and *composure*, are both created and formed by a *Supreme Power*, that did it without *co-operation*? Why should I strive to *know that*, which I *know* I cannot *know*? Can a man dissect an *Atome*? can he grasp a *flame*? or hold and seiz on *Lightnings*? I am sure I have a *soul*: and am commanded to keep it from *sin*. O thou, the *God* of that *little god* within me, my *Soul*! let me do *that*, and I know, thou art not such an *Enemy* to *ignorance* in *Man*, but that thou art better pleased with his *admiration* of thy *secrets*, than his *search* of them.

LXV.

Of Courtesies.

NOthing inslaveth a *grateful Nature*, like a *free benefit*. He that confers it on me, steals me from my *self*: and in one and the same *Act*, makes me his *Vassal*, and himself my *King*. To a *disposition* that hath

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worth in it, 'tis the most tyrannical War in the *world*: for, it takes the *mind* a *prisoner*: and, till the *Ransom* be paid by a like *return*, 'tis kept in *fetters*, and constrained to *love*, to *serve*, and to be *ready*, as the *Conquerer* desires it, He that hath requited a *Benefit*, hath redeemed himself out of *prisoner*: and, like a man out of debt, is *free*. For, *Courtesies*, to *Noble minds*, are the most extreme *extortions* that can be. *Favours*, thus imparted, are not *Gifts*, but *Purchases*, that buy men out of their *own liberty*. *Violence* and *compulsion*, are not half so dangerous. These besiege us openly, give us leave to look to our selves, to collect our *forces*, and refortifie, where we are sensible of our own *weaknesses*: nay, they somtimes befriend us, and raise our *fortitude* higher, than their highest *braves*. But the other, undermine us, by a fawning *Stratagem*: and if we be *Enemies*, they make us lay down our *Weapons*, and take up *Love*. Thus the *Macedonian* proved himself a better *Physician* for *calumny*, by his *bounties*; than his *Philosophers*, by their *gray advisements*. They make of an *Enemy*, a *Subject*; of a *Subject*, a *Son*. A *Crown* is safer kept by *Benefits*, than *Arms*, *Melius beneficiis Imperium custoditur quàm Armis*. The *golden Sword* can conquer more than *steel ones*: and when *these* shall cause a *louder cry*, *that* shall silence the *barking tongue*. There is nothing adds so much to the *greatness* of a *King*, as that he hath wherewith to make *friends* at his pleasure. Yet even in this, he plays but the *Royal Merchant*, that putting no condition in his *bargain*, is dealt with in the same way: so for a *pety benefit*, he often gets an *inestimable friend*. For, *Benefits*, binding up our *bodies*, take away our *souls* for the *giver*. I know not that I am ever sadder, than when I am forced to accept *courtesies*, that I cannot requite. If ever I should affect *injustice*, it should be in this, that I might do *courtesies*, and receive none. What a brave height do they flie in, that like *gods*, can bind *all* to them, and they be tied to *none*! But indeed, it is for a *God* alone. How *heroical* was it in *Alexander Severus*, who used to chide those he had done nothing for, for not asking; demanding of them, if they thought it fit, he should be still in their *debt*; or that they should have cause to *complain* of him when he was gone? Certainly, as it is a *transcending happiness* to be able to *shine* to all; so, I must reckon it one of the *greatest miseries* upon *Earth*, wholly to depend upon *others favours*: and a next to this, is, to *receive* them. They are *grains* cast into *rich ground*, which makes it self sterile, by yielding such a *large increase*. *Gifts* are the greatest *Usury*; because a two-fold *retribution* is an *urged effect*, that a *Noble nature* prompts us to. And surely, if the *generous man* considers; he shall find he pays not so much for any thing, as he does for what is given him. I would not, if I could, receive *favours* of my *friends*, unless I could re-render them. If I must, I will ever have a *ready mind*, though my *hand* be shortned. As I think there be many, will not have all they may: So I think there are few, can requite all they have: and none, but somtimes must receive some, *God* hath made none *absolute*. The *rich* depends on the *poor*, as well as the *poor* on him. The *World* is but a *more magnificent building*: all the *stones* are gradually *concemented*, and there is none that subsists alone. LXVI.

LXVI.

Of a Mans Self.

WE ever carry our *greateſt Enemy* within us. There was never a ſounder *truth*, than, *Nemo læditur niſi à ſeipſo.* Had we the true reins of our own *paſſions* and *affections*, *outward occaſions* might exerciſe our *virtues*, but not injure them. There is a way to be *wiſe* and *good*, in ſpight of *occaſions*. We go abroad, and fondly complain, that we meet with *wrongs*; as if we could croſs the *Proverb*, and prove, that they may be offered to a *willing preparedneſs*. Others cannot draw us into *inconveniencies*, if we help not our ſelves forward. 'Tis our *inſide* that undoes us. Therefore ſays *Machiavel*, *A Prince ought to know the tempers of men, that he may fit them with baits, and wind them to his own ends.* A *Curtezan* cannot hurt thee, unleſs there lies a *Letcher* in thy *heart*. When men *plot* upon us, to *intrap* and *ſnare* us, they do but ſecond our *own inclinations*: and, if they did not ſee a kind of *invitement* from our ſelves, they would never dare to begin. When *Cyrus* beſought the *Lacedemonians* to enter *League* with *him*, rather than *Artaxerxes*; he only tells them, he had a *greater heart* than his *Brother*, and could bear his *drink* better: For he knew they loved men *generous* and *hardy*: ſo by making himſelf like them, he thought to win their *liking*. When men happen upon things that go againſt the *Genius* of the mind, then they work in vain: but when others *flatteries* ſhall joyn with the *great Flatterer*, a *mans ſelf*; he is then in the way to be wrought upon. 'Tis ſure, there is ſomtimes a *ſelf-conſtancy*, that is not temptable. In *Athens* there may be one *Phocion*, to refuſe the *gold* of *Harpalus* and *Alexander*. But this indeed is rare, and worthy his magnifying. *Nil magnum in rebus humanis, niſi animus magna deſpiciens.* Otherwiſe, it is we only, that ruin our ſelves: if not *totally*, yet *primarily*. If we do *ill compulſively*, we are cleared by the *violence*. In the judgment of an *upright ſoul*, a man is not *guilty* of that which he cannot *avoid*, (I mean in *Civil matters.*) There is no *miſchief* that we fall into, but that we our ſelves are at leaſt a *coadjutive cauſe*, and do help to further the *thing*. A mans *own heart* is as arch a *Traitor*, as any he ſhall meet withal: we *truſt* it too much, and *know* it too little: and while we think it *ſure-footed*, it *ſlides*, and does *deceive* us. That we are the *Authors* of our own *ill*, the *ſucceſs* will tell us: For, *Conſcience* is always *juſt*, and will not chide us wrongfully: and when we have done an *ill*, though by *others procurement*, yet ſhe rates us even to a *loathing* of our ſelves. Says the *Comic*,

——*Jam aderit tempus, cum ſe etiam*
Ipſe oderit.——

The day will come, when he ſhall hate himſelf.

The wiſe man ſhould ever therefore keep a double *watch*; one, to keep his *heart* from *extravagancies*; the other, to keep the *Enemy* from *approaches*. *Occaſion*, and *our Nature*; are like two *inordinate Lovers*; they

they seldom *meet*, but they *sin* together. If we keep them asunder, the *harm* is prevented: or if they do meet, and the *heart* consent not, I am in some doubt, whether the *offence* be punishable, though the *act* be committed. It is no fault in the *true man*, to let the *Thief* have his *purse*, when he can do no other. In the old *Law*, the *ravished woman* was to be free'd: for, says the *Text*, *There is in her no cause of death. Qui volens injustè agit, malus est: qui verò ex necessitate, non dico prorsus malum. 'Tis not the necessitated, but the willing ill that stains.* Even *Actual sins* have so far dependency on the *hearts approbation*, as *that* alone can *vitiate* or *excuse the Act*. While we keep *that* steddy, our *Enemies* can much less hurt us. The reason is, it is not in *Man* to compel it. The *mind* of *Man*, from *Man*, is not capable of a *violation:* and whom then can I tax for my own *yielding*, but my *self?* No man hath power over my *mind*, unless I my *self* do give it him. So that this I shall think certain; *No man falls by free action, but is faulty in somthing*, at least by some *circumstance*; though excusable in the most, and *most important*. I know, *calumny* and *conjecture* may injure *Innocence* it self. In matters of *censure*, nothing but a *certain knowledg*, should make us give a *certain judgment*. *Fame and Air* are both too weak *foundations* for *unspotted Truth* to build on: only *deeds* are lyable to the *down-right Tax:* Because they carry the *heart* along: which in every action is a *witness*, either for or against us. Surely, *Man* is his own *Devil*, and does oftentimes tempt himself. All the Precepts of *moderation*, we meet with, are but given us to beware our selves: and undoubtedly, he that can do it, is rising toward *Deity*. Hark but to the *Harp* of *Horace*.

Latiùs regnes, avidum domando
Spiritum, quàm si Libyam remotis
Gadibus jungas, & uterq; Pœnus
Serviat uni,

By curbing thy insatiate mind,
Thou shalt sway more, than couldst thou bind
Far *Spain* to *Lybia*: or to thee
Cause either *Carthage* subject be.

One eye I will sure have for *without*; the other I will hold *within* me: and lest I see not enough with that, it shall ever be my *Prayer*, that I may be delivered from *my self*. *A me me salva, Domine!* shall be one *Petition* I will add to the *Letany* of my *beseechings*.

LXVII.

Of the worst kind of Perfidy.

THe *Dead*, the *Absent*, the *Innocent*, and *him that trusts me*, I will never *deceive* willingly. To all these we owe a *Nobler Justice*; in that they are the most certain trials of *human equity*. As that *grief* is the truest, which is without a *witness*; so is that *honesty* best, which is for

for it *self* without *hope* of *reward*, or *fear* of *punishment*. Those *virtues* that are *sincere*, do value *applause* the least. 'Tis when we are conscious of some *internal defect*, that we look out for others *approbations*. Certainly, the *world* cannot tempt the man that is *truly honest*. And he is certainly a *true man*, that will not *steal*, when he may, without being *impeached*. The two first are hindered, that they cannot tax my *injury*; and *deceit* to them is not without *cowardice*, throwing *Nature* into the lowest degree of *baseness*. To wrong the third, is *savage*, and comes from the *Beast*, not *Man*. It was an *Act* like *Nature* in *Xenocrates*, when the pursued *Sparrow* flew into his bosom, to *cherish*, and *dismiss* it. How black a *heart* is that, which can give a *stab*, for the *innocent smiles* of an *Infant?* Surely, *Innocence* is of that *purity*, that it hath more of the *God* in it, than any other *quality*; it intimates a freedom from *general vice*. And this is it, which makes the *injury* to it so detestable; and sometimes gives the *owners* a divine and miraculous force: as we may read in the *Turkish story*, of a *Child* that struck an *intending Murtherer* into a *swound*, with offering to imbrace him. The *last* I cannot defraud without *Ingratitude*; which is the very *lees* of *Vice*: and makes my *offence* so much the *greater*, by how much he was *kinder*, in making me *Master of himself*. Assuredly, as *Nature* hath endued *man* with a more earnest desire to do right to these; because a *true performance* doth in these things most magnifie him: so she hath made the contrary appear the most *odious*; because they are breaches that most destroy *humanity*. It came from him that had but *Nature*, *Cicero*; *Perditissimi est hominis, fallere eum, qui læsus non esset, nisi credidisset, None but the most villanous man, will deceive him that had been safe, but for trusting.*

LXVIII.

Against Insultation.

IT cannot be safe to insult over any. As there is no *creature* so little, but may do us a *mischief*: so is no *Man* so low, but may occasion our smart. The *Spider* can *impoyson*; the *Ant* can *sting*; even the *Fly* can *trouble our patience*. Into all *sensitive Creatures*, *Nature* hath put a kind of a *vindictive justice*; that in some measure they are able to return an *Injury*. If they do not always, 'tis only because they are not *able*. *Man* hath both a more *able*, and more *impatient soul*: and though *Reason* teaches him not to be *furious*, yet withal, it teaches him not to be *dull*. Extremities of *Injury* often awake extremities of *Revenge*: especially, if we meet with *contempt* from *others*. or find *despair* in our *selves*: for *despair* makes a *Coward bold* and *daring*. Nor stands it but with *reason*, that a *strong patience*, urged beyond it self, should turn into the *strongest rage*. The *Bow*, that is hardest to bend, sends out an *Arrow* with most *force*. *Neglect* an *Enemy*, but *contemn* him not. *Disdain* will banish *Patience*, and bring in *Fury*; which is many times a *greater Lord*.

than

than he that rules a *Kingdom*. *Contempt* unbridles *Fear*, and makes us both to *will*, to *dare*, and to *execute*. So *Lipsius* has it, *Contemptus excutit timoris frænum, & efficit, ut non velis solùm, sed audeas, & tentes.* It is not good too far to pursue a *Victory*. *Sigismund* said true, *He hath conquer'd well, that hath made his Enemies fly*: we may beat them to a *desperate resistance*, that may ruin us. He is the wrong way high, that scorns a man below him, for his *lowness*. They are but puft minds, that bubble thus above *Inferiors*. We see, 'tis the *froth* only, that gets to the top of the water. *Man* cannot be so much above *Man*, as that his *difference* should legitimate his *scorn*. Thou knowest not what may shew it self, when thy *contempt* awakes the *Lion* of a *sleeping mind*. All *Disdain*, but that of *Vice*, detracteth from the worth of *Man*. *Greatness* in any man, makes not his *injury* more *lawful*, but more *great*. And as he that suffers, thinks his *disgrace* more noted for the others *eminency*: so he thinks his own *honor* will be the more, when he hath accomplisht his *revenge*; whereby, in some kind, he hath raised himself to be his *Superiors equal*. *Man* is, *Animal generosissimum*: and though he be content to subject himself to anothers *commands*, yet he will not endure his *braves*. A *lash* given to the *soul*, will provoke more, than the *bodies cruel torture*. *Derision* makes the *Peasant* brave the *Prince*. When *Augustus* saw one like himself, and ask'd him in a *scoff*, if his *Mother* were never at *Rome*: The *Boy* answers, *No*; but his *Father* was. When *Julius* in a *mock*, ask'd the *reverend*, and *aged*, *blind Ignatius*, Why he went not into *Galilee*, to recover his sight: Says he, *I am contentedly blind, that I may not see such a Tyrant as thou art.* We are all here *fellow-servants*: and we know not how our *grand Master* will brook *Insolencies* in his *Family*. How darest thou, that art but a *piece of Earth*, that *Heaven* has blown into, presume thy self into the *impudent usurpation* of a *Majesty unshaken?* Thou canst not sit upon so high a *Cog*, but maist with *turning* prove the *lowest* in the *wheel*: and therefore thou maist think of the *measure* that thou would'st then have given *me*. If we have *Enemies*, 'tis better we deserve to have their *friendship*, than either to *despise*, or *irritate* them. No mans *weakness* shall occasion my *greater weakness*, in *proudly contemning* him. Our *Bodies*, our *Souls* have both the like original *composure*: If I have any thing beyond him, 'tis not my *goodness*, but *Gods*: and he, by *time* and *means*, may have as much, or more. Take us alone, and we are but *Twins of Nature*. Why should any despise another, because he is better furnisht with *that* which is none of his own?

LXIX.

Of Assimilation.

THrough the *whole world* this holds in general, and is the end of *all*; That every thing labors to make the thing it meets with, *like* it *self*. *Fire* converts all to *fire*. *Air* exiccates and draws to it *self*. *Water moistens*,

moiſtens, and reſolveth what it meets withal. *Earth* changeth all, that we commit to her, to *her own nature*. The *world* is all *viciſſitude* and *converſion*. Nor is it only true in *Materials* and *Subſtances*; but even in *Spirits*, in *Incorporeals*; nay, in theſe there is more *aptneſs*; they mix more *ſubtilly*, and paſs into one another with a *nimbler glide*. So we ſee *infection* ſooner taken by *breath* than *contaction*: and thus it is in *diſpoſitions* too: The *Souldier* labors to make his *Companion valiant*. The *Scholar* endeavours to have his *Friend learned*. The *bad man* would have his *company* like himſelf. And the *good man* ſtrives to frame others *virtuous*. Every Man will be buſie in diſpending that *quality*, which is predominant in him. Whence this *Caveat* may well become us, to beware both whom and what we chuſe to live withal. We can converſe with nothing, but will work upon us; and by the unperceived ſtealth of *Time*, aſſimilate us to it ſelf. The choice therefore of a mans *Company*, is one of the moſt weighty *Actions* of our *lives*: For, our future well or ill being depends on that *Election*. If we chuſe ill, every day declines us to *worſe*: we have a perpetual *weight* hanging on us, that is ever ſinking us down to *Vice*. By living under *Pharaoh*, how quickly *Joſeph* learned the *Courtſhip* of an *Oath*! *Italy* builds a *Villain*: *Spain ſuperbiates*; *Germany* makes a *Drunkard*, and *Venice* a *Letcher*. But if we chuſe well, we have a *hand of Virtue*, gently lifting us to a continual *riſing Nobleneſs*. *Antiſthenes* uſed to wonder at thoſe, that were curious but in buying an *earthen Diſh*, to ſee that it had no *cracks*, nor *inconveniences*, and yet would be careleſs in the choice of *Friends*; to take them with the flaws of *Vice*. Surely, a mans *Companion* is a ſecond *Genius*, to ſway him to the *white*, or *bad*. A *good man* is like the *Day*, enlightning and warming all he *ſhines* on, and is always raiſing upward, to a *Region* of more conſtant *purity*, than that wherein it finds the *Object*. The *bad man* is like the *night*, *dark*, obtruding *fears*, and dimitting unwholſom *vapours* upon all that reſt beneath. *Nature* is ſo far from making any thing abſolutely *idle*, that even to *ſtones* and *dulleſt mettals*, ſhe hath given an *operation*: they *grow*, and *ſpread*, in our *general Mothers veins*: and by a cunning way of *incroachment*, couzen the *Earth* of it ſelf: and when they meet a Brother'd Conſtitution, they then *unite* and *fortifie*. Hence grows the *height of friendſhip*, when two *ſimilary Souls* ſhall blend in their *commixions*. This cauſes, that we ſeldom ſee different *diſpoſitions* to be entirely *loving*.

Oderunt hilarem triſtes, triſtemque jocoſi:
Sedatum celeres, agilem gnavumque remiſſi.
Potores Bibuli mediâ de nocte Falerni
Oderunt porrecta negantem pocula———
Sad men hate *mirth*; the *pleaſant*, *ſadneſs* ſhun:
Swift men, the *ſlow*; the *ſlothful*, thoſe that *run*.
Who drinks at midnight, old *Falernian Wine*,
Scorns him that will not take his *Cups*———

It is *likeneſs* that makes the *true-love-knot* of *friendſhip*. When we find another of our own *diſpoſition*, what is it, but the *ſame ſoul* in a *divided*

body? What find we, but our ſelves intermutually *tranſpoſed*, each into other? And *Nature*, that makes us *love* our ſelves, makes us, with the ſame reaſon, *love* thoſe that are *like* us, For this, a *Friend* is a more *ſacred name* than a *Brother*. What avails it to have the *Bodies* from the ſame *Original*, when the *Souls* within them differ? I believe, that the *applauſe* which the *Ancients* gave to *equal friendſhip*, was to be underſtood of the likeneſs of *minds*, rather than of *eſtate*, or *years*: For, we find no *ſeaſon*, nor no *degree of man*, but hath been *happy* with this *Sun* of the *World*, *Friendſhip*: Whereas in *jarring diſpoſitions*, we never as yet found it true. Nay, I think, if the *minds* be *conſonant*, the beſt *friendſhip* is between *different fortunes*. He that is *low*, looks *upward* with a greater *loving reverence*: and he that is *high*, looks *downward* more *affectionately*; when he takes it to be for his *honor*, to favour his *Inferior*, whom he cannot chuſe but *love* the more for *magnifying him*. Somthing I would look to *outwards*; but in a *friend*, I would eſpecially chuſe him full of *worth*, that if I be not ſo my *ſelf*, he yet may work me like him. So for *Company*, *Books*, or whatſoever; I would, if I have *freedom*, chuſe the *beſt*: though at firſt I ſhould not fanſie them, *continual uſe* will alter me, and then I ſhall gain by their *graces*. If *judgment* direct me right in my *choice*, *cuſtom*, winning upon my *will*, will never fail in time to draw that after it.

LXXI.

Of Poets and Poetry.

SUrely he was a little wanton with his *leiſure*, that firſt invented *Poetry*. 'Tis but a *Play*, which makes *Words dance*, in the evenneſs of a *Cadency*: yet, without doubt, being a *Harmony*, it is nearer to the *mind* than *proſe*: for that it ſelf is a *Harmony* in heighth. But the *Words* being rather the *droſſie part*, *Conceit* I take to be the *principal*. And here though it digreſſeth from *Truth*, it flies above her, making her more rare, by giving *curious rayment* to her *nakedneſs*. The *Name*, the *Grecians* gave the men that *wrote* thus, ſhew'd how much they *honor'd* it: They call'd them *Makers*. And had ſome of them had power to put their *Conceits* in *Act*, how near would they have come to *Deity?* And for the *virtues* of men; they reſt not on the bare *Demeanor*, but ſlide into *imagination*: ſo propoſing things above us, they *kindle* the *Reader* to *wonder* and *imitation*. And certainly, *Poets*, that write thus, *Plato* never meant to baniſh. His own *practice* ſhews, he excluded not *all*. He was content to hear *Antimachus* recite his *Poem*, when all the *Herd* had left him: and he himſelf wrote both *Tragedies*, and other pieces. Perhaps he found them a little too buſie with his *gods*: and he, being the firſt that made *Philoſophy Divine*, and *Rational*, was *modeſt* in his own *beginnings*. Another *Name* they had of *honor* too, and that was *Vates*. Nor know I how to diſtinguiſh between the *Prophets* and *Poets* of *Iſrael*. What is *Jeremie's*

mie's Lamentation, but a kind of *Sapphic Elegie*? *David's Pſalms* are not only *Poems*; but *Songs*, *Sriatches*, and *Raptures* of a *flaming ſpirit*. And this inc eed I obſerve, to the *honor* of *Poets*; I never found them *covetous*, or *ſcrapingly-baſe*. The *Jews* had not two ſuch *Kings* in all their *Catalogue*, as *Solomon*, and his *Father*; *Poets* both. There is a largeneſs in their *Souls*, beyond the narrowneſs of other men: and why may we not then think, this may imbrace more, Both of *Heaven*, and *God*? I cannot but conjecture this to be the reaſon, that they, moſt of them, are *poor*: They find their minds ſo ſolaced with their own flights, that they neglect the ſtudy of *growing rich*: and this, I confeſs again, I think, turns them to vice, and *unmanly courſes*. Beſides, they are for the moſt part, mighty lovers of their *palates*; and this is known an *impoveriſher*. *Antigonus*, in the *Tented Field*, found *Antagoras* cooking of a *Conger* himſelf. And they *all* are *friends* to the *Grape* and *Liquor*: though I think, *many*, more out of a *ductile Nature*, and their love to *pleaſant company*, than their affection to the *juyce* alone. They are all of *free Natures*; and are the trueſt *Definition* of that *Philoſopher's man*, which gives him, *Animal riſibile*. Their *groſſeſt fault* is, that you may conclude them *ſenſual*: yet this does not touch them *all*. *Ingenious* for the moſt part they are. I know there be ſome *Riming fools*; but what have they to do with *Poetry*? When *Saluſt* would tell us, that *Sempronia's wit* was not ill; ſays he, —*Potuit verſus facere, & jocum movere*: She could *make a Verſe*, and *break a Jeſt*. Somthing there is in it, more than ordinary: in that it is all in ſuch *meaſured Language*, as may be marr'd by *reading*. I laugh heartily at *Philoxenus* his *Jeſt*, who paſſing by, and hearing ſome *Maſons*, miſſenſing his *lines*, (with their ignorant ſawing of them) falls to breaking amain: They ask the *cauſe*, and he replies, They ſpoil *his work*, and he *theirs*. Certainly, a *worthy Poet* is ſo far from being a *Fool*, that there is ſome *wit* required in him that ſhall be able to *read* him well: and without the *true accent*, *numbred Poetry* does loſe of the gloſs. It was a *ſpeech* becoming an able *Poet* of our own, when a *Lord* read his *Verſes crookedly*, and he beſeecht his *Lordſhip* not to murder him in his own *lines*. He that ſpeaks *falſe Latin*, breaks *Priſcians* head: but he that repeats a *Verſe* ill, puts *Homer* out of *joynt*. One thing commends it beyond *Oratory*; it ever *complyeth* to the ſharpeſt *Judgments*. He is the beſt *Orator* that pleaſeth *all*, even the *Crowd* and *Clowns*. But *Poetry* would be *poor*, that they ſhould all approve of. If the *Learned* and *Judicious* like it, let the *Throng* bray. Theſe, when 'tis *beſt*, will like it the *leaſt*. So, they contemn what they *underſtand not*; and the *neglected Poet* falls by *want*. *Calphurnius* makes one complain the *misfortune*,

Frange puer calamos, & inanes deſere Muſas:
Et potiùs glandes, rubicundaque collige corna.
Duc ad mulctra greges, & lac venale per urbem
Non tacitus porta: Quid enim tibi Fiſtula reddet,
Quo tutêre famem? certè, mea carmina nemo
Prætor ab his ſcopulis ventoſa remurmurat Ecchо.

Boy, break thy *Pipes*, leave, leave thy *fruitleſs Muſe*:
Rather the *Maſt*, and blood-red *Cornil* chuſe.
Go lead thy *Flocks* to milking; ſell and cry
Milk through the *City*: what can *Learning* buy,
To keep back *hunger?* None my *Verſes* mind,
But *Eccho*, *babbling* from theſe *Rocks* and *Wind*.

Two things are commonly blamed in *Poetry*: nay, you take away *That* if *Them*: and theſe are *Lyes*, and *Flattery*. But I have told them in the *worſt words*: For, 'Tis only to the *ſhallow inſight* that they appear thus. *Truth* may dwell more clearly in an *Allegory*, or a *moral'd Fable*, than in a bare *Narration*. And for *Flattery*, no man will take *Poetry literal*: ſince in *commendations*, it rather ſhews what men ſhould be, than what they are. If this were not, it would appear *uncomely*. But we all know, *Hyperbole*'s in *Poetry* do bear a *decency*, nay, a *grace* along with them. The greateſt *danger* that I find in it, is, that it *wantons* the *Bloud*, and *Imagination*; as carrying a man in too high a *Delight*. To prevent theſe, let the *wiſe Poet* ſtrive to be *modeſt* in his *lines*. Firſt, that he *daſh* not the *Gods*: next, that he injure not *Chaſtity*, nor corrupt the *Ear* with *Laſciviouſneſs*. When theſe are declined, I think a *grave Poem* the *deepeſt kind of Writing*. It wings the *Soul* up higher, than the *ſlacked pace of Proſe*. *Flaſhes* that do follow the *Cup*, I fear me, are too *ſpritely* to be *ſolid*: they run ſmartly upon the *looſe*, for a *Diſtance* or two; but then being *foul*, they give in, and *tyre*. I confeſs, I love the *ſober Muſe*, and *faſting*: From the other, *matter* cannot come ſo clear, but that it will be miſted with the *fumes* of *Wine*. *Long Poetry* ſome cannot be friends withal: and indeed, it palles upon the reading. The wittieſt *Poets* have been all *ſhort*, and changing ſoon their *Subject*; as *Horace*, *Martial*, *Juvenal*, *Seneca*, and the two *Comœdians*. *Poetry* ſhould be rather like a *Coranto*, *ſhort*, and *nimbly-lofty*; than a *dull Leſſon*, of a day long. Nor can it but be *deadiſh*, if *diſtended*: For, when 'tis right, it centers *Conceit*, and takes but the *ſpirit* of *things*: and therefore *fooliſh Poeſie* is of all *writing* the *moſt Ridiculous*. When a *Gooſe dances*, and a *fool Verſifies*, there is *ſport* alike. He is twice an *Aſs*, that is a *riming one*. He is ſomthing the *leſs unwiſe*, that is unwiſe but in *Proſe*. If the *Subject* be *Hiſtory*, or *contexted Fable*, then I hold it better put in *Proſe*, or *Blanks*: for *ordinary diſcourſe* never ſhews ſo well *in Metre*, as in the *ſtrain* that it may ſeem to be ſpoken in: the *commendation* is, to do it to the *life*. Nor is this any other, than *Poetry* in *Proſe*. Surely, though the *World* think not ſo, he is happy to himſelf, that can play the *Poet*. He ſhall vent his *paſſions* by his *Pen*, and eaſe his *heart* of their weight: and he ſhall often raiſe himſelf a *Joy* in his *Raptures*, which no man can perceive, but *he*. Sure, *Ovid* found a *pleaſure* in't, even when he writ his *Triſtia*. It gently delivers the *mind* of *diſtempers*; and works the thoughts to a *ſweetneſs*, in their *ſearching conceit*. I would not love it for a *Profeſſion*: and I would not want it for a *Recreation*. I can make my ſelf *harmleſs*, nay, *amending mirth* with it; while I ſhould perhaps be trying of a *worſer paſtime*. And this I believe in it further, Unleſs

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Converſation corrupts his *eaſineſs*, it lifts a man to *Nobleneſs*; and is never in any *rightly*, but it makes him of a *Royal* and *capacious Soul.*

LXXI.

Of Fear and Cowardice.

THey, that are made of *fearful diſpoſitions*, of all others, may ſeem the leaſt beholden to *Nature*. I know not any thing, wherein they can be more *unfortunate*. They enjoy nothing without a *frighted mind*; no, not ſo much as their *ſleeps*. They doubt what they *have done*, leſt it may *hurt them*: they *tremble* at the *preſent*; and *Miſeries* that but *may come*, they *anticipate* and ſend for, and infer in a more *horrid habit*, than any *Enemy* can deviſe to put them in. Nay, it were well, if they did but *fear more miſeries*, than the *bolder people*: But it plainly appears, that the *Coward* really *meets more dangers*, than the *valiant man*. Every *baſe Nature*, will be ready to offer *injuries*, where they think they will not be *repayed*. He will many times *beat a Coward*, that would not dare to ſtrike him, if he thought him *valiant*. When the *Paſſenger* gallops by, as if his *fear* made him ſpeedy; the *Cur* follows him with an open mouth, and *ſwiftneſs*: let him *walk by*, in a *confident neglect*; and the *Dog* will never ſtir at him. Surely, 'tis a weakneſs that every *creature* (by a native inſtinct) takes advantage of: and *Cowards* have *ſouls* of a *coarſer mixture*, than the common *ſpirits* of *men*. *Evils* that muſt be, they meet with before their *time*: as if they ſtrived to make themſelves *miſerable*, ſooner, than *God* appointed them. *Evils* that are but *probable*, they *aſſertain*. They that by an even *poize* might ſit ſafe, in a *Boat* on a rough *Sea*, by riſing up to avoid *drowning*, are *drowned*. For this is ſure; It cozens the *weak mind* infinitely, both in making of her falſely believe ſhe may avoid dangers by *flying*, and in *counterfeiting* whatſoever is *ill*. All *diſeaſes* are belyed by *fear*, and *conceit*: and we know ſome, out of fear of *Death*, have *dy'd*. In a *Battel* we ſee the *valiant man* eſcape oft ſafe, by a *conſtant* keeping his *rank*; when the *Coward*, ſhifting dangers, runs, by *avoiding one*, into the ſeveral *walks* of many. *Multos in ſumma pericula miſit Venturi timor ipſe mali.* Certainly I have ſtudied in *vain*, in thinking what a *Coward* may be good for: I never heard of any *Act* becoming *virtue*, that ever came from him. All the *Noble deeds* that have beat their *Marches* through ſucceeding *Ages*, have all proceeded from *men* of *courage*. And I believe many times, their *confidence* kept them ſafe. An *unappalled* look does *daunt* a baſe *attempter*. And oftentimes, if a *Man* has nothing but a *couragious eye*, it protects him. The *brave ſoul* knows no *trembling*. *Cæſar* ſpake like *Cæſar*, when he bade the *Mariners* fear nothing; for they carried him and his *Fortunes*. And indeed *valor* caſts a kind of *honor* upon *God*; in that we ſhew that we believe his *goodneſs*, while we truſt our ſelves, in danger, upon his care only: Whereas the *Coward* eclipſes his ſufficiency,

ficiency, by *unworthily doubting*, that *God* will not bring him off. So *unjustly* accusing either his *power*, or his *will*, he would make himself his own *Saviour*, and becomes his own *confounder*. For when man mistrusts *God*, 'tis just with *God* to leave *Man*. *Marcus Antonius* would not *believe*, that *Avidius Crassus* could ever have *deposed him*: and his *reason* was; The *Gods* had greater care of him than to let *Crassus* wrong him undeservedly. And this *winning* him love, establish't him: whereas, *Fear* on the other side *frustrates* a sufficient *defence*. *Themistocles* compared a *Coward* to the *Sword-fish*, which hath a *weapon*, but wants a *heart*, And then what use can the *quaking hand* put it to? Nay, when he may fly, *cowardize* hinders him from playing the *Coward*; He would run away, and *fear* arrests him with a senseless *amazement*, that betrays him to the pursuit of his *Foes*. No armor can *defend* a fearful heart. It will kill it self, within. *Cleomenes* was so far out of *charity* with this pale *passion*, as the *Spoils* he wan from *Cowards*, he would neither *sacrifice* to the *Gods*, nor let the *Lacedæmonian* Youth behold them, There are two *miseries*, for which it is famous beyond all other *passions*. *Love*, *Anger*, *Sorrow*, and the like, are but for a time, and then over: but this is *perpetual*, A *disease of a life long*, which every day *slaves* a man to whatsoever ill he meets with. It *vassals* him to the *world*, to *beasts*, and *men*. And like a surly *Tyrant*, inforceth whatso'ere it proposeth: For this, does *Martial* Epigram upon it.

Quid si me Tonsor, cùm stricta novacula suprà est,
Tunc Libertatem, Divitiasque roget?
Promittam: nec enim rogat illo tempore Tonsor,
Latro rogat. Res est imperiosa Timor.

Suppose my *Barber*, when his *Razor*'s nigh
My *throat*, should then ask *wealth*, and *liberty*;
I'd promise sure. The *Barber* asks not this,
No, 'Tis a *Thief*, and *Fear* imperious is.

Next, whereas other *passions* are grounded upon things that are, as *Envy* upon *Happiness*, *Rage* upon *Injury*, *Love* upon *Beauty*, and so the rest. This is as well upon *things* that are not; It coins *mischiefs* that neither be, nor can be. Thus having no *object* to *bound* it, it runs *in infinitum*, and cannot be *secured* by any *condition of life*. Let the *Coward* have a guard, and he *fears* that: Let him have none, and he will fear for want of it. I have known some, as *happy* as the *world* could make them; and their own needless *fears* have made their *lives* more *sowr*, than his that hath been *streightned* in all. I have pitied them; to think that a *weak*, *vexatious*, and *unprofitable passion* should quite *ruin* the blessings of a fair *estate*. Some things I may doubt, and endevour to *shun*: but I would never fear them to a *servility*. If I can keep but *Reason Lord*, *fear* will serve and *benefit* me: but when that gets the *Throne*, it will domineer *insultingly*. Let me rather have a mind *confident*, and *undaunted* with some *troubles*; than a *Pulse* still beating *fear*, in the flush of *Prosperity*.

LXXII.

That Man is neither happy, nor miſerable, but by compariſon.

THere is not in this *world*, either perfect *miſery*, or perfect *happineſs*. *Compariſon*, more than *Reality*, makes men *happy*, and can make them *wretched*. What ſhould we account *miſerable*, if we did not lay it in the *balance* with ſome thing, that hath more *felicity*? If we ſaw not ſome men *vaulting*, in the gay trim of *Honor*, and *Greatneſs*, we ſhould never think a poor *eſtate* ſo *lamentable*. Were all the *World* ugly, *Deformity* would be no *Monſter*. In thoſe *Countries* where all go *naked*, they neither ſhame at their being *uncovered*, nor *complain* that they are expos'd to the *violence* of the *Sun* and *Winds*. 'Tis without doubt, our eyes, *gazing* at others above, caſt us into a *ſhade*, which before that time, we met not with. Whatſoever is not *pain*, or *ſufferance*, might well be born without *grumbling*: did not other *objects*, fuller of *contentedneſs*, draw away our *ſouls* from that we have, to thoſe things which we ſee, we have not. 'Tis *Envy*, and *Ambition*, that makes us far more *miſerable*, than the conſtitution which our *liberal Nature* hath *alloted us*. Many never find themſelves in *want*, till they have *diſcovered* the *abundance* of ſome others. And many again, do bear their *wants* with eaſe, when they find others below themſelves in *happineſs*. It was an anſwer bewraying a *Philoſopher*, which *Thales* gave to one, that asked him how *Adverſity* might beſt be born? By ſeeing our *Enemies* in *worſe eſtate* than our *ſelves*. We pick our own *ſorrows*, out of the *Joys* of other men: and out of their *ſorrows*, likewiſe, we aſſume our *joys*. When I ſee the *toyling labourer* ſweat through both his skins, yet can ſcarce get ſo much, as his *importunate belly* conſumes him; I then look upon my ſelf with *gladneſs*. But when I *eye* the *Diſtributors* of the *Earth*, in in their *Royalty*: when I think of *Nero* in his *journey*, with his thouſand *Chariots*, and his *Mules* all ſhod with *ſilver*; then, what a poor *Atome* do I account my *ſelf*, compar'd with theſe huge *piles of State*?

Tolle felices, removeto multo
Divites auro, removeto centum
Rura qui ſcindunt opulenta bubus;
Pauperi ſurgent animi jacentes.
Eſt miſer nemo, niſi comparatus.

Void the bleſt, and him that *flows*
With weighty *Gold*, and fifty *Ploughs*
Furrowing wealthy *paſtures* goes;
Poor *minds* then will *ſpring*. For none
Is poor but by *compariſon*.

It was *compariſon*, that firſt kindled the *fire* to burn *Troy* withal. *Give it to the faireſt*, was it, which *jarr'd* the *Goddeſſes*. *Paris* might have given the *Ball* with leſs offence, had it not been ſo *inſcribed*. Surely *Juno* was content with her *beauty*, till the *Trojan* Youth caſt her, by advancing *Venus*.

CENT. I.

Venus. The *Roman Dame* complained not of her husbands *breath*, while she knew no *kiss* but his. While we spy no *joys* above our own, we in quiet count them *blessings*. We see, even a few *companions* can lighten our *miseries*: by which we may guess the effect of a *generality*. *Blackness*, a *flat nose*, *thick lips*, and *goggle eyes*, are *beauties*, where no *shapes* nor *colours* differ. He is much *impatient*, that refuseth the *general Lot*. For my self, I will reckon that *misery*, which I find hurts me in my self; not that which coming from another, I may avoid, if I will. Let me examine whether that I *enjoy*, be not enough to *felicitate* me, if I stay at home. If it be, I would not have anothers better *fortune* put me out of *conceit* with my own. In *outward things*, I will look to those that are *beneath me*; that if I must build my self out of others, I may rather raise *content* than *murmur*. But for *accomplishments of the mind*, I will ever fix on those above me; that I may, out of an honest *emulation*, mend my self, by continual striving to imitate their *Nobleness*.

LXXIII.

Of Pride and Choler.

THe *Proud man* and the *Choleric* seldom arrive at any height of *virtue*. *Pride* is the *choler* of the mind; and *choler* is the *pride* of the *body*. They are sometimes born to good parts of *Nature*, but they rarely are known to add by *industry*. 'Tis the mild and suffering *disposition*, that oftnest doth attain to *Eminency*. *Temper*, and *Humility* are advantagious *Virtues*, for business, and to *rise* by. *Pride* and *Choler* make such a noise, that they awake *dangers*; which the other with a soft *tread* steal by undiscovered. They *swell* a man so much, that he is too big to pass the *narrow way*. *Temper* and *Humility* are like the *Fox*, when he went into the *Garner*; he could creep in at a little hole, and arrive at plenty. *Pride* and *Choler* are like the *Fox* offering to go out, when his *belly* was full; which inlarging him bigger than the *passage* made him stay, and be taken with *shame*. They, that would come to *preferment* by *Pride*, are like them that ascend a pair of *Stairs* on *Horseback*; 'tis ten to one, but both their *Beasts* will cast them, ere they come to tread their *Chamber*. The minds of *proud men* have not that clearness of discerning, which should make them judg aright of themselves, and others. 'Tis an uncharitable *vice*, which teaches men how to *neglect* and *contemn*. So depressing others, it seeketh to raise it self: and by this *depression* angers them, that they *bandy* against it, till it meets with the *loss*. One thing it hath more than any *vice* that I know: It is an *Enemy* to it self. The *proud man* cannot endure to see *pride* in another. *Diogenes* trampled *Plato*: though indeed 'tis rare to find it in men so qualified. The main thing that should mend these two, they want; and that is, the *Reprehension of a friend*. *Pride* scorns a *Corrector*, and thinks it a *disparagement* to *learn*: and *Choler* admits no *counsel* that *crosses* him; *crossing angers* him, and *anger blinds* him. So if ever they hear any *fault*, it must

must either be from an *Enemy* in *disdain*, or from a *Friend*, that must resolve to lose them by't. *M. Drusus*, the *Tribune* of the *People*, cast the *Consul*, *L. Philippus*, into *Prison*, because he did but interrupt him in speech. Other *Dispositions* may have the *benefits* of a *friendly Monitor*; but these by their vices do seem to give a *defiance* to *Counsel*. Since, when men once know them, they will rather be *silent*, and let them rest in their *folly*, than, by *admonishing* them, run into a *certain Brawl*. There is another thing shews them to be both base. They are both most *awed* by the most *abject passion* of the *mind*, *Fear*. We dare neither be proud to one that can *punish* us; nor *choleric* to one much *above* us. But when we have to deal with such, we clad our selves in their *contraries*: as knowing they are habits of more *safety*, and better *liking*. Every man flies from the *burning house*: and one of these hath a *fire* in his *heart*, and the other discovers it in his *face*. In my opinion, there be no *vices* that incroach so much on *Man* as these: They take away his *Reason*, and turn him into a *storm*; and then *Virtue* her self cannot board him, without danger of *defamation*. I would not live like a Beast, pusht at by all the world for *loftiness*; not yet like a *Wasp*, stinging upon every *touch*. And this moreover shall add to my misliking them, that I hold them things accursed, for sowing of *strife* among *Brethren*.

LXXIV.

That great Benefits cause Ingratitude.

AS the *deepest hate* is that which springs from the most *violent love*; So, the *greatest discourtesies* oft arise from the *largest favours*. *Benefits* to *good Natures*, can never be so *great*, as to make *thanks* blush in their tendering: but when they be *weighty*, and light on ill ones, they then make their *return* in *Ingratitude*. *Extraordinary favours* make the *giver* hated by the *receiver*, that should *love* him. *Experience* hath proved, that *Tacitus* wrote *truth*, *Beneficia usque adeo læta sunt, dum videntur posse exsolvi: ubi multùm antevenêre, pro gratiâ, odium redditur*. *Benefits* are so long *grateful*, as we think we can repay them: but when they challenge more, our *thanks* convert to *hate*. It is not good to make men owe us more than they are able to pay: except it be for *virtuous deserts*, which may in some sort challenge it. They that have found *transcending courtesies*, for *Offices* that have not been *sound*; as in their first *actions* they have been *stained*, so in their *progress* they will prove *ungrateful*: For, when they have served their turn of his *benefits*, they seldom see their *Patron* without *thraldom*; which (now by his *gifts* being lifted into happiness) they grieve to see, and strive to be quit of. And if they be *defensive favours*, for matter of *fact*, they then, with their *thraldom*, shew them their *shame*: and this pricks them forward to wind out themselves, though it be with incurring a *greater*. The *Malefactor*, which thou savest, will, if he can, *condemn* thee. Some have written,

that *Cicero* was ſlain by one, whom his *Oratory* had defended, when he was accuſed of his *Fathers murther*. I knew a *French Gentleman* invited by a *Dutch* to his Houſe; and, according to the *vice* of that *Nation*, he was welcom'd ſo long with *full cups*, that in the end the *drink* diſtemper'd him: and going away, in ſtead of giving him thanks, he quarrels with his *Hoſt*, and *ſtrikes* him. His *friend* blaming him, he anſwered, It was his *Hoſts* fault, for giving him *liquor* ſo ſtrong. It paſs'd for a *jeſt*: but certain, there was ſomthing in it more. Men that have been thus beholden to us, think we know too much of their *vileneſs*: and therefore they will rather free themſelves by their *Benefactors ruin*, than ſuffer themſelves to be had in ſo low an *eſteem*. When *kindneſſes* are ſuch as hinder *Juſtice*, they ſeldom yield a fruit that is *commendable*: as if *vengeance* followed the *Beſtower*, for an injury to *equity*, or for not ſuffering the *Divine Edicts* to have their due fulfillings. Beware how thou robb'ſt the *Law* of a *Life*, to give it to an *ill-deſerving man*. The wrong thou doſt to that, is greater than the benefit that thou doſt confer upon him. Such *pity* wounds the *Public*, which is often revenged by him thou didſt beſtow it upon. *Benefits*, that are good in themſelves, are made ill by their being *miſ-placed*. Whatſoever favours thou imparteſt, let them be to thoſe of *deſert*. It will be much for thy *Honor*, when, by thy *kindneſs*, men ſhall ſee that thou affecteſt *Virtue*: and when thou layeſt it on one of *worth*, grudge not that thou haſt placed it there: For, believe it, he is much more *Noble* that *deſerves* a *benefit*, than he that *beſtows* one. *Riches*, though they may *reward Virtues*, yet they cannot *cauſe* them. If I ſhall at any time do a *courteſie*, and meet with a *neglect*, I ſhall yet think I did *well*, becauſe I did *well intend it*. *Ingratitude* makes the *Author worſe*, but the *Benefactor* rather the *better*. If ſhall receive any *Kindneſſes* from others, I will think, that I am tyed to *acknowledg*, and alſo to *return* them; ſmall ones, out of *Courteſie*; and great ones out of *duty*. To neglect them, is *inhumanity*: to requite them with *ill*, *Satanical*. 'Tis only in *rank grounds*, that *much rain* makes *weeds* ſpring: where the *ſoyl* is clean, and well planted, there is the more *fruit* return'd, for the *ſhowers* that did fall upon it.

LXXV.

Of Virtue and Wiſdom.

THere are no ſuch *Guards* of *Safety*, as *Virtue* and *Wiſdom*. The one ſecures the *ſoul*; the other, the *Eſtate* and *Body*. The one defends us againſt the *ſtroke of the Law*; the other againſt the *mutability of Fortune*, The *Law* has not *power* to ſtrike the *virtuous*: nor can *Fortune* ſubvert the *Wiſe*. Surely, there is more *Divinity* in them, than we are aware of: for, if we conſider rightly, we may obſerve, *Virtue* or *Goodneſs* to be *habitual*, and *Wiſdom* the *diſtributive* or *actual* part of the *Deity*. Thus, all the *Creatures flowing* from theſe two, they *appeared* to be *valdè bona*,

as

as in the *Text*. And the *Son of Sirach* couples them more plainly together: for he says, *All the works of the Lord are exceeding good: and all his Commandments are done in due season*. These only *perfect* and *defend* a man. When unjust *Kings* desire to cut of those they distaste, they first lay *trains* to make them fall into *Vice*: or at least, give out, that their *Actions* are already *criminal*; so rob them of their *Virtue*, and then let the *Law* seiz them. Otherwise, *Virtue's garment* is a *Sanctuary* so *sacred*, that even *Princes* dare not strike the man that is thus *robed*. 'Tis the *Livery* of the *King of Heaven*: and who dares *arrest* one that wears his *Cloths*? This protects us when we are unarmed: and is an *Armor* that we cannot, unless we be *false* to our selves, lose. *Demetrius*, could comfort himself with this, that though the *Athenians* demolished his *Statues*, yet they could not extinguish his more *pyramidical virtues*, which were the cause of raising them. *Phocion* did call it the *Divine Law*, which should be the *square* of all our *Actions*: *Virtue* is the *Tenure*, by which we hold of *Heaven*, without this we are but *Out-laws*, which cannot claim *protection*. Sure, *Virtue* is a *Defendress*, and valiants the *heart* of *man*. *Horace* reports a *wonder*, which he imputes to his *integrity*.

Integer vitæ scelerisq; purus
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu,
Nec venenatis gravidâ sagittis,
Fusce, pharetrâ.
Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.
Namq; me sylvâ lupus in Sabinâ,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, & ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
Fugit inermem.

Innocent and spotless hearts
Need nor *Maurian* Bow nor Darts:
Quivers cram'd with *poyson'd shot*,
O *Fuscus*! they need not.
Boyling *Sands*, unnavigable,
Scythia's Mount inhospitable,
Media, *Inde*, and *Parthia*, they
Dare pass, without dismay.
For when I prais'd my *Lalage*,
And careless walk'd beyond my way,
A fierce *Wolf* from a *Sabine* Wood,
Fled me; when nak'd I stood.

If somtimes *Virtue* gives not *freedom*, she yet gives such *Cordials*, as frolick the *heart*, in the press of *adversity*. She beams forth her self to the *gladding* of a *bruised soul*: and by her *light* the *dungeon'd prisoner* dances. Especially she is brave, when her *Sister Wisdom's* with her. I see not but it may be true, that *The wise man cannot fall*. *Fortune*, that

the *Ancients* made to rule all, the wiſeſt of the *Ancients* have ſubjected to *Wiſdom*. 'Tis ſhe that gives us a *ſafe conduct* through all the *various caſualties* of *Mortality*. And therefore when *Fortune* means to *ruin* us, ſhe *flatters* us firſt from this *Altar*: ſhe cannot hurt us, till we be ſtript of theſe *Habiliments*: then ſhe doth both *wound* and *laugh*. 'Tis rare to ſee a man decline in *Fortune*, that hath not declin'd in *Wiſdom* before. It is for the moſt part true, that,

Stultum facit Fortuna, quem vult perdere.
Fortune firſt *fools* the *Man* ſhe means to *foil*.

She dares not, ſhe cannot hurt us while we continue *wiſe*. *Diſcretion* ſways the *Stars*, and *Fate*: For *Wealth*, the *Philoſophers foreſight* of the ſcarcity of *Oyl*, ſhews it can help in that *defect*. For *Honor*, how many did it advance in *Athens*, to a renown'd *Authority*? When all is done, The *wiſe man* only is the cunning'ſt *Fencer*. No man can either *give* a blow ſo *ſoon*, or *ward* himſelf ſo *ſafely*. In two lines has the witty *Horace* ſumm'd him.

Ad ſummum; Sapiens uno minor eſt Jove. Dives,
Liber, Honorarius, Pulcher, Rex deniq; Regum.
Take all; There's but one *Jove* above him. He
Is *Rich*, *Fair*, *Noble*, *King* of *Kings*, and free.

Surely, *God* intended we ſhould *value* theſe *two* above our *lives*; To *live*, is common, to be *wiſe* and *good*, particular; and *granted* but to a *few*. I ſee many that wiſh for *honor*, for *wealth*, for *friends*, for *fame*, for *pleaſure*: I deſire but theſe two, *Virtue*, *Wiſdom*. I find not a *Man* that the *world* ever had, ſo plentiful in all things, as was *Solomon*. Yet we know, his requeſt was but one of *theſe*; though indeed it includeth the *other*, For without *Virtue*, *Wiſdom* is not; or if it be, it is then nothing elſe, but a *cunning way* of *undoing* our ſelves at the *laſt*.

LXXVI.

Of Moderation.

NOthing makes *Greatneſs* laſt, like the *Moderate* uſe of *Authority*. *Haughty* and *violent minds* never bleſs their *owners* with a *ſetled peace*. Men come down by *domineering*. He that is lifted to *ſudden preferment*, had need be much more careful of his *actions*, than he that hath *injoy'd* it *long*. If it be not a *wonder*, it is yet *ſtrange*; and all ſtrangers we obſerve more *ſtrictly*, than we do thoſe that have dwelt among us. Men obſerve *freſh Authority*, to inform themſelves, how to truſt. It is good that the advanced *Man* remember to retain the ſame *Humility*, that he had before his *Riſe*: and let him look back, to the good *intentions* that *ſojourn'd* with him in his low *eſtate*. Commonly we think then of *worthy deeds*; which we promiſe our ſelves to do, if we had but *means*. But when that *means* comes, we forget what we thought, and *practiſe* the contrary. Whoſoever comes to *place* from a *mean being*, had

had need have so much more *Virtue*, as will make good his want of *Blood*. *Nobility* will *check* at the leap of a *low-man*. *Salust* has observed of *Tully*, when he was spoken of for *Consul*: That, *Pleraq*; *Nobilitas invidiâ æstuabat, & quasi pollui Consulatum credebat; si eum, quamvis egregius, homo novus, adeptus foret.* To avoid this, it is *good* to be *just* and *plausible*. A round *heart* will fasten *friends*; and link men to thee, in the *chains of Love*. And, believe it, thou wilt find those *friends* firmest, (though not most) that thy *virtues* purchase thee. These will *love* thee, when thou art but *man* again: Whereas those that are won without *desert*, will also be lost without a *cause*. Smoothness declineth *Envy*. It is better to descend a little from *State*, than assume any thing, that may seem above it. It is not *safe* to venter *Authority*. *Pride* increaseth *Enemies*: but it puts our *friends* to *flight*. It was a just *Quip*, that a *proud Cardinal* had from a *friend*, that upon his *Election* went to *Rome*, on purpose to see him: where finding his *behavior stretched all to pride* and *state*, departs, and makes him a *mourning Sute*; wherein next day he comes again to *visit* him: who asking the *cause* of his *blacks*, was answered, It was for the *death* of *Humility*, which dy'd in him, when he was *Elected Cardinal*. *Authority* displays the *Man*. Whatsoever *opinion* in the *world*, thy former *virtues* have gained thee, is now under a *Jury*, that will condemn it, if they *slack* here. The way to make *Honor* last, is to do by it, as men do by *rich Jewels*; not incommon them to the *every-day eye*: but *case* them up, and *wear* them but on *Festivals*. And, be not too *glorious* at first; it will send men to too much *expectation*, which when they fail of, will turn to *neglect*. Thou hadst better shew thy self by a *little* at once; than, in a *windy ostentation*, pour out thy *self* together. So, that *respect*, thou gainest, will be more permanent, though it be not *got* in such *haste*. Some *profit* thou mayest make of *thinking* from whence thou *camest*. *He* that bears that still in his *mind*, will be more wary, how he trench upon those, that were once *above* him.

Fama est, fictilibus cœnasse Agathoclea Regem;
Atque abacum Samio sæpe onerâsse luto:
Fercula gemmatis cùm poneret horrida vasis,
Et misceret opes, pauperiemque simul.
Quærenti causam, respondit: Rex ego qui sum
Siciniæ, figulo sum genitore satus.
Fortunam reverenter habe, quicunque repente
Dives ab exili progrediere loco.

With Earthen Plate, *Agathocles* (they say)
Did use to meal: so serv'd with *Samo*'s *Clay*.
When *Jewel'd* Plate, and rugged *Earth* was by,
He seem'd to mingle *wealth*, and *poverty*.
One ask'd the *cause*; he answers: I, that am
Sicilia's King, from a poor *Potter* came.
Hence learn, thou that art rais'd from mean *estate*
To sudden *riches*, to be *temperate*.

It was the *Admonition* of the *dying Otho*, to *Cocceius*: Neither too much to

to *remember*, nor altogether to *forget*, that *Cæsar* was his *Uncle*. When we look on our selves in the *shine of prosperity*, we are apt for the *puff* and *scorn*. When we think not on't at all, we are likely to be much *imbased*. An *estate* evened with these *thoughts* indureth: Our *advancement* is many times from *Fortune*; our *moderation* in it is that, which she can neither *give* nor *deprive* us of. In what *condition* soever I *live*, I would neither *bite*, nor *fawn*. He does well that subscribes to him that *writ*,

Nolo minor me timeat, despiciatve major.

LXXVII.

Of Modesty.

THere is *Modesty*, both a *Virtue* and a *Vice*; though indeed, when it is *blameable*, I would rather call it a *foolish bashfulness*. For then it *betrays* us to all *inconveniencies*. It brings a *Fool* into Bonds, to his *utter undoing*: when, out of a weak flexibility of *Nature*, he has not *courage* enough to deny the request of a *seeming friend*. One would think it strange at first, yet is it *provedly* true: That, *Modesty undoes a Maid*. In the *face*, it is a *lure* to make even *lewd men* love: which they oft express with *large gifts*, that so work upon her *yielding nature*, as she knows not how to *deny*: so rather than be *ungrateful*, she oft becomes *unchaste*: Even *blushing* brings then to their *Devirgination*. In *friendship*, 'tis an odious *vice*, and lets a *man* run on in *absurdities*; for fear of displeasing by telling the *fault*. 'Tis the *Fool* only, that puts *Virtue* out of *countenance*. *Wise men* ever take a freedom of *reproving*, when *Vice* is *bold*, and *daring*. How plain was *Zeno* with *Nearchus*? How blunt *Diogenes* with *Alexander*? How serious *Seneca* with the savage *Nero*? A Spirit *modestly* bold, is like the *wind*, to purge the *worlds* bad *air*. It disperses *Exhalations* from the *muddy Earth*, which would, instirr'd, *infect it*. We often let *Vice* spring, for wanting the *audacity* and *courage* of a *Debellation*. Nay, we many times forbear good *actions*, for fear the *world* should *laugh* at us. How many men, when others have their *store*, will *want* themselves, for shaming to demand their *own*? And somtimes in *extremes*, we *unwisely* stand upon points of *insipid Modesty*. But, *Rebus semper pudor abest in arctis*. In all *extremes* fly *Bashfulness*. In any good *Action* that must needs be bad, that hinders it: of which *strain*, many times, is the *fondness* of a *blushing shamefastness*. But to *blush* at *Vice*, is to let the *world* know, that the *heart* within hath an *inclination* to *Virtue*. *Modesty* a *virtue*, is an excellent *curb* to keep us from the *stray*, and *offence*. I am persuaded, many had been bad, that are not; if they had not been *bridled* by a *bashful nature*. There are divers that have *hearts* for *vice*, which have not *face* accordingly. It chides us from *base company*, restrain us from *base enteprizes*; from *beginning ill*, or *continuing* where we *see it*. It teaches to love *virtue* only: and directs a man rather to mix with a *chaste soul*, than to care for pressing of the *ripened bosom*.

It

It awes the *uncivil tongue*; chains up the *licentious hand*; and with a silent kind of *Majesty*, (like a watch at the *door* of a *Thief's Den*) makes *Vice* not dare peep out of the *heart*, wherein it is lodged. It withholds a man from *vain-boasting*: and makes a *wiseman* not to scorn a *fool*. Surely, the *Graces* sojourn with the *blushing man*. And the *Cynic* would needs have *Virtue* to be of a *blush-colour*. Thus *Aristotle's* Daughter shew'd her self a better *Moralist*, than *Naturalist*: when, being asked which was the best *colour*, she answered: That which *Modesty* produced in *Men ingenuous*. Certainly, the *heart* of the *blushing man*, is nearer *Heaven* than the *brazed forehead*. For it is a branch of *Humility*, and when that dies, *Virtue* is upon the vanish. *Modesty* in *Women*, is like the *Angels flaming Sword*, to keep *vile man* out of the *Paradise* of their *Chastity*. It was *Livia's modesty*, that took *Augustus*: and she that wan *Cyrus* from a *Multitude*, was a *modest* one. For though it be but *exterior*, and *face-deep* only, yet it invites *affection* strongly. *Plautus* had skill in such *commodities*;

Meretricem pudorem gerere magis decet, quàm purpuram:
Magis quidem meretricem pudorem, quàm aurum gerere condecet.
Even in a *Whore*, a *modest* look, and fashion,
Prevails beyond all *gold*, and *purple dyes*.

If that be good which is but *counterfeit*, how excellent is that which is *real*? Those things that carry a just *infamy* with them, I will justly be *asham'd* to be seen in. But in *actions* either *good*, or not *ill*, it may as well be a *crime*. 'Tis *fear* and *cowardize*, that pulls us *back* from *Goodness*. That is *base bloud*, that *blushes* at a *virtuous action*. Both the *action*, and the *moral* of *Agesilaus* was good: when in his *Oblations* to *Pallas*, a *Louse* bit, and he pulls it out, and *kills* it before the *People*, saying; *Trespassers* were even at the *Altar* to be set upon. I know, things *unseemly*, though not *dishonest*, carry a kind of *shame* along, but sure, in *resisting villany*, where *Courage* is asked, *Bashfulness* is, at *best*, but a *weak*, and *treacherous virtue*.

LXXVIII.

Of Suspicion.

Suspicions are somtimes out of *Judgment*. He that knows the *world* bad, cannot but *suspect* it will be so still: but where men *suspect* by *judgment*, they will likewise, by *judgment*, keep that *suspect* from hurting them. *Suspicion* for the most part, proceeds from a *self-defect*: and then it gnaws the *mind*. They that in *private* listen to others, are commonly such as are *ill themselves*. The *wise* and *honest*, are never *fooled* with this *quality*. He that knows he deserves not *ill*, why should he *imagine* that others should *speak* him so? We may observe how a *man* is disposed, by gathering what he *doubts* in others. St. *Chrysostom* has given the rule; *Sicut difficilè aliquem suspicatur malum, qui bonus est: Sic difficilè aliquem suspicatur bonum, qui ipse malus est*. *Nero* would not believe, but all men were most *foul Libidinists*. And we all *know*, there was never such a

Roman

Roman Beaſt as he. *Suſpecting* that we ſee not, we intimate to the *world*, either what our *acts* have been, or what our *diſpoſitions* are. I will be wary in *ſuſpecting* another of *ill*, leſt, by ſo doing, I proclaim my *ſelf* to be guilty: But whether I be, or not, why ſhould I *ſtrive* to hear my *ſelf* ill ſpoken of? *Jealouſie* is the worſt of *madneſs*. We *ſeek* for that, which we would not *find*: or, if we do, what is it we have *got*, but *matter of vexation?* which we came ſo *baſely* by, as we are *aſham'd* to take notice of it. So we are forced to keep it *boyling* in our *breſts*: like *new Wine*, to the hazard of the *Hogſhead*, for want of *venting*. *Jealouſie* is a gin that we ſet to catch *Serpents*; which, as ſoon as we have caught them, *ſting us*. Like the *Fool*, that findimg a box of *poyſon*, *taſts*, and is *poyſon'd* indeed. Are we not *mad*, that being quiet, as we are, muſt needs go ſearch for *diſcontentments?* So far ſhould we be from *ſeeking them*, as to be often *careleſs* of thoſe we *find*. *Neglect* will kill an *injury*, ſooner than *revenge*. Said *Socrates*, when he was told that one *rail'd* on him; *Let him beat me too, ſo I be abſent, I care not.* He that will *queſtion* every *diſgracive* word, which he hears is ſpoken of him, ſhall have few *friends*, little *wit*, and much *trouble*. One told *Chryſippus* that his *friend* reproached him *privately*. Says he, *Aye, but chide him not, for then he will do as much in public.* We ſhall all meet with *vexation* enough, which we cannot avoid. I cannot think any man loves *ſorrow* ſo well, as out of his *diſcretion*, to *invite* it to *lodge* in his *heart*. *Pompey* did well, to commit thoſe *Letters* to the *fire*, before he read them, wherein he expected to find the cauſe of his *grief*. I will never undertake an *unworthy Watch* for that which will but trouble. Why ſhould we not be aſhamed to do that which we ſhall be aſhamed to be taken in? Certainly, they that ſet *ſpies*, upon others; or by *liſtening*, put the baſe office of *Intelligencer* upon themſelves; would bluſh to be diſcovered in their *projects*: and the beſt way to avoid the *diſcovery*, is at firſt to avoid the *act*. If I hear any thing by *accident*, that may benefit me; I will, if I can, take only the *good:* but I will never lie in wait for mine *own abuſe*; or for others that concern me not. Nor will I *flame* at every *vain tongues puff*. He has a *poor ſpirit* that is not planted above *petty wrongs*. *Small injuries* I would either not *hear*, or not *mind*: Nay, though I were told them, I would not know the *Author*: for by this I may *mend my ſelf*, and never *malice* the *perſon*.

LXXIX.

Of Fate.

CErtainly, there is a *Fate* that hurries *man* to his *end* beyond his *own intention*. There is *uncertainty* in *wiſdom*, as well as in *folly*. When *man plotteth* to ſave himſelf, that *plotting* delivers him into his *ruin*. *Decrees* are paſt upon us: and our own *wit* often hunts us into the *ſnares*, that above all things we would ſhun. What we *ſuſpect* and would *fly*, we cannot: what we *ſuſpect not*, we *fall into*. That which

ſav'd

ſav'd us now, by and by *kills* us. We uſe means of *preſervation*, and they prove *deſtroying ones*. We take courſes to ruin us, and they prove means of *ſafety*. When *Agrippina*'s death was plotted, her *woman* thought to *ſave her ſelf*, by aſſuming of her *Miſtris name*; and that only was the *cauſe* of her *killing*. *Florus* tells of one, to whom, *Victoriam prælio error dedit*: an *error* in the *fight*, gave *victory*. How many have, flying from *danger*, met with *death*? and, on the other ſide, found *protection* even in the very *jaws* of *miſchief*?

Et cum Fata volunt, bina venena juvant.
And when *Fate* liſts, a doubled *poyſon* ſaves.

Some men in their *ſleep* are caſt into *Fortunes lap*: while others, with all their *induſtry*, cannot purchaſe one *ſmile* from her. How ſtrange a *Reſcue* from the *ſackage* of an *Enemy* had that *City*, that by the *Leaders* crying, *Back, back*, when he wanted room for the fetching of his *blow*, to break a *chain* that hinder'd him, was by *miſ-apprehending* the *Word*, put back in a *violent flight*? There is no doubt, but *Wiſdom* is better than *Folly*, as *light* is better than *darkneſs*. Yet, I ſee, ſaith *Solomon*; *It happens to the wiſe and fool alike*. It fell out to be part of *Mithridates miſery*, that he had made himſelf *unpoyſonable*. All *human wiſdom* is defective: otherwiſe it might help us, againſt the *flaſh* and *ſtorm*. As it is, it is but leſſer *folly*; which preſerving ſomtimes, fails as often. *Grave directions* do not always proſper: nor does the *Fools bolt* ever miſs. *Domitian*'s *reflective Galleries* could not guard him from the *skarfed arm*. Nor did *Titus* his freeneſs to the two *Patritian aſpirers*, hurt him: For, his *confidence* was, That *Fate* gave *Princes Soveraignty*. *Man* is meerly the *Ball of Time*: and is ſomtime taken from the *Plow* to the *Throne*; and ſometimes again from the *Throne* to a *Halter*: as if we could neither avoid being *wretched*, or *happy*, or both.

Non ſollicitæ poſſunt curæ
Mutare rati ſtamina fuſi.
Quicquid patimur mortale genus,
Quicquid facimus, venit ex alto,
Servatq; ſuæ decreta colûs
Lacheſis, durâ revoluta manu.
Omnia certo tramite vadunt;
Primuſq; dies dedit extremum.
Our moſt thoughtful *cares* cannot
Change eſtabliſht *Fates* firm *plot*.
All we ſuffer, all we prove,
All we act comes from above.
Fates Decrees ſtill keep their *courſe*:
All things ſtrictly by their force
Wheel in undiſturbed ways;
Ends are ſet in our firſt days.

Whatſoever *Man* thinks to do in *contrariety*, is by *God* turned to be a help of haſtening the *end* he hath appointed him: It was not in the *Emperors power*, to keep *Aſcletarius* from the *Dogs*, no, though it was

foretold him: and he bent himself to *cross* it. We are govern'd by a *Power*, that we cannot but *obey*: our *minds* are wrought against our *minds*, to alter us. *Man* is his own *Traitor*, and maddeth to undo *himself*. Whether this be *Nature* order'd and relinquisht; or whether it be *accidental*; or the operating *power* of the *Stars*; or the *eternal connexion* of *causes*; or the *execution* of the *will of God*; whether it takes away all *freedom* of *will* from *Man*; or by what means we are thus wrought upon, I dispute not. I would not think any thing, that should derogate from the *Majesty* of *God*. I know, there is a *Providence* ordering all things as it pleaseth; of which, *Man* is not able to render a *reason*. We may believe St. *Jerome*, *Providentiâ Dei omnia gubernantur; & quæ putatur pœna, Medicina est*. But the secret *progressions*, I confess, I know not. I see, there are both *Arguments* and *Objections* on every side. I hold it a kind of *Mundane predestination*, writ in such *Characters*, as it is not in the wit of *man* to read them. In vain we murmur at the things that *must be*: in vain we mourn for what we cannot *remedy*. Why should *we rave*, when we meet with what we look not for? 'Tis our *ignorance* that makes us wonder our selves to a *dull stupefaction*. When we consider but how little we know, we need not be disturbed at a new *event*.

Regitur Fatis mortale genus,
Nec sibi quispiam spondere potest
Firmum & stabile: perq; casus
Volvitur varios semper nobis
Metuenda dies.
All *Mankind* is rul'd by *Fate*,
No man can propose a *state*
Firm and stable: various *chance*,
Always rowling, doth advance
That *Somthing* which we fear.

Surely out of this, we may raise a *Contentment Royal*, as knowing we are always in the hands of a *Noble Protector*; who never gives ill, but to him that has deserved *ill*. Whatsoever befals me, I would subscribe to, with a *squared soul*. It were a *super-insaniated folly*, to struggle with a *power*, which I know is all in *vain* contended with. If a fair *endeavour* may free me, I will practise it. If that cannot, let me wait it with a *calmed mind*. Whatsoever happens as a *wonder*, I will *admire* and *magnifie*, as the *Act* of a *Power* above my *apprehension*. But as it is an *alteration* to *Man*, I will never think it *marvellous*. I every day see him suffer more *changes*, than is of himself to imagine.

LXXX.

Of Ostentation.

Vain-glory, at best, is but like a *window-Cushion*, specious without, and garnished with the *tazled pendant*; but within, nothing but *hey*, or *tow*, or some such *trash*, not worth looking on. Where I have found

found a *flood* in the *tongue*, I have often found the *heart empty*. 'Tis the *hollow Instrument* that sounds loud: and where the *heart* is *full*, the *tongue* is seldom *liberal*. Certainly, he that *boasteth*, if he be not *ignorant*, is *inconsiderate*; and knows not the *slides* and *casualties* that hang on *Man*. If he had not an *unworthy heart*, he would rather stay till the *world* had found it, than so undecently be his own *Prolocutor*. If thou beest *good*, thou mayst be sure the *world* will know thee so. If thou beest *bad*, thy bragging *tongue* will make thee *worse*; while the *actions* of thy *life* confute thee. If thou wilt yet boast the *good* thou truly hast, thou obscurest much of thine own *worth*, in drawing of it up by so unseemly a *Bucket*, as thine own *tongue*. The *honest man* takes more pleasure in *knowing* himself *honest*, than in knowing that all the *world* approves him so. *Virtue* is built upon her *self*. *Flourishes* are for *Networks*; better *Contextures* need not any other *additions*. *Phocion* call'd *bragging Laosthenes*, *The Cypress Tree*; which makes a fair *show*, but seldom bears any *fruit*. Why may he not be emblem'd by the *cozening Fig-tree*, that our *Saviour* curs'd; 'Tis he that is conscious to himself of an *inward defect*, which, by the *brazen Bell* of his *tongue*, would make the *world* believe, that he had a *Church* within. Yet, *fool* that he is! this is the way to make men think the *contrary*, if it were so. *Ostentation* after, overthrows the *Action*, which was *good*, and went before; or at least, it argues that *good* not done well. He, that does *good* for *praise* only, fails of the right end, a *good work* ought to propound. He is virtuous; that is so for *virtue's* sake. To *do well*, is as much *applause* as a *good man* labors for. Whatsoever *good work* thy *hand* builds, is again pull'd down by the *folly* of a *boasting tongue*. The *blazings* of the *proud* will go out in a *stench* and *smoke*: Their *braggings* will convert to shame. St. *Gregory* has it wittily: *Sub hoste quem prosternit, moritur, qui de culpâ quam superat elevatur*. He both loseth the *good* he hath done, and hazardeth for *shame* with men: For *clouds* of *disdain* are commonly raised by the *wind* of *Ostentation*. He that remembers too much his own *Virtues*, teacheth others to object his *Vices*. All are *Enemies* to *assuming man*. When he would have *more* than his *due*, he seldom findeth so *much*. Whether it be out of *jealousie*, that by *promulgating* his *Vertues* we vainly think he should rob us of the *worlds love*; or whether we take his *exalting himself*, to be our *depression*; or whether it be our *envy*; or that we are *angry*, that he should so undervalue *goodness*, as, despising her *approbation*, he should seek the *uncertain warrant* of *men*: or whether it be an *Instinct* instampt in *mad*, to dislike them; 'Tis certain, no man can endure the *puffs* of a *swelling mind*. Nay, though the *vaunts* be true, they do but awaken *scoffs*: and in stead of a *clapping hand*, they find a *check* with *scorn*. When a *Souldier* brag'd too much of a great *skar* in his *forehead*, he was asked by *Augustus*, if he did not get it, when he looked back, as he *fled*? Certainly, when I hear a *vaunting man*, I shall think him like a *Piece* that is charged but with *powder*; which near hand gives a *greater report*, than that which hath a *Bullet* in't. If I have done any thing *well*, I will never think the *world* is worth the telling of it. There is nothing added to

essential virtue, by the hoarse clamor of the *blundering Rabble*. If I have done *ill*; to boast the contrary, I will think, is like *painting* an *old face*, to make it so much more *ugly*. If it be of any thing *past*, the *world* will *talk* of it, though I be *silent*. If not, 'tis more *Noble* to neglect *Fame*, than seem to *beg* it. If it be of ought to *come*, I am foolish, for speaking of that which I am not sure to *perform*. We disgrace the work of *Virtue*, when we go about any way to seduce *voyces* for her *approbation*.

LXXXI.

Of Hope.

HUman *life* hath not a *surer friend*, nor many times a greater *enemy*, than *Hope*. 'Tis the *miserable mans God*, which in the hardest *gripe* of *calamity*, never fails to yield him *beams of comfort*. 'Tis the *presumptuous mans Devil*, which leads him a while in *smooth way*, and then makes him break his *neck* on the sudden. *Hope* is to *man*, as a *bladder* to a *learning swimmer*; it keeps him from *sinking*, in the bosom of the waves; and by that help it may attain the *exercise*: but yet many times it makes him venter beyond his *heighth*, and then, if that *breaks*, or a *storm rises*, he *drowns* without *recovery*. How many would dye, did not *Hope* sustain them? How many have dy'd, by hoping too much? This *wonder* we may find in *Hope*; that she is both a *flatterer*, and a *true friend*. Like a *valiant Captain*, in a *losing Battel*, it is ever incouraging *man*; and never leaves him, till they both *expire together*. While *breath* pants in the *dying body*, there is *Hope* fleeting in the *waving Soul*. 'Tis almost as the *air*, by which the *mind* does live. There is one thing which may add to our *value* of it; that it is *appropriate unto man alone*: For surely, *Beasts* have not *hope* at all; they are only capable of the *present*; whereas *man*, apprehending *future things*, hath this given him, for the *sustentation* of his *drooping Soul*. Who would live rounded with *calamities*, did not *smiling Hope* cheer him, with expectation of *deliverance*? The *common one* is in *Tibullus*:

Jam mala finissem letho; sed credula vitam
Spes fovet, & melius cras fore semper ait.
Spes alit agricolas; spes sulcis credit aratis
Semina, quæ magno fœnore reddat ager.
Hæc laqueo volucres, hæc captat arundine pisces,
Cum tenues hamos abdidit ante cibus.
Spes etiam validâ solatur compede vinctum;
Crura sonant ferro, sed canit inter opus,

Hope flatters *Life*, and says she'l still bequeath
Better; else I had cur'd all *ills* by *Death*.
She blythes the *Farmer*, does his *grain* commit
To *Earth*, which with large use replentieth it.
She snares the *Birds*; and *Fishes*, as they glide,
Strikes with small *hooks*, that *coz'ning baits* do hide:

She cheers the ſhackled *Priſner*, and while's *thigh*
Rings with his *Chain*, he works and ſings on high.

There is no *eſtate* ſo *miſerable*, as to exclude her *comfort*. *Impriſon*, *vex*, *fright*, *torture*, ſhew *death* with his *horrideſt brow*; yet *Hope* will dart in her *reviving rays*, that ſhall *illumine* and *exhilarate*, in the *tumor*, in the *ſwell* of theſe. Nor does ſhe more friend us with her *gentle ſhine*, than ſhe often *fools* us with her ſleek *deluſions*. She dandles us into *killing flames*, *ſings* us into *Lethargies*; and, like an over-haſty *Chirurgeon*, skinneth *dangers*, that are *full*, and *foul* within. She cozens the *Thief* of the *Coin* he ſteals: and cheats the *Gameſter* more than even the *falſeſt Dye*. It abuſeth *univerſal Man*, from him that ſtoops to the *lome wall*, upon the *naked Common*, to the *Monarch* in his *purpled Throne*. It undoes the *melting Prodigal*; it delivers the *Ambitious* to the *edged Ax*, and the *raſh Souldier* to the ſhatterings of the *fired Vomit*. Whatſoever *good* we ſee, it tells us we may obtain it; and in a little time, tumble our ſelves in the *Down* of our *wiſhes*: but it often performs like *Domitian*, promiſing all, with *nothing*. 'Tis (indeed) the *Rattle*, which *Nature* did provide, to ſtill the froward crying of the *fond child man*. Our *Life* is but a *Run* after the *drag* of ſomthing that doth itch our *ſenſes*: which when we have hunted home, we find a *meer deluſion*. We think we ſerve for *Rachel*, but are deceiv'd with *blear-eyed Leah*. *Jacob* is as *man*, *Laban* is the *churliſh*, *envious*, *ungrateful World*: *Leah* is the *pleaſure* it pays us with, blemiſht in that which is the *life of beauty*, periſht even in the *Eye*; emblem'd too by the *ſex* of *frailty*, *Women*. We ſee a *Box*, wherein we believe a *Pardon*; ſo we are merry in the brink of *Death*. While we are *dancing*, the *Trapdoor* falls under us, and *Hope* makes us *jocond*, till the *ladder turns*, and then it is too late to *care*. Certainly, it requires a great deal of judgment to *balance* our *hopes* even. He that hopes for *nothing*, will never attain to *any thing*. This good comes of over-hoping, that it ſweetens our *paſſage* through the *World*, and ſomtimes ſo ſets us to *work*, as it produces *great actions*, though not always pat to our ends. But then again, he that hopes *too much*, ſhall cozen himſelf at laſt; eſpecially, if his *induſtry* goes not along to *fertile* it. For, *hope* without *action* is a *barren undoer*. The beſt is to *hope* for *things poſſible*, and *probable*. If we can take her *comforts*, without transferring her our *confidence*, we ſhall ſurely find her a *ſweet companion*. I will be content my *Hope* ſhould *travail* beyond *Reaſon*; but I would not have her *build* there. So by this, I ſhall reap the benefit of her *preſent ſervice*, yet prevent the *Treaſon* ſhe might beguile me with.

LXXXII.

That Sufferance cauſeth Love.

IN *Noble Natures*, I never found it fail, but that thoſe who ſuffered for them, they ever *lov'd intirely*. 'Tis a *Juſtice* living in the *Soul*, to indear thoſe that have *ſmarted* for our ſakes. Nothing ſurer tyes a *friend*;

friend, than freely to *ſubhumerate* the *burthen* which was his. He is unworthy to be freed a ſecond time, that does not pay both *affection*, and *thanks*, to him that hath under-gone a *miſchief*, due to himſelf. He hath in a ſort made a *purchaſe* of thy *life*, by ſaving it: and though he doth forbear to call for it, yet I believe, upon the like, thou oweſt him. Sure, *Nature*, being an Enemy to all *injuſtice*, ſince ſhe cannot recal a thing done, labors ſome other way, to recompenſe the *paſſed injury*. It was *Darius* his *confeſſion*, that he had rather have one whole *Zopyrus*, than ten ſuch *Babylons* as his mangling wan. *Volumnius* would needs have dy'd upon *Lucullus corps*, becauſe he was the cauſe of his undertaking the *War*. And *Achilles* did alter his purpoſe of refraining the *Græcian Camp*, to revenge *Patroclus* his *death*, when he heard that he was ſlain in his *borrowed Armor*. Sure, there is a *ſympathy of ſouls*; and they are ſubtilly mixed by the *Spirits* of the *Air*; which makes them ſenſible of one anothers *ſufferances*. I know not by what hidden way; but I find that *love* increaſeth by *adverſity*. *Ovid* confeſſes it:

——*Adverſo tempore crevit Amor:*
——*Love* hightens by depreſſion.

We often find in *Princes*, that they love their *Favourites*, for being *skreens*, that take away the *envy* of the *People*; which elſe would light on them: and we ſhall ſee this *love* appear moſt, when the *People* begin to lift at them: as if they were then ty'd to that out of *Juſtice* and *Gratitude*, which before was but matter of *favour*, and in the way of *courteſie*. To make two *friends* intire, we need but plot, to make one *ſuffer* for the others ſake. For this is always in a *worthy mind*; it grieves more at the trouble of a *friend*, than it can do for it ſelf. Men often know in themſelves how to manage it, how to entertain it: in another they are uncertain how it may work. This *fear* troubles *love*, and ſends it to a neerer ſearch, and *pity*. All *creatures* ſhew a *thankfulneſs* to thoſe that have befriended them. The *Lion*, the *Dog*, the *Stork* in *kindneſſes* are all *returners*: Whole *Nature* leans to *mutual requitals*; and to pay with numerous *uſe*, the favours of a *free affection*. And if we owe a *Retribution* for unpainful *Courteſies*, how much ſhould we reflow, when they come arrayed in *ſufferings?* Though it be not to our ſelves a benefit of the *largeſt profit*; yet it is to them a ſervice of the *greateſt pains*: and it is a great deal more *Honor* to recompenſe after their *Act*, than our *Receipt*. In *Courteſies*, 'tis the moſt *Noble*, when we receive them from others, to *prize* them after the *Authors intention*, if they be *mean*; but after their *effect*, if they be great: and when we offer them to others, to *value* them leſs good, but as the *ſequel* proves them to the *Receiver*. Certainly, though the world hath nothing worth *loving*, but an *honeſt man*: yet this would make one love the *man* that is *vile*. In this *caſe* I cannot *exempt* the *ill one* out of my *affection*: but I will rather wiſh he may ſtill be *free*, than I in *bonds* to *lewdneſs*. Nor will I, if my *induſtrious* care may avoid it, ever let any indure a *torment* for me; becauſe it is a courteſie, which I know not how to *requite*. So till I meet with the like *opportunity*, I muſt reſt in his debt, for

for his *passion*. It is not good to receive favours, in such a nature, as we cannot render them. Those bonds are *cruel* tyes, which make man ever *subject* to *debt*, without a power to cancel them.

LXXXIII.

That Policy and Friendship are scarce compatible.

AS *Policy* is taken in the *general*, we hold it but a kind of crafty *wisdom*, which boweth every thing to a *self-profit*. And therefore a *Politician* is one of the worst *sorts* of *men*, to make a *friend* on. Give me one, that is virtuously *wise*, not cunningly *hid*, and twined to himself. *Policy* in friendship, is like *Logic* in truth: something too *subtil* for the *plainness* of disclosing *hearts*. And whereas this works ever for *appropriate* ends; *Love* ever takes a *partner* into the *Benefit*. Doubtless, though there be that are sure, and straight to their *friend*: yet in *general*, he is reckon'd, but a kind of *postpositum*: or an *Heir* that must not claim till after. We have found out an *Adage*, which doubles our love to our selves: but withal, it robs our *Neighbor*. *Proximus ipse mihi*, is urged to the ruin of *friendship*. They that love themselves over-much, have seldom any expressive *goodness*. And indeed, it is a *quality* that fights against the *twist of friendship*. For what *love* joyns, this divides, and distanceth. *Scipio* would not believe it was ever the speech of a *wise man*, which wills us, so to *love*, as if we were to *hate* immediately. The truth of *affection* projecteth *perpetuity*. And that *love* which can presently leave, was never well begun. He that will not in a *time* of need, halve it with a streightned *friend*, does but *usurp* the *name*, and *injure* it. Nor is he more to be regarded, that will kick at every fail of his *friend*: A *friend* invited *Alcibiades* to *supper*: He refused; but in the middle of their *meal*, he rushes in with his *servants*, and commands them to catch up the *wine*, and carry it *home* to his house: they did it, yet *half* they left *behind*. The *Guests* complained of this *uncivil* violence: but his *friend* with this mild *speech*, excused him, saying: He did *courteously* to take but *half*, when *all* was at his *service*. Yet in these *lenities* I confess *Politicians* are most *plausible*. There are that will do as *Fabius* said of *Syphax*, keep correspondency in *small matters*, that they may be trusted, and *deceive* in greater, and of *graver* consequence. But these are to be *banish'd* the *League*. The politic *heart* is too full of *cranks* and *angles*, for the *discovery* of a plain *familiar*. It is uncertain finding of him, that useth often to *shift* his *habitation*: and so it is a *heart*, that hath *devices*, and inversions for it *self* alone. Things that differ in their end, will surely part in their *way*. And such are these two: The *end* of *Policy*, is to make a mans *self* great. The *end* of *love*, is to advance another. For a *friend* to *converse* withal, let me rather meet with a sound *affection*, than a crafty *brain*. One may fail me by *accident*, but the other will do it out of *fore-intent*. And then there is nothing

nothing more *dangerous*, than ſtudied *adulation*; eſpecially, where it knows 'tis truſted. The ſoundeſt *affection*, is like to be between thoſe, where there cannot be expectation of *ſiniſter* ends. Therefore have your *Poets* feigned, the *entireſt* love, among humble *Shepheards*: where *wealth* and *honor* have had no *ſway* in their *unions*.

LXXXIV.

Of Drunkenneſs.

SAid *Muſæus*, *The reward of Virtue, is perpetual Drunkenneſs.* But he meant it, of *celeſtial exhilaration*: and ſurely ſo, the *good man* is full of *gladding vivification*, which the *world* does never reach unto. The other *drunkenneſs*, ariſing from the *Grape*, is the *floating* of the *ſternleſs ſenſes in a ſea*, and is as great a *Hydra*, as ever was the *multitude*. That *diſpoſitions* differ, as much as *faces*, *Drink* is the cleareſt prover. The *Cup* is the betrayer of the *mind*, and does *diſapparel* the *ſoul*. There is but one thing which *diſtinguiſheth Beaſt* and *Man*; *Reaſon*. And this it *robs* him of: Nay, it goes further, even to the ſubverting of *Natures inſtitution*. The *thoughts* of the *heart*, which *God* hath ſecluded from the very *Devil*, and *Spirits*, by this do ſuffer a *ſearch*, and *denudation*. *Quod in corde ſobrii, in linguâ ebrii.* He that would *Anatomize the Soul*, may do it beſt, when *Wine* has numm'd the *ſenſes*. Certainly, for *confeſſion*, there is no ſuch rack as *Wine*; nor could the *Devil* ever find a cunninger *bait* to *angle* both for *acts*, and *meaning*: Even the moſt benighted *cogitations* of the *ſoul*, in this *flood*, do tumble *from* the *ſwelled tongue*; yet madly we *purſue* this *Vice*, as the kindler both of *wit* and *mirth*. Alas! it is the *blemiſh* of our *times*, that men are of ſuch *ſlow conceit*, as they are not *company* one for another, without exceſſive *draughts* to quicken them. And ſurely 'tis from this *barrenneſs*, that the *impertinencies* of *drink*, and *ſmoak*, were firſt ta'n in at *meetings*. It were an *excellent* way, for men of *quality*, to *convert* this *madneſs*, to the *diſcuſſion* and *practice* of *Arts*, either *Military* or *Civil*. Their *places* of *reſort* might be ſo fitted with *inſtruments*, as they might be like *Academies* of *inſtruction*, and *proficiency*. And theſe they might ſweeten, with the adding of *illæſive games*. What ſeveral *Plays* and *Exerciſes* had their continual uſe with the flouriſhing *Romans*? was there not their *Compitales*, *Circenſes*, *Scenici*, *Ludicri*, and the like? all which, were as *Schools* to their *Youth*, of *Virtue*, *Activeneſs*, or *Magnanimity*: and how quickly, and how *eagerly*, were their *Bacchanalia* baniſhed, as the teachers only of *deteſted vice*? Indeed *Drunkenneſs* beſots a *Nation*, and *beſtiates* even the braveſt *ſpirits*. There is nothing which a man that is ſoked in drink is fit for, no not for *ſleep*. When the *ſword* and *fire* rages, 'tis but *man* warring againſt *man*: when *Drunkenneſs* reigns, the *Devil* is at war with man, and the *Epotations* of *dumb liquor* damn him. *Macedonian Philip* would not war againſt the *Perſians*, when he heard they were ſuch *Drinkers*:

For

For he ſaid, they would ruin alone. Doubtleſs, though the *Soul* of a *Drunkard* ſhould be ſo drowned, as to be *inſenſate*; yet his *Body*, me thinks, ſhould irk him to a *penitence* and *diſceſſion*. When like an impoyſoned *bulk*, all his *powers* mutiny in his diſtended *skin*, no queſtion but he muſt be pained, till they come again to *ſetling*. What a *Monſter Man* is, in his *Inebriations*! a *ſwimming eye*, a *Face* both *roaſt* and *ſod*, a *temulentive Tongue*, clammed to the *roof* and *gums*; a *drumming Ear*, a *fevered body*; a *boyling Stomach*; a *Mouth* naſty with *offenſive fumes*, till it ſicken the *Brain* with *giddy verminations*; a *palſied hand*, and *legs* tottering up and down their *moiſtened burthen*. And whereas we eat our *diſhes* ſeveral, becauſe their *mixture* would loath the *taſte*, the *eye*, and *ſmell*; this, when they are half made *excrement*, reverts them, maſhed in an odious *vomit*. And very probable 'tis, that this was the *poyſon*, which kill'd the *valiant Alexander*. *Proteas* gave him a *quaff* of *two gallons*, which ſet him into a *diſeaſe* he dyed of. 'Tis an *ancient Vice*; and *Temperance* is rare. *Cato* us'd to ſay of *Cæſar*, that *He alone came ſober, to the overthrow of the ſtate*. But you ſhall ſcarce find a man much addicted to *drink*, that it ruin'd not. Either it dotes him into the *ſnares of his Enemies*, or over-bears his *Nature*, to a final *ſinking*. Yet there be, whoſe delights are only to *turn in*: and perhaps, as *Bonoſus*, they never ſtrain their *bladder* for't. But ſurely, ſome ill fate attends them, for conſuming of the *Countries fat*. That 'tis practis'd by moſt of the meaneſt people, proves it for the *baſer vice*. I knew a *Gentleman* that followed a *Noble Lady*, in this *Kingdom*, who would often complain, that the greateſt inconvenience he found in *Service* was, his being urged to *drink*. And the better he is, the more he ſhall find it. The eyes of many are upon the *Eminent*: and *Servants*, eſpecially thoſe of the *ordinary Rank*, are often of ſo mean breeding, as they are ignorant of any other *entertainment*. We may obſerve, it ever takes footing firſt in the moſt *Barbarous Nations*. The *Scythians* were ſuch lovers of it, as it grew into their *name*: and unleſs it were one *Anacharſis*, how barren were they both of *wit* and *manners*? The *Grecians*, I confeſs, had it; but when they fell to this, they mightily decayed in brain. The *Italians* and *Spaniards*, which I take to be the moſt *civilized*, I find not tainted with this *ſpot*. And though the *Heathen* (in many places) Templed and adored this *drunken God*; yet one would take their *aſcriptions* to him, to be matter of *diſhonor*, and *mocks*: As his *troup* of *furied Women*: his *Chariot* drawn with the *Lynx* and *Tyger*: And the *Beaſts* ſacred to him, were only the *Goat* and *Swine*. And ſuch they all prove, that frequently honor him with exceſſive *draughts*. I like a *Cup*, to *brisk* the *ſpirits*; but continuance dulls them. It is leſs labor to *plow*, than to *pot it*: and urged *Healths* do infinitely add to the *trouble*. I will never drink but *Liberties*, nor ever thoſe ſo long, as that I loſe mine own.

Horace reads it thus: ——*Non ego te, candide Baſſareû!*
Invitum quatiam: nec variis obſita frondibus
Sub divum rapiam. Sæva tene Berecynthio
Cornu tympana; quæ ſubſequitur cæcus amor ſui,

Et tollens vacuum, plus nimio, gloria verticem,
Arcaniq; fides prodiga, perlucidior vitro.
——Dear *Bacchus*, Ile not heave
The ſhak'd *Cup* 'gainſt my *ſtomach*: nor yet reave
Ope harbord *ſecrets*. Let thy *Tymbrels* fierce,
And *Phrygian Horn* be mute: blind *ſelf-loves* curſe,
Braves without brain; *Faith's* cloſetings, alas!
Do follow thee, as if but cloath'd with *Glaſs*.

Let me rather be diſliked for not being a *Beaſt*, than be *good-fellowed* with a *hug*, for being one. Some *laugh* at me for being *ſober*: and I *laugh* at them for being *drunk*. Let their *pleaſures* crown them, and their *mirth* abound: the next day they will ſtick in *mud*. *Bibite, & pergræcamini, ô Cimmerii! Ebrietatem, ſtupor, dolor, imbecillitas, morbus, & mors ipſa comitantur.*

LXXXV.

Of Marriage and ſingle life.

BOth Sexes made but *Man*. So that *Marriage* perfects *Creation*. When the *Husband* and the *Wife* are together, the *World* is contracted in a *Bed*; and without this, like the *Head* and *Body* parted, either would conſume, without a poſſibility of reviving. And though we find many *Enemies* to the name of *Marriage*; yet 'tis rare to find an *Enemy* to the *uſe* on't. Surely he was made *imperfect*, that is not tending to *propagation*. *Nature*, in her true work, never made any thing in vain. He that is *perfect*, and marries not, may in ſome ſort be ſaid to be guilty of a *contempt* againſt *Nature*; as diſdaining to make uſe of her *endowments*. Nor is that which the *Turks* hold without ſome color of *Reaſon*: They ſay, He that marries not at a fitting time (which they hold is about the age of five and twenty years) is not juſt, nor pleaſeth *God*. I believe it is from hence, that the *Vow* of *Chaſtity* is many times accompanyed with ſuch *inconveniences* as we ſee enſue. I cannot think *God* is pleaſed with that, which croſſeth his firſt *Ordination*, and the *current* of *Nature*. And in themſelves, it is a harder matter to root out an inſeparable *ſway of Nature*, than they are aware of. The beſt *chaſtity* of all, I hold to be *Matrimonial chaſtity*: when *Pairs* keep themſelves in a moderate *intermutualneſs*, each conſtant to the other: for ſtill it tendeth to *union*, and continuance of the *World* in *poſterity*. And 'tis fit even in nature and *Policy*, that this *propriety* ſhould be inviolable: Firſt, in reſpect of the impureneſs of *mixt poſterity*. Next, in reſpect of *peace* and *concord* among *Men*. If many *Men* ſhould be intereſſed in one *Woman*, it could not be, but there would infinite *Jars* ariſe. Some have complained of *Chriſtian Religion*, in that it tyes men ſo ſtrictly in this point, as when *matches* happen ill, there is no means of *Remedy*. But ſurely, if liberty of *change* were granted, all would grow to confuſion: and

and it would open a *gap* to many *miſchiefs*, ariſing out of humor only, which now by this neceſſity are *digeſted*, and made ſtraight again. Thoſe I obſerve to agree beſt, which are of *free natures*, not ſubject to the fits of *choler*. Their *freedom* ſhuts out *Jealouſie*, which is the *canker* of *wedlock*; and withal, it divideth both *joy* and *ſorrow*. And when *hearts* alike diſcloſe, they ever link in love. Nay, whereas ſmall and *domeſtic Jars* more fret *marriages*, than *great ones* and *public*; theſe two will take them away. *Freedom* reveals them, that they rankle not the *Heart* to a *ſecret loathing*; and *mildneſs* hears them, without *Anger*, or *bitter words*: ſo they cloſe again after *diſcuſſion*, many times in a *ſtraighter Tye*. *Poverty* in *Wedlock*, is a great decayer of *love* and *contentation*; and *Riches* can find many ways, to divert an *inconvenience*: but the *mind* of a *Man* is all. Some can be *ſervile*, and fall to thoſe *labors* which another cannot ſtoop to. Above all, let the *generous mind* beware of marrying *poor*: for though he cares the leaſt for *wealth* yet he will be moſt galled with the *want* of it. *Self-conceited people* never agree well together: they are wilful in their *brawls*, and *Reaſon* cannot reconcile them. Where either are only *opinionately wiſe*, *Hell* is there, unleſs the other be a *Patient* meerly. But the worſt is, when it lights on the *Woman*: ſhe will think to *rule*, becauſe ſhe hath the *ſubtiller brain*: and the *Man* will look for't, as the *priviledg of his ſex*. Then certainly, there will be *mad work*, when *Wit* is at war with *Prerogative*. Yet again, where *Marriages* prove unfortunate, a *Woman* with a *bad Husband*, is much worſe, than a *Man* with a *bad Wife*. *Men* have much more freedom, to court their *Content* abroad. There are, that account *women* only as *ſeed-plots* for poſterity: others worſe, as only *quench* for their *fires*. But ſurely there is much more in them, if they be *diſcreet* and good. They are *women* but in *body* alone. Queſtionleſs, a *woman* with a *wiſe ſoul*, is the fitteſt Companion for *man*: otherwiſe *God* would have given him a *Friend* rather than a *wife*. A wiſe *wife* comprehends both *ſexes*: ſhe is *woman* for her *body*, and ſhe is *man* within: for her *ſoul* is like her *Husbands*. It is the *Crown of bleſſings*, when in one *woman* a *man* findeth both a *wife* and a *Friend*. *Single life* cannot have this *happineſs*; though in ſome minds it hath many it prefers before it. This hath fewer *Cares*, and more *Longings*: but *marriage* hath fewer *Longings*, and more *Cares*. And as I think *Care* in *marriage* may be *commendable*; ſo I think *Deſire* in *ſingle life*, is not an evil of ſo high a bound, as ſome men would make it. It is a *thing* that accompanies *Nature*, and *man* cannot avoid it. Some things there are, that *Conſcience* in general *man* condemns, without a *Literal Law*: as *Injuſtice*, *Blaſphemy*, *Lying*, and the like: But to curb and quite beat down the *deſires of the fleſh*, is a work of *Religion*, rather than of *Nature*. And therefore ſays St. *Paul*, *I had not known Luſt to have been a ſin, if the Law had not ſaid, Thou ſhalt not Luſt*. *Votive abſtinence*, ſome *cold conſtitutions* may endure with a great deal of *vexatious penitence*. To live *chaſte* without *vowing*, I like a great deal better: nor ſhall we find the *Devil* ſo buſie to tempt us to a ſingle ſin of *unchaſtity*; as he will, when it is a *ſin* of *unchaſtity* and *perjury* too. I find it *commended*,

but not *impoſed*. And when *Jeptha*'s Daughter dyed, they mourned, for that ſhe dy'd a *Maid*. The *Grecians*, the *Romans* did, and the *Spaniards* at this day do (in honor of *marriage*) priviledge the *wedded*. And though the *Romans* had their *Veſtals*, yet after their thirty years continuance, the cruelty of *inforced chaſtity* was not in force againſt them. *Single life* I will like in ſome, whoſe minds can ſuffer *continency*: but ſhould *all* live thus, a hundred years would make the *World* a *Deſart*. And this alone may *excuſe* me, though I like of *marriage* better. One tends to *ruin*, the other to increaſing of the *glory* of the *world*, in multitudes.

LXXXVI.

Of Charity.

CHarity is communicated *goodneſs*: and without this, *Man* is no other than a *Beaſt*, preying for himſelf alone. Certainly, there are more men live upon *Charity*, than there are, that do *ſubſiſt* of themſelves. The *world*, which is *chain'd* together by intermingled *love*, would all ſhatter, and fall to pieces, if *Charity* ſhould chance to *dye*. There are ſome ſecrets in it, which ſeem to give it the *chair* from all the reſt of *virtues*. With *Knowledg*, with *Valor*, with *Modeſty*, and ſo with other particular *Virtues*, a man may be *ill* with ſome contrarying *vice*: But with *Charity* we cannot be *ill* at all. Hence, I take it, is that ſaying in *Timothy*; *The end, or conſummation of the Law is love out of a pure heart. Habere omnia Sacramenta, & malus eſſe poteſt: habere autem Charitatem, & malus eſſe non poteſt*, ſaid St. *Auguſtin* of old. Next, whereas other *virtues* are *reſtrictive*, and looking to a mans ſelf: This takes all the world for it's *object*: and nothing that hath *ſenſe*, but is better for this Diſplayer. There be among the *Mahometans*, that are ſo taken with this *beauty*, that they will with a *price* redeem *incaged* Birds, to reſtore them to the liberty of their plumed *wing*. And they will oftentimes, with *coſt* feed *fiſhes* in the *ſtreaming water*. But their opinion, of deſerving by it, makes it a *Superſtitious folly*: and in *materials*, they are nothing ſo *zealous*. Indeed, nothing makes us more like to *God*, than *Charity*. As all things are filled with his *goodneſs*, ſo the *Univerſal* is partaker of the good *mans ſpreading love*. Nay, it is that which gives life to all the *Race* of other *Virtues*. It is that which makes them to appear in *Act*. *Wiſdom* and *Science* are worth nothing, unleſs they be *diſtributive*, and declare themſelves to the *world*. *Wealth* in a *Miſers* hand is *uſeleſs*, as a *lockt-up Treaſure*. 'Tis *Charity* only, that maketh *Riches* worth the owning. We may obſerve, when *charitable men* have ruled, the *World* hath *flouriſhed*, and enjoyed the bleſſings of *Peace* and *Proſperity*; the *times* have been more *pleaſant* and *ſmooth*: nor have any *Princes* ſate more ſecure or firm in their *Thrones*, than thoſe that have been *clement* and *benign*: as *Titus*, *Trajan*, *Antonine*, and others. And we

we may obſerve again, how *rugged*, and how full of *bracks* thoſe *times* have been wherein *cruel ones* have had a power. *Cicero* ſays of *Sylla's time*, — *Nemo illo invito, nec bona, nec patriam, nec vitam retinere potuerat.* And when the *Senate* in *Council* was frighted at the cry of ſeven thouſand *Romans*, which he had ſent to *execution* at once, he bids them mind their buſineſs, for it was only a few *Seditiaries*, that he had commanded to be ſlain. No queſtion but there are, which delight to ſee a *Rome* in flames, and like a *Raviſht Troy*, mocking the abſent *day* with earthly *fires*, that can linger *men* to *Martyrdom*, and make them dye by *piecemeal*. *Tiberius* told one that petitioned to be *quickly kill'd*; that he was not yet his *friend*. And *Vitellius* would needs ſee the Scrivener dye in his *preſence*, for he ſaid he would feed his eyes. But I wonder, whence theſe men have their *minds*. God, nor *Man*, nor Nature ever made them thus. Sure, they borrow it from the Wilderneſs, from the imboaſted *Savage*, and from tormenting ſpirits. When the *Leg* will neither bear the *Body*, nor the *ſtomach* diſperſe his receit, nor the hand be ſerviceable to the directing *Head*, the Whole muſt certainly *languiſh*, and dye: So in the *body* of the *world*, when Members are ſullen'd, and ſnarl one at another, down falls the *frame* of all.

Quòd mundus, ſtabili fide,
Concordes variat vices:
Quòd pugnantia ſemina
Fœdus perpetuum tenent:
Quòd Phœbus roſeum diem,
Curru provehit aureo.
Ut quas duxerit Heſperus,
Phœbe noctibus imperet:
Ut fluctus avidum mare
Certo fine coerceat,
Ne terris liceat vagis
Latos tendere terminos:
Hanc Rerum ſeriem ligat
(Terras ac Pelagus regens,
Et Cœlo imperitans) Amor.

That the *world* in conſtant force,
Varies his concordant courſe:
That ſeeds jarring *hot* and *cold*,
Do the breed perpetual hold:
That the *Suns* in's golden *Car*,
Does the *Roſie Day* ſtill rere.
That the *Moon* ſway all thoſe *lights*,
Heſper uſhers to *dark nights*.
That *alternate Tides* be found,
Seas high-prided *waves* to bound;
Leſt his *fluid waters* Mace,
Creek broad *Earths* invallied face.

All

All the *Frame* of things that be,
Love (which rules *Heaven*, *Land*, and *Sea*)
Chains, keeps, orders, as you see.

Thus *Boetius*. The *World* contains nothing, but there is some *quality* in it, which *benefits* some other *creatures*. The *Air* yields *Fowls*; the *Water Fish*; the *Earth Fruit*. And all these yield something from themselves, for the use and behalf, not only of *man*, but of each other. Surely, he that is *right*, must not think his *charity* to one in need, a *courtesie*; but a *debt*, which *Nature* at his first being, *bound* him to *pay*. I would not *water* a strange *ground*, to leave my own in *drought*; yet I think to every thing that hath *sense*, there is a kind of pity owing. *Solomons* good *man*, is merciful to his *Beast*: nor take I this to be only *intentional*; but expressive. *God* may respect the *mind*, and *will*; but man is nothing better for my meaning alone. Let my *mind* be *charitable*, that *God* may accept me. Let my *actions* express it, that *man* may be *benefited*.

LXXXVII.

Of Travel.

A *Speech* which often came from *Alexander* was; that he had *discovered* more with his *eye*, than other *Kings* did comprehend in their *thoughts*. And this he spake of his *Travel*. For indeed, *men* can but guess at *places* by *relation* only. There is no *Map* like the view of the *Country*. *Experience* is best *Informer*. And one Journey will shew a man more, than any *description* can. Some would not allow a man to move from the *shell* of his own *Country*. And *Claudian* mentions it as a *happiness*, for *birth*, *life*, and *burial*, to be all in a *Parish*. But surely, *Travel fulleth* the Man: he hath *liv'd* but *lock'd* up in a larger *Chest*, which hath never seen but one *Land*. A Kingdom to the *World*, is like a *Corporation* to a *Kingdom*: a *man* may live in't like an unbred *man*. He that searcheth *forein Nations*, is becoming a *Gentleman* of the *World*. One that is *learned*, *honest*, and *travel'd*, is the best *compound* of *man*; and so *corrects* the *Vice* of one *Country*, with the *Virtues* of another, that like *Mithridate*, he grows a perfect *mixture*, and an *Antidote*. *Italy*, *England*, *France* and *Spain* are as the *Court* of the *World*; *Germany*, *Denmark*, and *China*, are as the *City*. The rest are most of them *Country*, and *Barbarism*: who hath not seen the best of these, is a little lame in *knowledg*. Yet I think it not fit, that every man should *Travel*. It makes a *wise man* better, and a *Fool* worse. This gains nothing but the *gay sights*, *vices*, *exotic gestures*, and the *Apery* of a *Country*. A *Traveling fool* is the *shame* of all *Nations*. He *shames* his *own*, by his *weakness* abroad: He *shames* others, by bringing home their *follies* alone. They only blab abroad *domestic vices*, and import them that are *transmarine*. That a man may better himself by *Travel*, he ought to observe, and comment: noting as well the *bad*, to avoid it; as taking the *good*, into use. And

 without

without *Regiſtring* theſe things by the *Pen*, they will ſlide away *unprofitably*. A man would not think, how much the *Characterizing* of a *thought* in *Paper*, faſtens it. *Litera ſcripta manet*, has a large *ſenſe*. He, that does this, may, when he pleaſeth *rejourney* all his *Voyage*, in his *Cloſet*. Grave *Natures* are the beſt *proficients* by *Travel*: they are not ſo apt to take a *Soil*; and they obſerve more: but then they muſt put on an *outward freedom*, with an *Inquiſition* ſeemingly *careleſs*. It were an *excellent* thing in a *State*, to have always a *ſelect number* of *Youth*, of the *Nobility* and *Gentry*; and, at years of ſome *maturity*, ſend them abroad for *Education*. Their *Parents* could not better diſpoſe of them, than in *dedicating* them to the *Republic*. They themſelves could not be in a *fairer way* of *preferment*: and no queſtion but they might prove mightily *ſerviceable* to the *State*, at home; when they ſhall return well verſed in the *World*, languaged and well read in men; which for *Policy*, and *Negotiation* is much better than any Book-learning, though never ſo deep, and knowing. Being abroad, the *beſt* is to converſe with the *beſt*, and not to chuſe by the *eye*, but by *Fame*. For the *State*, inſtruction is to be had at the *Court*; For *Traffic*, among *Merchants*. For *Religious Rites*, the *Clergy*; for *Government*, the *Lawyers*; and for the *Country*, and *rural knowledg*, the *Boors*, and *Peaſantry* can beſt help you. All *Rarities* are to be ſeen, eſpecially *Antiquities*; for theſe ſhew us the *ingenuity* of elder times in *Act*: and are in one both *example*, and *precept*. By theſe, comparing them with *modern Invention*, we may ſee how the *World* thrives in *ability*, and *brain*. But above all, ſee *rare men*. There is no *monument*, like a worthy *man* alive. We ſhall be ſure to find ſomthing in him, to kindle our *ſpirits*, and inlarge our *minds* with a worthy *emulation* of his *virtues*. *Parts* of extraordinary *note* cannot ſo lie hid, but that they will *ſhine forth* through the *tongue*, and *behavior*, to the inlightning of the *raviſht beholder*. And becauſe there is leſs in this, to take the *ſenſe* of the *eye*, and things are more readily from a living *pattern*; the *Soul* ſhall more eaſily draw in his *excellencies*, and improve it *ſelf* with greater *profit*. But unleſs a man has *judgment* to order theſe *aright*, in *himſelf*, at his *return*, all is in *vain*, and loſt labor. Some men, by *Travel* will be changed in nothing: and ſome again, will *change* too much. Indeed the *moral* outſide, whereſoever we be, may ſeem beſt, when ſomthing fitted to the *Nation* we are in: but whereſoever I ſhould go, or ſtay, I would ever keep my *God*, and *Friends* unchangeably. Howſoere he returns, he *makes* an *ill Voyage*, that changeth his *Faith* with his *Tongue* and *Garments*.

LXXXVIII.

Of Muſic.

Diogenes ſpake right of *Muſic*, when he told one that brag'd of his *skill*; that, *Wiſdom* govern'd *Cities*; but with *Songs*, and *Meaſures*, a houſe would not be order'd well. Certainly, it is more for *pleaſure*, than

than any *profit* of *man*. Being but a *ſound*, it only works on the *mind* for the *preſent*; and leaves it not *reclaimed*, but *rapt* for a while: and then it returns, forgetting only *ear-deep warbles*. It is but *wanton'd Air*, and the *Titillation* of that *ſpirited Element*. We may ſee this, in that 'tis only in hollowed *Inſtruments*, which gather in the ſtirred *Air*, and ſo cauſe a *ſound* in the *Motion*. The *advantage* it gains upon the *mind*, is in reſpect of the nearneſs it hath to the *ſpirits compoſure*, which being *Æthereal*, and *harmonious* muſt needs delight in that which is like them. Beſides, when the *air* is thus moved, it comes by degrees to the *ear* by whoſe *winding entrance*; it is made more *pleaſant*, and by that *in-eſſent Air*, carried to the *Auditory nerve*, which *preſents* it to the *common ſenſe*; and ſo to the *intellectual*. Of all *Muſic*, *that* is beſt which comes from an *articulate voice*, Whether it be that *man* cannot make an *Inſtrument* ſo *melodious*, as that which *God* made, living *man*: or, becauſe there is ſomthing in this, for the *rational part*, as well as for the *ear* alone. In this alſo, that is beſt, which comes with a careleſs *freeneſs*, and a kind of a neglective *eaſineſs*. *Nature* being always moſt *lovely*, in an *unaffected* and *ſpontaneous flowing*. A *dexterous Art* ſhews *cunning*, and *induſtry*; rather than *judgment* and *ingenuity*. It is a kind of *diſparagement*, to be a cunning *Fidler*. It argues his *neglect* of better *imployments*, and that he hath ſpent much *time* upon a thing *unneceſſary*. Hence it hath been counted ill, for great *Ones*, to *ſing*, or *play*, like an *Arted Muſician*. *Philip* ask'd *Alexander*, if he were not *aſhamed*, that he *ſang* ſo *artfully*. And indeed, it ſoftens the *mind*; the *curioſity* of it, is fitter for *Women* than *Men*, and for *Curtezans* than *Women*. Among other deſcriptions of a *Roman Dame*, *Saluſt* puts it down for one, that ſhe did —*Pſallere*, *& ſaltare*, *elegantius*, *quàm neceſſe eſt probæ*. But yet again 'tis pity, that theſe ſhould be ſo *excellent*, in that which hath ſuch *power* to *faſcinate*. It were well, *Vice* were barr'd of all her helps of *wooing*. Many a *mind* hath been *angled* unto *ill*, by the *Ear*. It was *Stratonice*, that took *Mithridates* with a *Song*. For as the *Notes* are *framed*, it can *draw*, and *incline* the *mind*. Lively *Tunes* do lighten the *mind*: Grave ones give it *Melancholy*. Lofty ones raiſe it, and *advance* it to above. Whoſe *dull blood* will not caper in his *veins*, when the very *air*, he breaths in, *friſketh* in a *tickled motion*? Who can but fix his *eye*, and *thoughts*, when he hears the ſighs, and *dying* groans, geſtur'd from the *mournful Inſtrument*? And I think he hath not a *mind* well temper'd, whoſe zeal is not inflamed by a *heavenly Anthem*. So that indeed *muſic* is *good*, or *bad*, as the end to which it tendeth. Surely, they did mean it *excellent*, that made *Apollo*, who was *god of wiſdom*, to be *god of muſic* alſo. But it may be the *Ægyptians*, attributing the *invention* of the *Harp* to him, the *rarity* and *pleaſingneſs* made them ſo to *honor* him. As the *Spartans* uſed it, it ſerved ſtill for an *excitation to Valor*, and *Honorable actions*: but then they were ſo careful of the *manner* of it, as they fined *Terpander*, and nailed his *Harp* to the poſt, for being too *inventive*, in adding a *ſtring* more than uſual: Yet had he done the *State* good ſervice: for he appeaſed a *Sedition* by his *play*, and *Poetry*. Somtimes, light *Notes* are uſeful;

ful; as in times of general *Joy*, and when the *mind* is preſſed with *ſadneſs*. But certainly thoſe are beſt, which inflame *zeal*, incite to *courage*, or induce to *gravity*. One is for *Religion*; ſo the *Jews*. The other for *War*, ſo the *Grecians*, and *Romans*. And the laſt for *Peace*, and *Morality*: Thus *Orpheus* civilized the *Satyrs*, and the bad rude *men*. It argues it of ſome *excellency*, that 'tis uſed only of the moſt *aerial creatures*; loved, and underſtood by *man* alone; the *Birds* next, have *variety* of *notes*. The *Beaſts*, *Fiſhes*, and the *reptilia*, which are of groſſer *compoſition*, have only *ſilence*, or untuned *ſounds*. They that *deſpiſe* it wholly, may well be *ſuſpected*, to be ſomthing of a *Savage nature*. The *Italians* have ſomwhat a *ſmart cenſure*, of thoſe that *affect* it not: They ſay, *God* loves not him, whom he hath not made to love *muſic*. *Ariſtotle's conceit*, that *Jove* doth neither *harp* nor *ſing*, I do not hold a diſpraiſe. We find in *Heaven* there be *Hallelujahs* ſung. I believe it, as a helper both to *good* and *ill*; and will therefore *honor* it, when it *moves* to *Virtue*, and beware it when it would *flatter* into *Vice*.

LXXXIX.

Of Repentance.

HE that will not *repent*, ſhall *ruin*; nor is *he* to be pitied in his *ſufferings*, that may eſcape a *torment*, by the *compunction* of a *heart*, and *tears*. Surely, that *God is merciful*, that will admit offences to be expiated by the *ſigh*, and fluxed *eyes*. But it is to be wondered at, how *Repentance* can again inſavor us with an *offended God*; ſince when a *ſin* is paſt, *grief* may leſſen it, but not *unſin* it. That which is done, is *unrecallable*; becauſe a *ſin* does intend *in infinitum*. *Adultery* once committed, maugre all the *tears* in *man*, for the *Act* remains *Adultery* ſtill, yea though the *guilt*, and *puniſhment* be remitted: nor can a *man un-act* it again. When a *Maid* is robbed of her *Virgin honor*, there may be ſome *ſatisfaction*, but no *reſtitution*. Certainly, there are *ſecret* walks of *Goodneſs* and *Purity*, whereby all things are *revolved* in a *conſtant way*, which by the *Supreme Power of God*, they were at firſt *inveſted* in. And when *man* ſtrays from this *Inſtinct*, the whole courſe of *Nature* is againſt him, till he be *reduced* into his firſt rank, and order. And this, I think, may excuſe *God* of *changeableneſs*, when he turns to *man*, upon his *Penitence*: for indeed 'tis *man* that *changes*, *God* is ſtill the *un-altered* ſame. And the firſt *Immutability* of things, never leaves a man, till he be either *ſettled* again in his *place*, or quite cut off from troubling of the *Motion*. And as he is not rightly *re-inſerted*, till he does *co-operate* with the *Noble revolution* of all: ſo he is not truly *penitent*, that is not progreſſive in the *Motion* of *aſpiring goodneſs*. When he is once thus again, though he were a *ſtraggler* from the *Round*, and like a wry *Cog* in the *wheel*; yet now, he is ſtreighted, and ſet again in his *way*, as if he had never been out. Says the *Tragedian*:

Remeemus illuc, unde non decuit prius
Abire.
Return we whence it was a ſhame to ſtray:

And preſently after,

Quem pœnitet peccâſſe, penè eſt innocens.
He that *repents*, is well near *innocent*.

Nay, ſomtimes a *failing*, and *return*, is a prompter to a *ſurer hold*. St. *Ambroſe* obſerves, that *Peters* Faith was ſtronger after his *fall*, than before: ſo as he doubts not to *ſay*, that by *his fall*, he found more *grace*, than he *loſt*. A man ſhall beware the *ſteps* he once hath *ſtumbled* on. The *Devil* ſomtimes coozens himſelf by *plunging man* into a *deep offence*. A ſudden *ill Act* grows abhorred in the *mind* that did it. He is mightily *careleſs*, that does not grow more *vigilant*, on an *Enemy* that hath once *ſurprized* him. A *blow* that *ſmarts* will put us to a *ſafer ward*. But the danger is, when we *glide* in a *ſmoothed way*: for then we ſhall never return of our *ſelves* alone. Queſtionleſs, *Repentance* is ſo *powerful*, that it cannot be but the gift of *Deity*. Said the *Roman Theodoſius*: That *living* men *dye*, is *uſual*, and *natural*; but that dead men *live* again by *Repentance*, is a *work* of *Godhead* only. How far, how ſecure ſhould we run in *Vice*, did not the *power* of *goodneſs*, check us in our full-*blown ſail?* Without *doubt* that is the beſt *life*, which is a little *ſprinkled* with the *ſalt* of *Croſſes*. The other would be quickly *rank*, and *tainted*. There are whoſe *paths* are *waſht* with *Butter*, and the *Roſebud crowns* them: but doubtleſs, 'tis a *miſery* to live in *oyled vice*, when her *ways* are made *ſlippery* with her own *ſlime*: and the *bared track* inviteth to a *ruinous race*. *Heaven* is not had without *repentance*, and *repentance* ſeldom meets a man in *jollity*, in the *career* of *Luſt*, and the *bloods looſe riot*. A *Father* ſaid of *David*; He *ſinned*, as *Kings* uſe to do; but he *repented*, *ſighed*, and *wept*, as *Kings* have uſed not to do. I would not be ſo *happy*, as to want the *means* whereby I might be *penitent*. I am ſure no man can *live* without *ſin*: and I am ſure no *ſinner* can be *ſaved* without *it*. Nor is this in a mans *own choice*, to take it up when he *pleaſe*. Surely, *man*, that would never *leave* to *ſin*, would never of himſelf begin to *repent*. It were *beſt*, if *poſſible*, to *live* ſo, as we might not *need* it: but ſince I can neither not *need* it, nor give it my *ſelf*, I will pray him to give it me, who after he hath given me this, will give me both *releaſe* and *glory*.

XC.

Of War, and Souldiers.

AFter a long *Scene of Peace*, *War*, ever enters the *Stage*; and indeed, is ſo much of the *Worlds Phyſic*, as it is both a *Purge*, and *bloodletting*. *Peace*, *Fulneſs*, *Pride*, and *War*, are the four *Fellies*, that being let into one another, make the *wheel*, that the *Times* turn on. As we ſee in *Bees*, when the *Hive multiplies* and *fills*, *Nature* hath always taught it

it a way of *eaſe* by *ſwarms*: So the *World* and *Nations*, when they grow *over-populous*, they *diſcharge* themſelves by *Troops*, and *Bands*. 'Tis but the *diſtemper* of the body *Politic*, which (like the *natural*) Reſt, and a full *dyet* hath burthen'd with *repletion*: and that heightens *humors*, either to *ſickneſs* or *evacuation*. When 'its eaſed of theſe, it ſubſides again to a *quiet reſt* and *temper*. So *War* is begotten out of *Peace* graduately, and ends in *Peace* immediately. Between *Peace* and *War* are two *Stages*; *Luxury*, *Ambition*: between *War* and *Peace*, none at all. The cauſes of all *Wars*, may be reduced to five heads, *Ambition*, *Avarice*, *Revenge*, *Providence*, and *Defenſe*. The two firſt, were the moſt uſual cauſes of *War* among the *Heathen*. Yet what all the conquer'd call'd *Pride* and *Covetouſneſs*; both the *Romans* and *Grecians* were taught by their high *bloods*, to call *Honor* and *increaſe* of *Empire*. The original of all *Tibullus* will needs have *gold*.

Quis fuit, horrendos primus qui protulit enſes?
Quàm ferus, & verè ferreus ille fuit?
Tunc cædes hominum generi, tunc prælia nata;
Tunc brevior diræ mortis aperta via eſt.
At nihil ille miſer meruit; nos ad mala noſtra
Vertimus, in ſævas quod dedit ille feras.
Divitis hoc vitium eſt auri: nec bella fuerunt,
Faginus adſtabat dum ſcyphus ante dapes.

Of killing *Swords* who might firſt *Author* be?
Sure, a *ſteel mind*, and *bloody thought* had he.
Mankinds deſtruction, *Wars* were then made known,
And ſhorter ways to *death* with terror ſhown.
Yet (curs'd) he's not i'th *fault*; we madly bend
That on our ſelves, he did for *beaſts* intend.
Full *gold*'s i'th *fault*: no *Wars*, no *jars* were then,
When *Beech*-bowls only were in uſe with men.

That which hath grown from the *propagation* of *Religion*, was never of ſuch force, as ſince the *Mahumetan* Law; and *Catholic* cauſe, have ruffled among the *Nations*. Yet queſtionleſs to lay the *foundation* of *Religion* in *blood*, is to *condemn* it, before we teach it; The *Sword* may force *Nature*, and deſtroy the *Body*, but cannot make the *mind* believe that *Lawful*, which is begun in *unlawfulneſs*: Yet without doubt in the *enterprizers*, the opinion has *animated* much: we ſee how it formerly fired the *Turk*, and is yet a ſtrong *motive* to the *Spaniſh attempts*: Unleſs he throws this abroad to the *World*, to blanch his *Rapine* and his *cruelty*. For that of *Revenge*; I ſee not, but it may be *lawful* for a *Prince*, even by *War*, to *vindicate* the *honor* of himſelf, and *People*. And the *reaſon* is, becauſe in ſuch caſes of *injury*, the whole *Nation* is intereſſed: and many times the *recompenſe*, is more due to the *Subjects*, than the *Soveraign*. That of *Providence* may well have a *paſs*: as when *Princes* make *War* to avoid *War*: or, when they ſee a *ſtorm* inevitably falling, 'tis good to *meet* it, and break the *force*: Should they ever ſit ſtill while the *blow* were given them, they might very well *undo themſelves* by

patience. We see in the *body*, men often *bleed* to prevent an imminent *sickness*. For that of *Defence*, both *Religion* and all the *Rules* of *Nature* plead for't. The *Commanders* in *War* ought to be *built* upon these three *Virtues*; they should be *Wise*, *Valiant*, *Experienc'd*. *Wisdom* in a *General*, many times ends the *War* without *War*. Of all *Victories*, the *Romans* thought that best, which least was *stain'd* with blood. And they were content to let *Camillus* triumph, when he had not fought. In these *times* it is especially *requisite*, since *Stratagems* and *Advantages* are more in use than the open and and the daring *Valor*. Yet *Valiant* he must be; else he grows *contemtible*, loses his *Command*, and, by his own *fear*, *infects* his *Troops* with *Cowardice*. To the *eternal* honor of *Cæsar*, *Cicero* reports that in all his *Commands* of the *Field*, there was not found an *Ito*, but a *Veni*: as if he scorn'd in all his *Onsets*, to be any thing, but still a *Leader*. Always teaching by the *strongest Authority*, his own *forwardness*, his own *example*. And though these be *Excellencies*, they be all, without *Experience*, lame. Let him be never so *learned*, his Books cannot limit his *Designs* in several: and though he be *perfect* in a *Paper-plot*, where his *eye* has all in *View*; he will fail in a *Leaguer*, where he sees but a *limb* at once: Besides, *Experience* put a *credit* on his *Actions*, and makes him far more prompt in *undertakings*. And indeed, there is a great deal of *reason*, why we should *respect* him, that, with an *untainted Valor*, has grown old in *Arms*, and hearing the *Drum beat*. When every *minute*, Death seems to pass by, and shun him; he is as one that the Supreme *God* has ear'd for, and, by a particular *Guard*, defended in the *Hail of Death*. 'Tis true, 'tis a life tempting to *exorbitancy*; yet this is more in the *common* sort, that are pressed as the *refuse*, and *burthen* of the *Land*, than in those that, by a *Noble breeding*, are able to *Command*. *Want*, *Idleness*, and the *desperate* face of *blood*, hath hardened them to *Out-rages*. Nor may we wonder, since even their life is but an order'd *Quarrel*, raised to the *feud* of *killing*. Certainly, it was with such that *Lucan* was so out of *charity*.

Nulla fides, pietasque viris, qui castra sequuntur,
Venalesque manus: ibi fas, ubi maxima merces.
Nor *Faith*, nor *Conscience*, common *Souldiers* carry:
Best *pay* is *right*: their hands are *mercenary*.

For the *weapons* of *War*, they differ much from those of *ancient times*: and I believe, the *invention* of *Ordnance* hath mightily saved the *lives* of men. They *command* at such *distance*, and are so *unresistable*, that men come not to the *shock* of a *Battel*, as in former *Ages*. We may observe, that the greatest *numbers* have faln by those *weapons*, that have brought the *Enemies* nearest together. Then the *pitcht field* was the *trial*, and men were so ingaged that they could not come *off*, till *blood* had decided *victory*. The same *advantages* are still, and rather greater now, than of old: The *wind*, the *Sun*, the better *ground*. In former *Wars*, for all their *arms*, the *air* was ever *clear*: but now their *Pieces* do mist, and thicken it; which, beaten upon them by *disadvantages*, may soon indanger an *Army*. Surely, *Wars* are in the same nature with

with *offenſes*, *Neceſſe eſt ut veniant*, They muſt be; yet, *Væ inducenti*, They are mightily in *fault* that *cauſe* them. Even *reaſon* teaches us to caſt the *bloud* of the *ſlain*, upon the unjuſt *Authors* of it. That which gives the *mind* ſecurity, is a *juſt cauſe*, and a *juſt deputation*. Let me have theſe, and of all other, I ſhall think this, one of the *nobleſt*, and moſt *manly* ways of *dying*.

XCI.

Of Scandal.

TIS *unhappineſs* enough to himſelf, for a man to be *rotten* within. But when by being *falſe*, he ſhall pull a *ſtain* on a whole *Society*, his *guilt* will *gnaw* him with a ſharper *tooth*. Even the *effect* is contrary to the ſway of *Nature*, and the *wiſhes* of the whole extended *Earth*. All men deſire, that, vexing their *foes*, they may *gratifie* and *glad* their *friends*: only he that *ſcandals* a *Church*, or *Nation* makes his *Friends mourn*, and his *Enemies* rejoyce. They ſigh, for his juſt *ſhame* unjuſtly flung on them: theſe ſmile, to ſee an *adverſary* faln, and the *blow* given to thoſe that would *uphold* him. And though the *Author* lives where he d'd, yet his *ſoul* has been a *Traytor*, and upheld the *contrary ſide*. One *ill man* may *diſcountenance* even the *warranted* and maintained *cauſe* of a *Nation*; eſpecially if he has been good. *Blots* appear *fouler* in a *ſtrict life*, than a looſe one; no man wonders at the *Swines* wallowing: but to ſee an *Ermine* myr'd, is a *Prodigy*. Where do *Vices* ſhew ſo foul, as in a *Miniſter*, when he ſhall be heavenly in his *Pulpit* alone? Certainly, they would the *Goſpel*, that preach it to the *world*, and live, as if they thought to go to *Heaven* ſome other way than that they teach the *people*. How unſeemly is it, when a *grave Caſſock*, ſhall be lin'd with a *wanton Reveller*, and with *crimes*, that make a *looſe one odious?* Surely, *God* will be ſevereſt againſt thoſe, that will wear his *badge*, and ſeem his *ſervants*, yet inwardly ſide with the *Devil*, and *luſts*. They ſpot his *Honor*, and cauſe *prophane ones* jeſt at his *Holineſs*. We ſee, the *Prince* ſuffers in the *fails* of his *Ambaſſador*: and a *ſervants ill action* is ſome *touch* to his *Maſters reputation*: nor can he *free himſelf*, but by delivering him up to *juſtice*, or *diſcarding* him: otherwiſe, he would be judg'd to *patronize* it. *Other offences God* may puniſh, this he *muſt*, leſt the *Enemies of the Truth* triumph againſt him. *David* had his *whip* for this: Becauſe by this he had cauſed the *Enemies of God to blaſpheme*, the *Child* muſt dye. When he that had *Anthem'd* the *pureneſs of the God of Iſrael*, and proclaimed the *Noble Acts* he did of old; and ſeem'd as one indear'd to the *Almighties love*: how would the *Philiſtims* rejoyce, when he ſhould thus become *Apoſtate*, and with a *wild licentiouſneſs*, mix his *luſt* with *murther* and *ingratitude?* Surely, the *Vices* of *Alexander* the ſixth did mightily diſcolor *Papacy*: till then, *Princes* were afraid of *Bulls* and *Excommunications*: but it was ſo uſual with him, to *curſe* upon

on his own *displeasure*, and for advancing of his *spurious race*: that it hath made them slighted, ever since his *passions* so impublic'd them. What a *stain* it was to *Christendom*, that the *Turk* should pull a *Christian-Kings* violated *Covenant* from his *bosom*, in the *War*, and present it the *Almighty*, as an act of those, that profess'd themselves his *Servants?* Beware how thy *Actions* fight against thy *Tongue* or *Pen*. One *ill life* will pull down more, than many *good tongues* can build. And doubtless, *God*, that is *jealous* of his *Honor*, will vindicate these *foils*, with his most *destructive arm*. Take heed, not of *strictness*, but of *falling foully* after it. As he that frames the strongest *Arguments* against himself, and then does fully *answer* them, does the best defend his *Cause*: So he that lives *strictest*, and then forgoes his hold, does worst disgrace his *Patron*. *Sins* of this nature, are not *faults* to our selves alone, but by a kind of *argumentative way*, dishonor *God* in the *consequent*. And even all the *Church* of sincerest *good men*, suffer in a *seeming good mans* fall. This is to be *religiously lewd*. If thou beest unsound within, soil not the glorious *Robe* of *Truth*, by putting it upon thy *beastliness*. When *Diogenes* saw a wanton vaunting in a *Lions skin*, he calls unto him, that he should forbear to make *Virtues garment* blush. And indeed, *Virtue* is ashamed, when she hath a *servant vile*. When those that should be *Suns*, shall be eclipsed, the *lesser Stars* will lose their light and splendor. Even in the *Spaniards Conquests* of the *Indians*, I dare think, their *cruelty* and *bloudiness* have kept more from their *Faith*, than all their force hath won them. Some would not believe, *Heaven* had any *blessedness*, because there were some *Spaniards* there. So hateful can *detected Vice* make that, which is even *goodness* it self: and so excellent is a *soul* of *integrity*, that it frights the *lewd* from *luxury* to *reverence*. The beastly *Floralians* were abash'd and ceas'd at the upright *Cato's* presence. A second to *eternal goodness*, is, a wise *man*, uncorrupt in *life*: his *soul* shines; and the beams of that *shine*, attract others that admire his worth, to imitate it. The best is, to let the same *spirit* guide both the *hand* and *tongue*. I will never profess, what I will not strive to *practise*; and will think it better to be but *crooked timber*, than a *strait block*, and after lye to stumble *men*.

XCII.

That Divinity does not cross Nature, so much as exceed it.

THey that are *Divines* without *Philosophy*, can hardly maintain the *Truth* in *disputations*. 'Tis possible they may have an infused faith, sufficient for themselves: but if they have not *Reason* too, they will scarce make others capable of their *Instruction*. Certainly, *Divinity* and *Morality* are not so averse, but that they well may live together: For, if *Nature* be *rectified* by *Religion*; *Religion* again is *strengthened* by *Nature*. And as some hold of *Fate*, that there is nothing happens below, but is writ above in the *Stars*, only we have not skill to find it;

so,

ſo, I believe, there is nothing in *Religion*, contrary to *Reaſon*, if we knew it rightly. For converſation among men, and the *true happineſs* of *Man*; *Philoſophy* hath agreed with *Scripture*, Nay, I think I may alſo add, for defining of *God*, exceepting the *Trinity*, as near as *Man* can conceive him. How exact hath it made *Juſtice?* How buſie to find out *Truth?* How rightly directed *Love?* exalting with much earneſtneſs, all thoſe *Graces*, that are any way amiable. He that ſeeks in *Plato*, ſhall find him making *God* the *ſolum ſummum Bonum*; to which a pure and virtuous life is the *way*. For defining *God*; my *opinion* is, that *Man*, neither by *Divinity* nor *Philoſophy*, can, as they ſay, *Quidditativè*, tell, What he is. It is fitter for *Man* to *adore* and *admire* him, than in vain to ſtudy to *comprehend* him. *God* is for *Man* to ſtand amazed and wonder at. The clogg'd and *droſſie Soul* can never ſound him, who is the *unimaginable Fountain* of *Spirits*; and from whom, all things, by a *graduate Derivation*, have their *light*, *life*, and *being*. In theſe things they agree, but I find three other things, wherein *Divinity* over-ſoareth *Nature*. In the *Creation* of the *World*, in the *Redemption* of *Man*, and in the *way* and *Rites* wherein *God* will be worſhipped. In the *Creation* of the *World*: No *Philoſophy* could ever reach at that which *Moſes* taught us. Here the *Humaniſts* were all at a *ſtand* and *jar*: all their *conjectures* being rather *witty*, and *conceit*, than *true* and real. Some would have all things from *Fire*; ſome, from *Air*; ſome, from *Water*; ſome, from *Earth*; ſome, from *Numbers*; ſome, from *Atoms*; from *Simples*, ſome; and ſome, from *Compounds*. *Ariſtotle* came the neareſt, in finding out the trueſt *Materia Prima*: but becauſe he could not believe this made of *nothing*, he is content to err, and think it was *eternal*. Surely, this *conceit* was as far from *reaſon*, as the other: his *Reaſon* might have fled unto *Omnipotency*, as well as to *Eternity*. And ſo indeed, when *Philoſophy* hath gone as far as ſhe is able, ſhe arriveth at *Almightineſs*, and in that *Abyſs* is loſt: where not knowing the *way*, ſhe goeth by gueſs, and cannot tell when ſhe is *right* or *wrong*. Yet is ſhe rather *ſubordinate*, than *contrary*. *Nature* is not *croſs*, but runs into *Omnipotency*: and, like a *petty River*, is ſwallowed in that *boundleſs Main*. For the *Redemption* of *Man*, even the *Scripture* calls it a *Myſtery*: and all that *Humanity* could ever reach of this, was, only a flying to the general name of *Mercy*, by the urgings of the *Conſcience*. They all know, they had *failed*, and faln. Their own *boſoms* would tell them thus: but the way how they might be reſtored, never fell into their *Heathen*-thoughts. This was a work that *God* declared only to his own *Peculiar*, by the immediate *Revelation* of his *Word* and *Will*. For the *manner* how *God would be worſhipt*, no *Naturaliſt* could ever find it out, till he himſelf gave directions from his ſacred *Scripture*. In the firſt *Chapter* to the *Romans*, St. *Paul* grants, that they may know *God*, through the *viſibilities* in his *works*: but for their *ignorance* in this, he ſays, The *wrath* of *God* is revealed againſt them: Becauſe that, when they knew *God*, they glorified him not as *God*, but turned the *Glory* of the incomprehenſible *God*, to the ſimilitude of the Image of a corruptible *Man*, and of *Birds*, and of four-footed

Beaſts,

Beasts, and of *creeping things*. And these three things the *Scripture* teacheth us; which else we could never have learned, from all the *Books* in the *world*. Thus we see for *Morality*, *Nature* still is something *pert* and *vigorous*: but in the things of *God* it is confined, that she is *thick-sighted*, and cannot see them. Can a *Fly* comprehend *Man* upon the top of *Monarchy*? no more can *Man* comprehend *God* in the height of *Omnipotency*. There are as well *Mysteries* for *Faith*, as *Causes* for *Reason*. This may guide me, when I have to deal with *Man*; but in *Divine affairs*, *Reason* shall wait on *Faith*, and submit to her *Prerogative*. The *Conscience* is great; but *God* is far greater than it.

XCIII.

Of Tediousness in Discourse.

A *Prating Barber* came to trim *King Archelaus*, and asked him, *Sir, How will you please to have me cut your hair?* Says the *King*, *Silently*. And certainly, though a *Man* has nothing to do, but to *hear* and *answer*; yet a *limitless tongue*, is a strange *unbitted Beast*, to worry one with. And the misery is, they that speak *much*, seldom speak *well*: for they that know how to *speak* aright, know not how to dwell in *Discourse*. It cannot be but *ignorance*, when they know not, that *long speeches*, though they may please the *speaker*, yet they are the *torture* of the *hearing ear*. I have pitied *Horace*, when he was put into his *sweat*, and almost slain in the *via sacra*, by the accidental detention of a *Babblers tongue*. There is nothing ties one, like the *sawing* of ones *ears*, when *words* shall *clatter*, like a *window* loose in *wind*. A *talkative Fellow* is the *unbrac'd Drum*, which beats a *wise man* out of his wits. Surely, *Nature* did not guard the *tongue* with the double fence of *teeth* and *lips*, but that she meant it should not move too nimbly. I like in *Isocrates*, when of a *Scholar*, full of *words*, he asked a *double Fee*: one, to learn him to *speak well*; another, to teach him to *hold his peace*. They which talk too much to others, I fear me, seldom speak with themselves enough: and then, for want of acquaintance with their own *bosoms*, they may well be mistaken, and present a *Fool* to the *People*, while they think themselves are *wise*. But there are, and that severally, that be much troubled with the disease of *speaking*. For, assuredly, *Loquacity* is the *Fistula* of the *mind*; ever running, and almost incurable. Some are *blabs* of *secrets*; and these are *Traitors* to *Society*; they are *Vessels* unfit for use; for they be boared in their *bottoms*. Some will boast the *favours* they have found; and by this means, they often bring *goodness* into suspect, lose *love* and injure *Fame*.

Sed tacitus pasci si posset Corvus, haberet
Plus dapis, & rixæ multo minus, invidiæque.
But could the *Crow* be silent fed, his *diet*
Might daintier be, less envyed, and more quiet.

You

You ſhall find too them, that will cloy you with their own *Inventions*: and this is a fault of *Poets*; which, unleſs they meet with thoſe that love the *Muſes*, is as a *dainty Oration* deliver'd to one in a *Language* that he underſtands not. His *judgment* found this fault, that made his *Epigram* inviting his *Friend* to *ſupper*, promiſe that he

——no *Verſes* would repeat.

Some will *preamble* a *tale* impertinently, and cannot be delivered of a *jeſt*, till they have traveled an hour in *trivials*; as if they had taken the *whole Tale* by *Stenography*, and now were putting it out at *large*: thus they often ſpoil a *good diſh*, with improper *ſawce*, and unſavoury *farcements*. Some have a vein in *counſelling*; even till they ſtop the *ear*; they pour it in. *Tedious admonitions* dull the *adviſed*, and make the giver *contemtible*. 'Tis the *ſhort reproof*, that ſtays like a *ſtab* in the *Memory*: and many times *three words* do more good, than an *idle Diſcourſe of three hours*. Some have *varieties* of *Stories*, even to the tyring of an *Auditor*; and theſe are often, even the grave *follies* of *age*: whoſe unwatcht *tongues* ſtray into the *waſte of words*, and give us cauſe to blame their *memories*, for retaining ſo much of their *youth*. There are too, that have a leaping *tongue*, to *jigg* into the tumult of *diſcourſe*; and unleſs you have an *Ariſtius* to take you off, you are in much danger of a deep *vexation*. A *Rook-yard*, in a *Spring*-morning, is neither ſo ill nor noiſeful, as is one of theſe. But this is commonly a *feminine* fault. Doubtleſs, the beſt way for *ſpeech*, is to be *ſhort*; *plain*, *material*. Let me hear one *wiſe man* ſentence it, rather than twenty *Fools*, garrulous in their lengthened *tattle*. *Eſt tempus quando nihil*, *eſt tempus quando aliquid*: *nullum autem eſt tempus*, *in quo dicenda ſunt omnia*. *Hugo Victorinus*.

XCIV.

Of Liberty, and Reſtraint.

IT was but a *flouriſh* of *Cicero*'s *Oratory*, when he ſaid, *Ad decus & Libertatem nati ſumus*. The greateſt *Prince*, that ever was produc'd by *Woman*, comes *inſanguin'd* into the *world*, and is a poor reſiſtleſs *ſlave*, to the firſt *arm* that he falls into. But if he meant it of the *Noble ſpirit* of *Man*, then I think 'tis true: for it ſtill advanceth to that *Sun*, from whence it hath both *life* and *vigor*. And thus, we ſee all things do aſpire to *liberty* and the affecting of an uncontrolled *freedom*. Every *Creature* is prompted by *Nature*, to be like that, from whence it is derived. Look over all the *world*, and you ſhall find, that every thing, as far as the *ability* will give it *line*, does *ſnail* it after a *Deity*, and with a kind of *riſing Emulation*, ſlowly *Apes Almightineſs*. But this *Liberty* of *Human ſpirit*, is that which cannot be reſtrained; and therefore the reſtraint of the *body*, is that which we will ſpeak of. This is commonly by *impriſonment*, or by *ſervice*. That of *Impriſonment*, is nothing ſuch a *miſchief*, as the moſt do think it. The greateſt is, in that, the *Eye* is de-

barred the delight of the *Worlds Variety*. Nor indeed is this *total*, but in part, and *local* only, In this, a *blind man* is the moſt *miſerable Priſoner* of all: Whatſoever place does hold him, he is ſtill in the *Worlds Dungeon*, wandering in the *Nights uncomfortable ſhade*. And indeed, the moſt burthenſom *impriſonment* is to be *Priſoner* to a *Diſeaſe*; as to the *Gout*, the *Palſey*, and the like: becauſe for the moſt part, theſe hold us, not without *pain*, and the mighty trouble of our *friends* about us. For the other, I ſee not, but a *local reſtraint*, without *want*, and *inforced imployment*, may very eaſily be converted to a *happineſs*; unleſs *men* will let their *minds* long againſt the *Tyde* of *Reaſon*. It is no other but a place of *retyring*, and *ſequeſtration* from the *world*, which many of the wiſeſt have voluntarily put upon themſelves. *Demoſthenes* would ſhave his *beard* by half, to keep himſelf within, by a willing *neceſſity*. *Diocleſian*'s two and twenty *years Empire*, could not put him out of love with his *retyring place*: Nor *Charles* the Fifth, his many *Kingdoms*. There are Examples of *extraordinary gain*, that *men* have made of ſuch *confinements*. Aſſuredly, while a *man* is toſſed among *men*, and *buſineſs*; he cannot ſo enjoy himſelf, as when he is ſomthing ſecluded from both of theſe. And it is a *Miſery*, when a *man* muſt ſo apply himſelf to *others*, as he cannot have leiſure to account with *himſelf*. Beſides, be he never ſo at large; he does but run over the ſame things; he ſees but the like *world*, in another place. If he has but *light*, and any *proſpect*, he may ſee by that, what the reſt is, and enjoy it, by his boundleſs *mind*. For the *reſtraint* by *ſervice*; if it be with impoſed *toyl*, then is it far worſe, than the being *circummured* only: This *Man* differeth not in the act of his *life* from a *Beaſt*: He muſt ply his *task*, and have his *food* but only to make him fit for his *task* again: he is like one that is *Surety* for a *Bankrupt*. The *gods* ſell all for *labor*; and he has entred *Covenant*, to work for one that *plays*: ſo is become a *Principal* for another mans *debt*, and pays it. This ſurely is the greateſt *Captivity*, the greateſt *ſlavery*. The attendant *ſervices* of *Nobility*, are far eaſier to the *Man* and *Mind*: though the perpetual ſight of *full Eſtates* above them, may well indanger thoſe minds that have not *Ballaſt* in them. To ſee *Heaven*, and come no nearer, than to wait at the *door*, is a terrible *torment* to the *ſpirit*. A *naked Beauty* ſeen, would tempt one *chaſte*, to err. Yet withal, 'tis ſomthing like *Love*, a kind of *bitter-ſweet*, it both *pleaſeth* and *diſpleaſeth* the *mind* at once: It is pleaſed to ſee it; but 'tis diſpleaſed, that it cannot *enjoy* it. Beſides, if there be *toyl*, a *wiſe man* may take leſs of it: and an *honeſt man* by the plea of his *duty*, makes his mind content in *diſpatches*. *Courage* and *Ability*, make *buſineſs* much the *eaſier*. One asked the *Cynic*, how he could live a *Servant* to *Zeniades*? but he returns; That a *Lion* does not ſerve his *Keeper*, but his *Keeper* him. Yet for all this, *Nature* pleads for *Liberty*: and though *Commands* may be often eaſie, yet they ſomtimes *grate*, and *gall*. So that if we appeal to the *mind* of *Man*, that will ſay, It is better being a *King*, though but in a *Tub*; than to be a *ſervant* in the *roofed Palace*. There are helps that may abate *Inconveniences*: but *Liberty* will over-ſway with *Man*. When one was applauding *Calliſthenes*,

that

that he went *brave*, and dined with the *King*; *Diogenes* replyes, That for all that, *Caliſthenes* dined when *Alexander* pleaſed; and *Diogenes*, when it pleaſed *Diogenes*. If this be not rather *opinionative* than *real*, it is queſtionleſs an unhappineſs to *ſerve*. If I have my *liberty*, I would reſt in the *priviledges* that accrue it. If I want it, I would joy in the *benefits* that accrue the *want*: ſo in either eſtate, I may find *Content* my *Play-fellow*.

XCV.

Of the Cauſes that make Men different.

Homo homini quid præſtat? was the former times juſt *wonder*: and indeed, it would almoſt poſe the thought, to weigh the difference of the *ſpirits* of *men*. It hath been a *Queſtion*, whether all *Souls* are *equal* at their firſt *Infuſion*? and if it be of that *Soul* purely, which at the ſame inſtant, is both created and infuſed; then, no queſtion, but they are alike. Nothing comes immediately from *God*, but is *pure*, *perfect*, and *uncorrupt*. But becauſe the ſenſitive part in *Man* bears a great ſway, it many times fall out, that by the deficiency of the *Organical parts*, the *Soul* is *eclipſed* and *impriſoned* ſo, as it cannot appear in the *vigor* it would ſhew, if the *Bodies* compoſition were perfect; and open. A *perfect Soul*, in an *imperfect Body*, is like a *bright Taper* in a *dark Lanthorn*: the fault is not in the *light*, but in the *caſe* which *curtains* it with ſo dull an *outſide*, as will not let the *ſhine* be tranſparent. And we may ſee this, even in thoſe that we have known both *able* and *ingenious*; who after a *hurt* received in ſome *vital part*, have grown *mopiſh*, and almoſt *inſenſible*: When the *vital paſſages* of the *ſenſitive* and *vegetative* are *imperfect*, though they extinguiſh not the *intellectual*, becauſe it is impoſſible, that a thing *mortal*, ſhould deſtroy a thing *immortal*: yet their defects keep it ſo under, as it appeareth not to the *outward apprehenſion*. Not that *Man* hath three diſtinct *Souls*: for the *intellectual* in *Man*, containeth the other *two*: and what are different in *Plants*, *Beaſts*, and *Man*; are in *Man* one, and *co-un'd* together. Otherwiſe, he were a *plant*, and ſeverally, a *brute*, and *rational*. But as the ſolid *cryſtalline Heaven*, and *firſt Mover*, contains the *Region* of the *Fire* and *Air*; and the *Region* of the *Fire* and *Air*, the *Globe* of the *Earth* and *Waters*; yet all make but one *World*: So the *Intellectual* contains the *Senſitive*, and the *Senſitive* the *Vegetative*; yet all in *Man*, make but one *Soul*. But the differences of *Men* may all be referred to two cauſes; either *Inward*, or *Outward*: *Inward*, are defects in *Nature*, and *Generation*: either when the *active part*, the *ſeed*, is not *perfect*; or when the *nutrimental* and *paſſive power* fail of their *ſufficiency*, are too *abundant*, or *corrupted*. And when *Man* is of himſelf, from the *womb*, the *malignity* of ſome *humor* may interpoſe the true operation of the *ſpirits internal*. Certainly, thoſe men that we ſee mounting to the *Nobleneſs* of *Mind*

in *Honorable Actions*, are pieces of *Natures truest work*; especially in their *inward faculties*. *External defects*, may be, and yet not always hinder the *internal powers*: as, when they happen remoted from the noblest *parts*, else they are often causes of *debilitation*. And these are commonly, from the *temperature* of the *Air*, from *Education*, from the *temperature* of the *Air*, from *Education*, from *Diet*, and from *Age*, and *Passion*. From the *Air*, we see the *Southern* people are *lightsome*, *ingenious*, and *subtile*, by reason of the *heat* that *rarifies* the *spirits*. The *Northern* are *slower*, and more dull, as having them *thickned* with the *chill colds condensation*.

Temperie Cœli Corpusque, Animusque juvatur.
Both *Soul*, and *Body*, change, by change of *Air*.

Education hath his *force* seen in every place. If you *travel* but from *Court*, to the *Country*: or but from a *Village* to an *Academy*: or see but a Horse well *mannag'd*, and another *resty* in his own *fierceness*. *Diet*, no question alters much; even the giddy *Airiness* of the *French*, I shall rather impute to their *Diet* of *Wine*, and wild *Fowl*, than to the difference of their *Clime*, it being so near an adjoyner to ours. And in *England*, I believe our much use of *strong Beer*, and *gross Flesh*, is a great occasion of *dregging* our *spirits*, and *corrupting* them, till they shorten *life*. *Age*, is also a *changer*. *Man* hath his *Zenith*, as well in *wit*, as in *ability* of *body*; he grows from *sense*, to *reason*; and then again declines to *dotage*, and to *Imbecillity*. *Youth* is too young in *brain*; and *Age* again does drain away the *spirits*. *Passion* blunts the *edge* of *conceit*: and where there is much *sorrow*, the *mind* is dull, and unperceiving: The *soul* is oppressed, and lies languishing in an *unsociable loneliness*, till it proves *stupid*, and *inhuman*. Nor do these more alter the *mind*, than the *body*. The lamenting *Poet* puts them both together,

Jam mihi deterior canis aspergitur ætas;
Jamque meos vultus ruga senilis arat.
Jam vigor, & quasso languent in corpore vires:
Nec juveni, lusus, qui placuere, juvant.
Nec me, si subito videas, cognoscere possis;
Ætatis facta est tanta ruina meæ.
Confiteor, facere hoc annos: sed & altera causa est;
Anxietas animi, continuusq; labor.

Now, colder years, with *snow* my *hairs* enchase:
And now the *aged wrinkle* plows my *face*.
Now through my *trembling joynts*, my *vigor* fails,
Mirth too, that cheer'd my *youth*, now nought avails.
So *ruin'd* and so *alter'd* am I grown,
That at first *sight*, I am not to be known.
Age one cause is: but that which more I find,
Is *pain perpetual*, and a *troubled mind*.

Certainly, the *best* is, to *weigh* every man, as his *means* have been: a man may *look* in vain for *Courtship*, in a *Plow-man*; or *Learning* in a *Mechanic*. Who will expect a *lame man* should be *swift* in running: or,

or, that a *ſick man* ſhould deliver an *Oration* with a *grace*, and *cheerfulneſs*? If I find any man failing in his *Manners*, I will firſt conſider his means, before I *cenſure* the *man*. And one that is ſhort of what he might be, by his *ſloth* and *negligence*, I will think as juſtly *blameable*, as he that out of *induſtry* has adorn'd his *behavior* above his *means*, is *commendable*.

XCVI.

Of Divination.

WHat is it *Man* ſo much *covets*, as to pry into *Natures Cloſet*, and knows not what is to come? yet, if we but conſider it rightly, we ſhall find it a *profitable Providence*, which hath ſet our *eſtate in future*, ſomthing in *dark* and *ſhade*. If *Man* doubted not of what *Death* would deliver him to, he would (I think) either live more *lewdly*, or more *unhappily*. If we knew *death* were only an end of *life*, and no more; every man for his own ends, would be a *diſturber* of the *worlds peace*. If we were certain of *torment*; *thought* and *fear* would make our *preſent life* a *death continual*, in the *agitations* of a *troubled ſoul*. If we were ſure of *Joy*, and *Glory*, we ſhould be careleſs of our *living well*. Certainly, *God* hath made *Man* to dwell in *doubt*, that he might be awed to *Good*, by *Fear* and *Expectation*. We are led along by *Hope*, to the *Ends* that are appointed us: and by an *uncertain way*, we come at laſt to a *certain end*; which yet we could neither *know*, nor *avoid*. The *great Creator* wiſely put *things to come*, in the *Miſt* and *Twilight*, that we might neither be over-joyed with the certainty of *good*; nor overmuch terrified with the aſſurance of an *unavoidable ill*. Though *Preſcience*, and *Divination* be a *god-like quality*, yet, becauſe it can only *tell* of *danger*, and not *prevent* it, the *wiſer ſort* have ever had this *Art* in *neglect*, in *diſlike*. If *Fate* be *certain*, it can be no good to *know* it, becauſe we cannot *prevent* it. If it be *uncertain*, we ſearch in vain to find out that which *may be*. So, either way we hazzard for *unhappineſs*. *Bis miſer eſſe cupit, qui mala, quæ vitari non poſſunt, amat præſcire.* I remember, *Cicero* reports it of *Cato*, that he wondred how *South-ſayers* could forbear *laughter*, when they met one another; they knew they uſed ſo to *gull* the *People*. One thing there is, that (if it were *certain*) doth mightily *diſparage* it; and this is, That it ſets a *Man* over to *ſecond cauſes*, and puts him off from *Providence*. But it cannot be *certain* and *determinate*: *Man* is not wiſe enough to *ſcent* out the *abſtruſe ſteps* of *Deity*. It is obſerved by one, that what *Nigidius* uſed for defence of his *Art* (by turning of a *Wheel*, and marking it twice with *Ink*) hath caſt it all into a *vaſt incertainty*. And indeed, the minute of *Generation*, *Conception*, and *Production*, are ſo hard to know juſtly; the *point* of *place* ſo hard to find: the *Angles*, the *Aſpects*, and the *Conjunctions* of the *Heavens* ſo impoſſible to be caſt right in their *influences*, by reaſon of the *rapid* and *Lightning-like motion*

tion of the *Spheres*; that the whole *Art*, throughly searched and examined, will appear a meer *fallacy* and *deluſion* of the *wits* of *Men*. If their *Calculations* be from the ſeven *Motive Spheres* only, how is there ſuch difference in the lives of *children* born together, when their oblike *motion* is ſo ſlow, as the *Moon*, (though far more ſpeedy than any of the reſt) is yet above ſeven and twenty days in her *courſe*? If their *calculations* be by their *diurnal motion*, it is impoſſible to collect the *various influences*, which every title of a *minute* gives. Beſides, in cloſe *rooms*, where the *windows* are clozed; the *Fire*, *Perfumes*, concourſe of *people*, and the *parental humors* bar their operation from the *Child*. But ſuppoſe there were a *Fate* transferr'd from the *Stars* to *Man*; Who can read their *ſignifications*? Who hath told their particular *predictions*? Are they not all meerly the *uncertain conjectures* of *men*, which rarely *hit*, and often *fail*? So in *Beaſts*, in *Birds*, in *Dreams*, and all *viary Omens*, they are only the gueſſive *interpretations* of dim-ey'd *Man*: full of *doubt*, full of *deceit*. How did the *Tuſcane Southſayers*, and the *Philoſophers* that were with *Julian*, differ about the *wounded Lion*, preſented him, when he went to invade the *Perſians*? How about the *Lightning* that ſlew *Jovinianus*, and his two *Horſes*? Yet of the reſt, I believe there is more from the *Stars*, than theſe other *obſervations*: but this is then for *general inclinations*, not for *particular events*: Thoſe are ſure in the hands and *Cabinet* of the *Almighty*: and none but *Prophets*, that he inſpires, are able to reveal them. The ſecureſt way is to *live well*; then we may be ſure of a *fair end*, and a *paſſable way*. He that lives *virtuouſly*, needs not doubt of finding a *happy Fate*. Let my *life* pleaſe *God*, and I am ſure, the *ſucceſs* ſhall pleaſe me. *Virtue* and *Vice* are both, *Prophets*; the one of *certain good*; the other, or of *pain*, or *penitence*.

XCVII.

That 'tis beſt increaſing by a little at once.

THere is no ſuch *prevalent workman*, as *ſedulity*, and *diligence*. A man would wonder at the mighty things, which have been done by *degrees*, and gentle *augmentations*. And yet there are, that are over-ready in the ways of *pleaſing* and *labor*. When *diligence* reaches to *humor* and *flattery*, it grows *poor*, and *un-noble*: And when to *Pride* and *Curioſity*, it then loſes its *praiſe*. So the *Prieſt* of *Ammon* would needs ſalute *Alexander* as a *God*: and *Protogenes* ſpent ſeven years, in drawing *Jalyſus* and his *Dog*: and a King of *Perſia* would needs, for a *Preſent*, *adulterate Roſes* with an *artful ſmell*. When theſe two are *avoided*, *Diligence* and *Moderation* are the beſt *ſteps*, whereby to climb to any *excellency*. Nay, it is *rare* if there be any other way. The *Heavens* ſend not down their *rain* in *floods*, but by *drops*, and *dewy diſtillations*. A man is neither *good*, nor *wiſe*, nor *rich*, at once: yet ſoftly *creeping* up theſe *hills*, he ſhall every *day* better his *proſpect*; till at laſt, he *gains* the

top.

top. Now he learns a *Virtue*, and then he damns a *Vice*. An *hour* in a *day* may much *profit* a man in his *ſtudy*; when he makes it *ſtint* and *cuſtom*. Every year ſomthing laid up, may in time make a *ſtock* great. Nay, if a man does but *ſave*, he ſhall *increaſe*; and though when the *grains* are ſcatter'd, they be next to nothing: yet together, they will ſwell the *heap*. A *poor man* once found the *tag of a Point*, and put into the *lap* of his *skirt*: one asked him, What he could do with it? He anſwers, What I find all the *year*, (though it be never ſo little) I lay it up at home, till the *years* ends; and with all together, I every *New-years day* add a *Diſh* to my *Cupboard*. He that has the patience to attend *ſmall profits*, may quickly grow to thrive and *purchaſe*: they be eaſier to accompliſh, and come thicker. So, he that from every thing collects *ſomwhat*, ſhall in time get a *Treaſury* of *Wiſdom*. And when all is done, for *Man*, this is the beſt way. It is for *God*, and for *Omnipotency*, to do *mighty things* in a *moment*: but, *degreeingly* to grow to *greatneſs*, is the courſe that he hath left for *Man*. And indeed, to gain any thing, is a double work. For, firſt, it muſt remove the *hinderances*; next, it muſt aſſume the *advantage*. All good things, that concern *Man*, are in ſuch a *declining Eſtate*, that without perpetual *vigilancy*, they will recide, and fall away. But then there is a *Recompence*, which ever follows *Induſtry*: it ever brings an *Income*, that ſweetens the *toil*. I have often found *hurt* of *Idleneſs*; but never of a *lawful buſineſs*. Nay, that which is not profitable in it ſelf, is yet made ſo, by being *imployment*; and when a *Man* has once accuſtomed himſelf to *buſineſs*, he will think it *pleaſure*, and be aſhamed of *eaſe*. *Polemon*, ready to *dye*, would needs be laid in his *Grave alive*; and ſeeing the *Sun* ſhine, he calls his *friends* in haſt to hide him; leſt (as he ſaid) it ſhould ſee him *lying*. Beſides, when we gain this way, *Practice* grows into *Habit*: and by doing ſo a while, we grow to do ſo for ever. It alſo conſtitutes a *longer laſtingneſs*. We may obſerve, thoſe *Creatures* that are longeſt in attaining their *height*, are longeſt in *declining*. *Man* is *twenty years* increaſing, and his life is *fourſcore*: but the *Sparrow*, that is fledge in a *month*, is dead in a *year*. He that *gets* an *Eſtate*, will *keep* it better, than he that *finds* it. I will never think to be perfect at once. If I find my ſelf a *gainer* at the *years end*, it ſhall ſomthing comfort me, that I am proceeding. I will every day labor to do ſomthing that may mend me; though it be not much, it will be the ſurer done. If I can keep *Vice* under, and win upon that which is *good*, (though it be but a little at once;) I may come to be better in time.

XCVIII.

Of God, and the Air.

FOr *Man* to pray aright, is *needful*: but how to pray ſo, is *difficult*. We muſt neither miſconceive of *God*, nor are we able rightly to conceive him. We are told, he is a *Spirit*: and who can tell what a *Spirit*

Spirit, is? Can any man tell *that*, which no man ever saw? *Man* is able only to comprehend *visible substances*; what is *invisible*, and *spiritual*, he can but *guess* and *rove* at. *Spirit* is a word, found out for *Man* to mask his *Ignorance* in, and what he does not know, he calls it by that name. When we speak of *God*, we are to believe an *ubiquity*: but then, how are we able to conceive that this *ubiquity* is? I speak to *Reason*, not *Faith*; for I know, *this* believeth what it sees not: Yet, something to help *Nature* and *Reason*, I would wish a man to consider the *Air*. It is every where; not a *vacuum* in the whole *Natura rerum*: nay, you cannot evade it: Dig the most condensed *Earth*, and it is at the point of your *Spade*: you can see nothing, but before you see it, is open to the *Air*; and yet this *Air*, although you know, you cannot see. It is also *inviolable*, cast a *stone*, and you make no *hole* in't: nay, an *Arrow* cannot pierce it: it clozeth again, and there is no track left. Nay, there be *Philosophers* that will tell you, the *progressive motion* of a *stone* cast, when the *hand* has left it, is from the *Air* it self: that shutting suddenly after, and *Nature* impatient of a *vacuity*, it does with a *coactive power*, thrust it still forward, till it passes against *institutive Nature*, who made it, to incline to the *Center*. Nor is it *corruptible*. We speak falsly, when we say, the *Air infecteth*. They are unwholesome *Vapors* and *Exhalations*, that *putrid things* breathe out; and these, being carryed by the *motive wind* and *air*, fly about, and *infect*, through their rarity and *thinness*. The *Air* it self ever *clarifies*: and is always working out that *taint*, which would mix with it. Next, we can do nothing, but the *Air* is privy to't: even the acts of *lightless Clozets*, and the *thick-curtain'd beds*, are none of them done without it. When *Diogenes* saw a *Woman* bow so much to the *Altar*, as she left her *back-parts bare*; he asked her, if she were not ashamed, to be so immodest to the *Gods* behind her. Nay, our very *thoughts*, which the *Devil* (though he be the subtilest of all *malevolent spirits*) cannot know, are not framed without this *Air*. Every *breath* we take, it goes unto our *heart*, to cool it. Our *Veins*, our *Arteries*, our *Nerves*, our inmost *Marrow*, are all vivified by their participation of *Air*: and so indeed is every thing that the *world* holds: as if this were the *Soul* that gave it *livelihood*. *Fishes*, though they breathe not perceptibly, yet we see, the want of *Air* kills them: as when a *long Frost* shuts up a *Pond* in *Ice*. Even *Plants*, which are but *Vegetatives*, will not grow in *Caves*, where the *motive* and *stirring Air* is barred from them. We may often observe, moreover; that *Heat* and *Moisture* is the only cause of all *Generation*: and these are the qualities proper to the *Air* alone. Now, I would not wish a *Man* to compare *God*, the *Creator*, with this *Element*, which is but a *Creature*: but let him consider of these properties, and then by way of *eminency*, let him in his *Soul* set *God* above, and see if by this way, he climb not nearer *Deity*, than he shall by any other. If this be so universal, why may he not by this, think of a *Spirit* more diffusive and ubiquitary? That which *Ovid* writ of *Poets*, may be applyed to all the *wise*, and come something near to this purpose.

Est

Est Deus in nobis, sunt & commercia Cœli;
Sedibus æthereis Spiritus ille venit.
In us *God* dwells, *Heaven* our acquaintance is,
His *Spirit* flows through *airy Influences.*

Certainly by this way, it is not so difficult for *Reason* to conceit an *Omnipresence:* and if we have this, we may by it peer at his *Omniscience* and *Omnipotence* too: for the one is as hard to conceive, as the other. St. *Augustine*, when he has told us, that *God* is not an *Object* perceivable by any of the *Outward Senses*, says; *Tamen aliquid est, quod sentire facile est, explicare non possibile.* So the *ways of God*, in *Scripture*, are compared to the flight of an *Eagle* in the *Air*, which no man can either trace or know. Surely therefore, when we are to speak to him, the best is, humbly to intreat his *Spirit* to inspire ours in the way, and apprehension that may best please him. He is best able, by his secret *immission*, to direct us the way he does best approve of. And this cannot chuse but comfort the *Good*, when they know, the *Searcher* of the *heart* and *reins* is with them, and beholds them. From this, I will learn to cheer my self in *sufferings*, and to refrain from *ill*, even in *private.* How can man think to act his *ill* unseen, when *God* shall, like the *Air*, be *circumspicuous* round about him? It is not possible, that such a *Majesty* should either not defend the *Innocent*, or permit an *ill* unpunished.

XCIX.

Of Contentment.

THey that *Preach Contentment* to *all*, do but teach *some* how to dwell in *misery*: unless you will grant *Content desire*, and chide her but for *murmuring.* It is not a fault to strive to better our *Estates*: which yet we should never do, if we rested fully content with what we enjoyed for the present. *God* hath allotted *Man* a *motive mind*, which is ever climbing to more *perfection*, or falling into a *lower Vice.* Certainly, that *Content* which is without desiring more, is a kind of fault in any. *Perfection* is set in that height, that 'tis impossible *mortal bodied man* should ever reach the *Crown*: Yet he ought still to be aiming at it, and with an *industrious persecution*, persevere in the rising way. We cannot be too covetous of Grace; we may well labor for more accomplishments: and by lawful ways, and for good intents, there is no doubt, but 'tis lawful to desire to *increase*, even in *temporal wealth.* Certainly, Man should be but a dull *Earth*, to sit still and take the present: without either *Joy*, or *Complaint*: without either *fear*, or *appetite.* In this, I like not *Aristippus* his *doctrin*, who is hot in persuading men, neither to be troubled at what is *past*; nor to think of what is *to come.* This were quite to vilifie *Providence*: who is one of the *Principal Guards* of *Man.* For, though it be true, that nothing is so *certain*, but that it may sometimes fail: yet, we see, it seldom does: and even *Probability* is almost

certain. Let not *Man* ſo ſleep in *content*, as that he neglect the *means* to make himſelf *more happy* and *bleſſed*: nor yet when the contrary of what he lookt for comes, let him *murmur* or *repine* at that *providence*, which diſpos'd it to croſs his *expectation*. I like the man, that is never *content* with what he does enjoy: but by a *calm* and fair *courſe*, has a *mind* ſtill riſing to a *higher happineſs*: But I like not him, that is ſo much *diſcontent*, as to repine at any thing, that does befall him. Let him take the *preſent patiently*, *joyfully*, *thankfully*. But let him ſtill be ſoberly in *Queſt* for better: and indeed, it is impoſſible to find a *life* ſo happy here, as that we ſhall not find ſomthing, we would *add*; ſomthing, we would *take away*. The *world* it ſelf, is not a *Garden*, wherein all the *Flowers* of *Joy* are growing: nor can one man enjoy them. If it were, that all were here, we may queſtionleſs conclude; that there is no *abſolute contentment* here below. Nor can we in *reaſon* think there ſhould be: ſince whatſoever is *created*, was *created* tending to *ſome end*; and till it arrives at that, it cannot be fully at *reſt*. Now we all know, *God* to be the end, to which the *ſoul* tends; and till it be diſmanacled of the *clogging fleſh*, it cannot approach the *preſence* of ſuch *purity*, ſuch *glory*: when it meets with *God*, and is united to him, who is the *ſpring*, and *ſource* of all *true happineſs*; then it may be *calm*, and *pleaſed*, and *quiet*: till then, as *Phyſicians* hold of *health*, that the beſt is but *Neutrality*: So it is of *happineſs*; and *content*, in the *ſoul*: Nay, the moſt abſolute *content man* can enjoy, in his *corruptible rags* of *earth*, is indeed, but leſſer *diſcontentment*: That which we find here moſt perfect, is rather meer *Utopian*, and *Imaginative*, than *real*, and *ſubſtantial*: and is ſooner found falling from a *Poets* pen, than any way truly enjoyed by him, that ſwims in the deepeſt ſtream of *pleaſure*; and of theſe, in ſtead of many, you may take that one of *Martials*:

Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem,
Jucundiſſime Martialis, hæc ſunt:
Res non parta labore, ſed relicta;
Non-ingratus Ager, Focus perennis,
Lis nunquam, Toga rara, Mens quieta,
Vires ingenuæ, ſalubre Corpus,
Prudens Simplicitas, pares Amici,
Convictus facilis, ſine arte menſa;
Nox non ebria, ſoluta curis:
Non triſtis torus, attamen pudicus:
Somnus, qui faciat breves tenebras.
Quod ſis, eſſe velis, nihilq; malis;
Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes.

Things that can bleſs a *life*, and pleaſe,
Sweeteſt *Martial*, they are theſe:
A *ſtore* well left, not gain'd with *toil*;
A *houſe* thine own, and pleaſant *ſoil*,
No *ſtrife*, ſmall *ſtate*, a *mind* at *peace*,
Free *ſtrength*, and *limbs* free from diſeaſe,

Wiſe

Wife *Innocent*, *friends* like and good,
Unarted-meat, *kind neighborhood*,
No *drunken reſt*, from *cares* yet *free*;
No ſadning *ſpouſe*, yet *chaſte* to *thee*:
Sleeps, that long *nights* abbreviate,
Becauſe 'tis liking, thy wiſh't *State*:
Nor *fear'd*, nor *joy'd* at *death* or *fate*.

But where ſhall you find a man thus ſeaſoned? if it be for a while, it laſts not: but by one, or other *accident*, he is toſſed in the waving *world*. And this made *Diogenes* reſolve; unto *Fortune*, to oppoſe his *confidence*, and *reſolution*; to the *Law*, *Nature*; and to his *Affections*, *Reaſon*: This was *good*, but not *well*: we have *Grace*, and *Scripture* for a better guide than *Nature*. I would be ſo *content* with what I have, as I would ever think the *preſent* beſt: but then I would think it beſt, but for the *preſent*: becauſe, whenſoever I look forward, I ſtill ſee better; to arrive at which my *ſoul* will long, and *covet*. The *ſoul* that by but half an *eye* ſees *God*, will never be but winging, till ſhe alights on *Him*.

C:

How he muſt live, that lives well.

WHoſoever neglects his *duty* to *himſelf*, his *neighbor*, or his *God*; halts in ſomthing, that ſhould make life *commendable*. For our *ſelves*, we need order; for our *neighbor*, *Charity*; and for our *God*, our *Reverence*, and *Humility*: and theſe are ſo certainly linked one to another, as he that lives orderly, cannot but be acceptable, both to *God*, and the *World*. Nothing jars the *Worlds Harmony*, like men that break their ranks. One *turbulent ſpirit* will diſſentiate even the *Calmeſt Kingdom*. We may ſee the beauty of *order*, in nothing more, than in ſome *Princely Proceſſion*: And though indeed, the *circumſtances*, and *complements* belonging to *State*, be nothing to better *government*; yet by a *ſecret working* in the *minds* of men, they add a *Reverence* to *State*: and awe, the (elſe-looſe) rabble. See a *King* in *Parliament*, and his *Nobles* ſet about him: and ſee how *mad* he ſhows that wildy *dances* out of his *room*. Such is *Man*, when he *ſpurns* at the *Law* he lives under: Nay, when he gives himſelf leave to *tranſgreſs*, he muſt needs put others out of their way: and he that diſorders *himſelf* firſt, ſhall trouble all the *Company*. Did every *man* keep his own *life*; what a *concord* in *Muſic* would a *World*, a *Kingdom*, a *City*, a *Family* be? But being ſo infinitely disjoynted, it is neceſſary ſome ſhould help it, and be charitable. If no man ſhould repair the *breaches*, how ſoon would all lye flatted in *demoliſhments*? *Love* is ſo excellent, that, though it be but to ones ſelf alone, yet others ſhall partake and find the *benefit*. *Poſterity* will be the better for the *Bags* that the *Covetous* hoarded up for himſelf. But when a man ſhall be ever ſtriving to do the *world* a

courteſie, his *love* is ſo much the more thankworthy, by how much the good is larger. Without *Charity*, a man cannot be *ſociable*: and take away that, and there is little elſe, that a man has to do in the *world*, How pleaſant can good *company* make his life beneath? Certainly, if there be any thing *ſweet* in meer *Humanity*, it is in the *intercourſes* of *beloved ſociety*, when every one ſhall be each others *Counſellor*, each others *Friend*, and *Mine*, and *Solace*. And ſuch a *pleaſant life* as this, I take to be the beſt pleaſing, both to *God* and *Man*. Nor yet can this be truly pleaſant, unleſs a *man* be careful to give *God* the *honor* that he ows him. When a *Man* ſhall do theſe, and perform his duty to his *Maker*; he ſhall find a *peace* within, that ſhall fit him for whatſoever falls. He ſhall not fear himſelf: for he knows his courſe is *Order*. He ſhall not fear the *world*: for he knows he hath done nothing, that has anger'd it. He ſhall not be afraid of *Heaven*; for he knows, he there ſhall find the favor of a *Servant*, of a *Son*; and be protected againſt the *malice* and the *ſpleen* of *Hell*. Let me live thus, and I care not, though the *world* ſhould *flout* my *Innocence*: I wiſh but to obey St. *Bernard*, then I know I cannot but be *happy*, both below, and after. *Tu qui in Congregatione es, bene vive, ordinabiliter, ſociabiliter & humiliter: ordinabiliter tibi, ſociabiliter proximo, humiliter Deo.*

Omnia Deo.

FINIS.

RESOLVES:

Divine, Moral, Political.

I.

Of Idle Books.

IDle *Books* are the *licentiate follies* of the *Age*; that, like a corrupt air, *infect* whereſoever they come. Some are *ſimple*; and theſe, beſides making the Author *ridiculous*, ſeldom hurt the Reader with more than loſs of time: For if he hath any ſenſe he will grow wiſer by the folly that is preſented him: as drunkards are often cured by ſeeing the beaſtlineſs of others that are ſo. He hath extreme ill luck, that takes pains to be laugh'd at, when he might at once both have ſpared his labor, and preſerved his credit. But he that hath not *Judgment* to cenſure his *own*, will hardly come to be *mended* by *admonition*. And beſides; the leaſt caution is to be given of theſe. For a man will no more dwell in one of theſe than a Traveller of quality, will lodg in an Ale-houſe or Booth. It was *Cicero's Lectionem ſine ulla delectatione negligo*, He hated *reading* where no *pleaſure* dwelt. As cob-webs theſe, by them that are neat will be ſwept away, and if they hang ſtill, they catch but only flyes.

Another ſort are *wanton* and *laſcivious*: and theſe like *rank fleſh* unſalted, when they ſhould prove *wholeſome food*, carry a *taint* that *poyſons*; ſo in the end they enliven only *Vermine*, and do beget but *ſtench*. 'Tis true, *Wit* is naturally *readier* at *this* than any other *Theme*, Yet the beſt is never *obſcene*. As the *dry light* is the *pureſt*, ſo is *wit*, when it is *terſe* and *ſpruce* without the fulſomneſs of ungentile language. The old Law *forbad* the *touch* of any thing that was *unclean*. A man may know that hand to have need of waſhing, from betwixt whoſe fingers the Ink that drops is foul. *Vicious* or a *Clown* is his *Character* at beſt: but for the moſt part *ill-bred perſons* are the moſt *debauch't*. *Civility* is the *Correction* of *manners*: And though if ſuch *works* ſhould be *quaint* in *Language*, yet are they but as *unſavory breaths* perfumed; there is only a more precious ſtink, which certainly ſhews either what the *Converſation* hath been, or what the *Inclination* is: For more than ſpeech, is the *pen*, the *minds interpreter*. As the breaking out of *Itch* and *Blains* ſhew the body is not clear: ſo *looſe* and *unrins'd* expreſſions are the *purulent* and *ſpurei-*

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tious exhalations of a *corrupted mind*, ſtain'd with the *unſeaſonableneſs* of the *fleſh*.

Yet doubtleſs if we *reſpect human ſociety*, *writings* that are *ſcandalous* are worſe than theſe. 'Tis a kind of *barbarouſneſs* in death unto the *dead*: for though both be *alive* at the *publiſhing*, yet *Printing* is a kind of *perpetuity*, and carryeth to future ages both the *Authors malice* and the *parties infamy* that is traduced. A book, that brands a perſon with *Indignities*, is his *Lots* wife in a pillar of ſalt: It remains a *Monument* of *diſgrace*. The *malitious* writer is like the Bee, *Animam in vulnere ponit*: he puts his *ſoul* into the *wound* he makes, and *drowns* himſelf for ever after: For the *venome* which he *vents* himſelf, lazies his reputation with others. *Multi cum aliis maledicunt, ſibi ipſis convitium faciunt*, was an obſervation of *Senecas*. 'Tis unnoble to traduce the abſent, though provok'd by paſſion: but to diſplay a mans *malice* in writing, is deliberate *wickedneſs*; to which (with his own diſgrace) he *ſets* his *hand* and *ſeal*; and does an *injury* for which he cannot make *amends ſufficient*, for admit he does *retract* in *public*, he is not *ſure* all that ſaw his firſt *Book* ſhall come to *read* his *laſt*. And then what *caſe* is he in that *dyes* in divulging *premeditated wrong?* As *witches* paſs by all the *wholeſom ſimples* of the earth, and gather only *poyſonous* and *baneful* for their *Sorceries*: So the *ſpiteful pen* picks out only the *vices* and *corruptions* of men, but leaves their *virtues* buryed and untouched, which juſtly but remembred might *balance* all their *failings*. Like *Toads* they gather up only the *venome* of the garden: and as our *gold-finders* they have the honor in the night and darkneſs to *dive* in *ſtench* and *Excrements*. But above all to *abuſe* the *dead* is moſt *deadly*. The *dead* is as the *Fatherleſs* and *Widow*, whoſe *cauſe*, becauſe they want *defenders*, God himſelf will *vindicate*. How *below* the *gallantry* of man is it, to *tyrannize* upon the *undefenſible* and *ſenſeleſs?* The *brave ſoul* ſcorns *advantages*. Is it reaſonable in *Arms* to fight againſt the *naked?* To meet my *enemy* without a *Weapon* is his *protection*, If I be *provided*. The *dead* are tamely *paſſive*, and ſhould the *diſhonor* of them be tolerated, what *fame* could reſt *unblaſted* in the *grave?* Certainly that *pen* is ill made, that inſtead *of cutting* a clear *letter*, leaves a *blot*. When *Ageſilaus* was preſented with *Lyſanders* treaſonable Letters, and was about to read them in the head of his Army, he was told *Lyſander* was *dead*: and this took him off his purpoſe. He *beats* the *air* and *Combats Ghoſts*, that *wounds* the *departed* from *life*.

Next to theſe are the *Heretical*. Theſe *ſeed* the *world* with *Tares*, like *ill plants* in a *good ground*, if they be let *grow* to *ſeed*, they *ſow* themſelves, and *perpetuate* their corruptions to after generations. The *Heretic* muſt needs be *obſtinate* and *arrogant*; for by preſuming on his own *ſenſe*, he grows *Incorigible*. He is the higheſt *Papal* man in the World. For he *ſets* up himſelf *above* the *Church* and all her *Doctors*. While he cries *down* others for *Infallible*, he *lifts* himſelf up to be ſo: His *preſumption* muſt needs be *vaſt*, that *builds* more on his own *Tenet*, than upon the *mature judgment* of all the *ſucceſſive Fathers*.

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As if God had *revealed* more to *him*, than to all the *pillars* and *propagators* of his *Church*. If he will have *liberty* given him to maintain his own *opinions*, Why ſhould not *Reaſon* tell him that others will expect the like for themſelves? St. *Auguſtine* tells us that he is an *Heretic*, *Qui pro alicujus temporalis commodi, & maxime gloriæ principatuſq; ſui gratia, falſas ac novas opiniones, gignit aut ſequitur*, That for ſome *temporal profit*, and for the *glory* of his own *preeminence*, either *authors*, or *perſiſts* in ſome new and *falſe opinions*. Uſually they are for *ends* and *Intereſt*; And then how infinitely does he *offend*, who will *byaſs* Gods *Truths*, and *deſcend* and *bow* them to his corrupted *Benefit*? He raiſes himſelf *above* God, under the pretence of ſerving him, and ſins more in his *grave*, and *dead*, than when he was *alive*. For he *poyſons* from *generation* to *generation*. And, which is worſt of all, he *offends* till the *world's end*, in a *Book* which cannot *repent*.

But above all, the profane are to be *avoided*; The very reading is an *unhappineſs*, but a *ſecond peruſal*, *guilt*, and *approbation*: The *Heretic* miſunderſtands *Religion*, but the *Profane* does ſcorn it. Such the very *Heathen* admitted not to ſacrifice; The *Profane*, ſays one, is he, *Qui nihil habet ſacri, qui ſacra negligit, violat, conculcat*: Who hath nothing of *Religion* in him, but neglects, deſtroys and ſpurns at all that's *ſacred*. He is indeed the *practical Atheiſt*, that contemning *Heaven*, hath more than the meer *Pagan* forgot himſelf to be man, It is a ſtrange kind of faucineſs for man to *jeſt* with God. He that is well-bred cannot but abominate ſuch rudeneſs. He is a *Clown* to Heaven, that makes himſelf too familiar with the *Deity*. He vapours away his ſoul in air that by his *pen or tongue* would caſt a *diſgrace* upon God. If *man* compacted of *Infirmities* be ſo *Jealous* of his *Honor*, that with the hazard of his *life*, he dares *duell* him that ſtains it; How will *God*, that made man with this *Jealouſie*, be *zealous* of his *own honor* by puniſhing ſuch as *wildly* to *deſpiſe* it? How infinitely will the *ſuperſtition* of the *Jews* cry down the *looſe neglect* of our times? *Prophaneneſs* is but a little leſs *daring blaſphemy*; and at *hearing* this, they us'd to be ſo *extaſi'd* and *impaſſion'd*, as preſently to *tear* their *garments*: ſo St. *Paul*, and St. *Barnabas*, in *Acts* xiv. Such *Reverence* had they to the *Name* of *God*, that they held it an *offence* to *think* of him in any *noyſome place*. Every day was the *mouth* to be *waſh'd*, leſt Gods *Name* ſhould come out of a *foul place*. And in a *ſtool-Room* they were all *left-handed* becauſe with the *right* they *wrote* the name of God and Angels. Shall the *Clay* grow *inſolent* againſt the *potter*, or the *worm* offer to *perk* it up at the face of Man? Beware of the profane and ſcorner. He that *neglects God* will make no ſcruple of *betraying Man*. If he ſits *looſe* to *Heaven*, he will never hold *firm* to *Earth*; but for himſelf will forſake his Friends, having done ſo already to God, that yet gives him all. Any of theſe are the *plague* in *paper*, which he is in much danger of catching that comes but between the ſheets. Nor can he offend alone. A *corrupt* Book is an *Amphisbæna*: A *Serpent* headed at either end; one *bites* him that *reads*, the other *ſtings*

ſtings him that *writes*. For if I be *corrupted* by his *pen*, the *guilt* grows his, as well as *mine*, although the grave holds him. I will not *write*, leſt I hurt my ſelf, and *poſterity*. I will not *read* leſt I hurt my *ſelf* and *Predeceſſors*: They that dye of the *peſtilence* are not leſs *infectious* laid forth, than when they are alive. The body of that wickedneſs ſhews *poyſon*, which continues working longer than *life*, and when all the *ſenſe* is gone. A fooliſh *Sentence* dropt upon paper ſets *folly* on a *Hill*, and is a monument to make *Infamy* eternal.

II.

Of Humility.

HE that means to build *laſting*, muſt lay his foundation *low*: As in moory grounds they erect their Houſes upon piles driven deep into the ground: So when we have to do with men that are *boggy* and *rotten*, our *Converſation* would be unſound and *tottering*, if it were not *founded* upon the *Graces* of *Humility*; which by reaſon of their *ſlenderneſs* pierce deep and remain firm. The *proud man*, like the *early ſhoots* of a *new-fell'd Coppice* thruſts out full of ſap, *green* in *leaves* and *freſh* in *color*; but bruiſes and breaks with every wind, is nipt with every little cold, and being top-heavy, is wholly unfit for uſe. Whereas the *humble* man retains it in the *root*, can abide the Winters killing blaſts, the ruffling concuſſions of the wind, and can indure far more than that which does appear ſo flouriſhing. Like the *Pyramis*, he hath a large foundation, whereby his height may be more eminent, and ſtill the higher he is, the leſſer doth he draw at the top; as if the nearer Heaven, the ſmaller he muſt appear. And indeed, the nigher Man approacheth to *Celeſtials*, and the more he doth conſider God, he ſees the more to make himſelf *vile* in his own eſteem. When the *Falcon* flies higheſt, ſhe leſſens her ſelf moſt, and by ſo doing, hath the more command of her game. And then this uſually falls out, That he which *values* himſelf leaſt, ſhall by others be *prized* moſt. *Nature* ſwells when ſhe meets a *check*; but *ſubmiſſion* in us to others, begets *ſubmiſſion* in others to us. *Force* does but *compel* our *bodies*; when *Civility* and *Manſuetude* does *calm* and *captivate* even the *rugged temper* of the *rude* and *boyſterous*, and, like a gentle *Lenitive*, diſſipates and aſſuages the *Tumors* of the moſt *elated Mind*. *Humility* is the *foot-ſtool*, without which Man can hardly get up to the *bed* of *Honor*. The *proud* man is certainly a *fool*; I am ſure, let his parts be what they will, in being *proud*, he is ſo. One thing may aſſuredly perſuade us of the *Excellency* of *Humility*. It is ever found to *dwell* moſt with men that are moſt *gallant*. 'Tis a flower that proſpers not in *lean* and *barren ſoils*, but in a *ground* that's *rich*, it flouriſhes and is beautiful. Give me a man that's *humble* out of judgment, and I can find him full of all parts. *Charles* the fifth, was as *brave* in holding the *Candle*

Candle to his *departing Visitants*, as when he was *troop'd* about with his *Victorious Officers*. The Legislative Monarch *Moses*, that was the *first* and *greatest Divine*, *States-man*, *Historian*, *Philosopher*, and *Poet*, who as a valiant General, led *Israel* out of *Egypt*, was renown'd with *Miracles*, that could rowl up the waves to pass his men, and tumble them down again upon his Enemies, was a *Type* of *Christ*, styled *a friend of God*, and (as *Eccl. Sasticus* tells us) *beloved both of God and men*: yet was he *meek* above all that were upon the face of the Earth. And, lest our *proud dust* should think it a disparagement to be *humble*, we are commanded by our Saviour to learn it of him, who tells us the benefit will be, *rest to our souls*. We are sent to the *Pismire* for *Industry*, to the *Lion* for *valor*, to the *Dove* for *Innocence*, to the *Serpent* for *Wisdom*; but for *Humility* unto *God himself*, as an *attribute* more peculiar to his *Excellence*: and certainly, if we shall but *contemplate* him, we shall find him able for all, either that we can, or cannot conceive: yet by his up-holding and sublevaminous *Providence*, according to his *meer will* he orders, guides, and governs all. No man ever lost *esteem* with *wise men*, by stooping to an *honest lowness* when there was occasion. I have known a great *Duke* to fetch in wood to his Inferiors fire; And a General of Nations, descending to a Footmans office in lifting up the boot of a Coach: yet never thought it an eclipse to either of their dignities. The *Text* does give it to the *Publicans dejectedness* rather than to the *Pharisees boasting*. That *ship* wants *Ballast* that floats upon the top of the waters: and he may well be suspected to be *defective* within, that would pull on *respect* to himself by his undue *assuming* it, What is that man *worse* that lets his *inferior* go before him? The *folly* is in him that takes it when not due: but the *prudence* rests with him, that in the *sereneness* of his own *worth* does not *value* it. In shows of State, the meanest marches first. I am not troubled, if my Dog out-runs me. The *Sun* chides not the *morning Star*, though it presume to usher day before him. My *place* is only where I am at *present*; but that wherein I am not, is not mine. While the *proud* man bustles in the storm, and begets himself Enemies, the *humble* peaceably passes in the shade unenvy'd. The full sayl over-sets the Vessel, which drawn in, may make the voyage prosperous. Who is't that pitties *Haman*, when only *Mordecaies* uprightness in the gate shall sicken him? He sure is *queasie stomacht* that must *pet*, and *puke*, at such a *trivial circumstance*. *Humility* prevents *disturbance*: It rocks *debate* asleep, and keeps men in *continued peace*. Men rest not while they *ride* in *state*, or *hurry* it in a *furious charge*: but when they *humble* themselves to the *Earth*, or a *Couch*, refreshing sleep does then becalm their *toils* and *cares*. When the two *Goats* on a narrow Bridg met over a deep stream, was not he the *wiser* that lay down for the other to pass over him, than he that would rather hazard both their lives by contending? he preserv'd himself from danger, and made the other become debtor to him for his safety. I will never think my self *disparag'd*, either by *preserving peace*, or *doing good*. He is *charitable*,

table, that out of *Christian ends* can be content to part with his *due*: but he that would take it from me, wrongs not me so much as he does himself. I have ever thought it *Indiscretion* to *vie* it in *continued strife*: *Prevailing* is but *victory* in *part*; his *pride* may still remain *unconquer'd*. If I be *subdued*; beside my *shame*, I purchase his *contempt* to boot. When *yielding* out of *prudence*, triumphs over all, and brings him in to be *mine*. I had rather be accounted *too much humble*, than esteemed *a little proud*: That tends to *virtue* and *wisdom*; this to *dishonor* and *vice*. Even in Gold the stiffest is the basest; but the pure, by being ductible, keeps whole.

III.

Of Religion and Morality.

TO render a man *perfect*, there is requisite both *Religion* and *Nature*; that is, *Faith* and *Morality*. But some will tell me, there needs but one; *Religion* comprehends both: And certainly, the *Christian Religion* purely practised, will do so; for it *rectifies* and *confirms* the *Law* of *Nature*; and purging man from *Corruption* by *faith*, presents him *justified*, and a *fulfiller* of the *Law*, which *Nature* cannot do. *Religion* more properly respects the *service* of *God*; yet takes *care* of *Man* too. *Morality* looks most to our *conversation* with men: yet leaves us not when we come to *God* and *Religion*. I confess I understand not, why some of our Divines have so much cry'd down *Morality*. A *Moral man* with some, is but another word for a *Reprobate*: Whereas truely, *Charity* and *probability* would induce us to think, That whosoever is *morally honest*, is so out of *conscience* in *obedience* to the *commands* of *God*, and the *Instinctments* of *Nature*, so framed and qualified by God himself, rather than out of *sinister*, *lower*, or *less noble ends*: And therefore, I hold it to be most true, that as *true Religion* cannot be without *Morality*; no more can *Morality* that is right, be without *Religion*. I look upon it as the Primitive and Everlasting Law and *Religion* of man: which instamped in his soul at his Creation, is a *Ray* arising from the *Image* of God. Till the *Law* was given, what *Religion* had he but his own *Morality*, for almost two thousand years? It was the worlds *Religion*. What was it else that taught man to *pray*, and *humble* himself to a *Deity*; when he had done amiss, to make *Offertories* to *appease* an angred *God-head*; and to think of ways of *expiation*? And when the *Law* was *promulgated* in *Tables* of *stone* to shew the *perpetuity* of it; Was it not the same *reduced* to literal Precepts, which even in the worlds *Infancy* was written in the *hearts* of man? The *Judicial* and *Ceremonial Law* of the *Jews*, we see abolisht at our *Savious* coming. But the *Decalogue*, because 'tis *Moral*, holds. We find it also barely *Preceptive* and *Imperial*. *Do this*, or, *Do not do this*; without a *reason* given (unless in some out of

of the consequence) because being *Moral* there needed none. The *reason* was in each mans *heart* before: not only among the *Jews*, but the *Gentiles* also. It was the *Universal Religion* of the world, which God at first gave man: So *pregnant* in the *minds* of *all*; That it was *sufficient* in some good *measure* to *curb* the *loose exorbitancies* of *depraved Nature*, and lead her up towards her *duty*. What *Barbarous Heathen* condemns not in his Conscience, what the Law *prohibits*; or applauds not what it does *command?* Of this the great Apostle spake, where he tells us; That *when the Gentiles, which have not the Law, do yet naturally the things contained in the Law, they are a law to themselves.* Even *Reason*, which is *Nature*, leads a man up to *Religions Palace*, though it show us not all the *private rooms* within it. It brings us into the *Presence*, though not into the *Privy Chamber*. It ushers us to *Faith*; which rightly stated, is little more than rarified and pure Celestial *Reason*. For of *Faith*, there is *reason* to be given: And though it be set in a height, beyond our *Human Perspicience*, I can believe it rather *super-elevated*, than *contradictive* to our *Reason*. When Man comes to *Faith*, he then runs *out* of himself; but not at all *against* himself. By his *virtue*, he but lifts up *Nature* to a higher scale. *Religion* and *Virtue* is but *Nature* better bred, more immediately deducing its *Original* from *God* the *Author* and *Fountain* of all that is *good*: suitable to this, is that which the *Orator* tells us, where (*de legibus*) he makes *Vertue* nothing else, but *perfect Nature* raised to its *full sublimity*. And besides the *School-men*, I have met with a Divine, declaring. That *Religio est omnium Moralium virtutum Nobilissima. Religion* is the *Noblest* of all *Moral virtues*. And it is *Cornelius a Lapide*. Reason can tell us, That having *offended*, (without satisfaction) we are lyable to *punishment*. It can set us to *search* for a *Saviour*, though it cannot find him for us in his gracious *Contrivances*, and sublime *Immensities*: Even the *Gospel* in its larger part is *Moral*; The *Law* is the Compendium of *Morality*, and the *Gospel* is the Compendium of the *Law*. Upon *loving God above all, and our Neighbour as our selves*, hang all the Law and the Gospel. And this as the *concreated Rule* with Man, is that which the Apostle calls the *Royal Law*; which if we *fulfil*, we do *well*. I find in most *Religions*, some *Tenents* that are *destructive* to *Humanity*, though not in the first *sanction* and *frame* of *Religion*; yet in time brought in by particular *Professors*, who have left *posterity* their *disciples*. The very *Series* and *Foundations* of *Religion*, by such as these have been *dispens'd with*, under the pretence of *public Interest* to bring in *particular Designs*. But the true *Christian Religion* and the *true Morality* dares not do a *wrong*, nor so much as plead *necessity*, where, by *suffering*, it may be avoided. Even in all *Religions*, when they be *cut out* into *Sects*, they run to *division*, and *destroy*. Like little *Rills* from *large Rivers*, they suffer not the stones to rest, but rattle and make a noise with their shallowness, while the main Stream, by reason of his deepness, is both smooth and silent. Men that are of depraved and harsh *dispositions*, are aptest to become *Sectaries*; and

when such come once to be *dipt* in *Religion*, (for to be well washed, clenseth) they are usually more *virulent* than any other sort of men. If they had the grounds of *Morality*, even the *goodness* of *Nature* would make them *in-oppressive*, and dictate to them, That it were *Nobler* to *undergo* a *self-denying* or some *Sufferance*, than by *Singularity* and the *Morosity* of an *eager spleen* give a *public Disturbance*, perhaps to the *unhinging* of the whole frame of *Government*. Certainly, however the pretext be *Religion*, and that misleading Meteor, *Liberty*; yet in the *Violators* of a just *Authority*, 'tis either an *ill Nature*, or a *sinister end*, which draws them to persist in't. If there were *Charity*, (without which all Religion is vain) no man would prefer a *self-immunity*, before a *general peace*. Therefore let men be never so *specious* in the *formal profession* and *Verbalities* of *Religion*, when I see them act things against *Morality*, and such as are *destructive* to *Human Society*; I shall be content to call it *Craft* or *Policy*, but by no means *Religion* to be imitated. To *circumvent* men into *Snares* of either *Life* or *Estate* or *Liberty*; To *insidiate* and *intrap* the *unsuspicious* and *well-meaning* man; To grow *great* and *rise* by my Neighbors *fall*, to which I have contributed; To *undo* a man for acting *Honesty* and *Conscience*; To *delude* the world by *vows* and *promises*; To *falsifie Oaths* and *public Manifestoes*; To be *prodigal* of the *blood* and *lives* of others; To *lift* them out of the world for *ends*; To *impropriate* my self into that which is not *mine*; To *pretend* one *thing*, and act the *contrary*: These and the like being against the *Rules* of *Morality*, let them carry what face they will, *Religion* may be the *Paint*, but never the *Complexion* of such *Actions*. He that is not *Morally Honest*, whatsoever gloss his *Religion* bears, he wears it but in *Water-colours*, which either a *warm breath* or a *wet storm* will *melt* away or *blemish*. Methinks I find the soundness of *Heathens* putting the *blush* upon the practice of *Christians*, who stain their *sincere profession* by the underhand *complications* of *fraud* and *colluſion*. How natural was it in the *Romans* to have their blouds rise at *Lucius Marcus*; for that by subtilties, wiles and craft he went about to facilitate his *Victories* against the *Macedonian Perseus*? When *Meander* of *Samos* flying to the *Spartans* from the *Persian* Forces, declared what *Wealth* he had brought along, and how much he would give to *Cleomenes* their *Governor*; *Cleomenes* presently repairs to the *Senate*: And tells them, *It would be well if they banisht their Samian guest, lest he might persuade some Spartan to be wicked.* The name of *Great* had not been undeservedly given to *Alexander*, for telling one that persuaded him to take the *Advantage* of a *dark night* to set upon his Enemy *Darius*: No, says he, *I had rather repent my Fortune than blush at my Victory*: And in a *Christian* it deserv'd a high *applause*, *Conrade* the first Emperor of *Germany*; who when *Micipsicus* (who persisted in his Fathers Rebellion) not being able to defend himself against the Emperors puissance, fled to *Waldericus* Duke of *Bohemia*, and he after promising protection and assistance (to work his own ends) privately treated with the Emperor for delivering him into

into his *hands*. The Emperors *Heroic Heart*, disdaining so base a *Treachery*, or to *gain* an Enemy by *Compliance* with so great unworthiness, sent word to *Misicus*, *That he would do well either to submit himself to him*, or *provide himself of a surer Sanctuary*; *for that his pretending friend would betray him*. Doubtless there is a moral *Gallantry* in *Nature* that will lead a man to any thing but poorness and *Indirection*. And certainly, 'tis more safe to trust a poor good Natur'd *Publican*, than any supercilious and high pretending *Pharisee*. I shall surely much *suspect* that *Religion*, which hath not got the mastery of *Pride*, *Intemperance*, and *Deceit*. There is a genuine *Clearness* that looks braver than all the nick-nam'd strong abilities of *over-reaching*. To be a *Man* answerable to *Davids* Queries in his 15th Psalm (which do all point at our *Converse* with men.) In the beginning it makes him *dwell in Gods Tabernacle*, in the end *it sets him immoveable*. The Apostle seems to couple both together when he tells us; *That fearing God and working Righteousness*, *makes a Man acceptable in what Nation soever he be*. The *Immolation* of *Beasts* and the other costly *Oblations* in the *Law* were the *Highest* outward *duties* of *Religion* that we read of; Yet never prized like the *Intireness* of an *honest Heart*, endeavoring in all things to *bear a good Conscience towards God and towards Men*. If we believe *Solomon*, the *Prophets*, and the *Apostles*; they will tell us, *That to do Justice and Judgment is more acceptable than sacrifice*. 'Tis *Charity* and *unspottedness* that is the *pure* and *undefiled Religion*. And indeed God hath no *need* of our *Service*, were it not for our own *avail*. But man hath. And *pursuant* to this, there are VI Commandments relating to *Man*, and but IV to God: Yet indeed because they cannot be *divided* they all make up *one Law*. The *World* consisted of *two sorts* of people, *Jews* and *Gentiles*. The *true worship* of the *Deity* was discovered but to *one*. But the *Moral Law* relating to man was *Naturally* imposed on both: and when both parties *confirm* it, why should any *decry* it? I take that to be *good Divinity*, though I have it from the *Roman Persius*.

Quin damus id Superis, de magnâ quod dare lance
Non possit magni Messalæ lippa propago:
Compositum Jus, Fasq; Animi, sanctosq; recessus
Mentis, & incoctum generoso pectus honesto.

Let's give God, what *Messalla*'s blear ey'd Race,
Cannot in their huge incense-Charger place,
Resolved Right; Pure thoughts; A mind rais'd high;
A soul ingrain'd with Noble Honesty.

Of

IV.

Of Truth and Lying.

I Find to him that the tale is told, *Belief* only makes the difference, betwixt the *Truth*, and *Lyes*. For a *Lye believed* is *true*; and *Truth uncredited*, a *Lye*. But certainly, there rests much in the *Hearers Judgment*, as well as in the *Tellers Falshood*. It must be a *probable Lye*, that makes the Judicious, *Credulous*; And the *Relator* too, must be of some *Reputation*: otherwise, strange stories detect some deformity in the *mind*. And in that, (as in certain natural protervities in the body) they are seldom *taking*, but often *beget* a *dislike*. They may a little *flourish* a mans *Invention*: but they much more doubtless will *cry down* his *Judgment*, and discover a *mind* that *floats* and is *unbalanced*. There is a generation of men, whose *unweighed custom* makes them clack out any thing their *heedless fancy* springs; That are so *habited* in *falshood*, that they can *out-lye* an *Almanack*, or, which is more, a *Chancery Bill*; and though they ought to have *good memories*, yet they *lye* so *often*, that they do at last, not *remember* that they *lye* at *all*. That besides *creating* whole *scenes* of their *own*; they cannot *relate* any thing *cleer*, and *candidly*: but either they must *augment*, or *diminish*. They *falsifie* so long the science of *Arithmetic*, that by their *Addition*, and *Subtraction*, they quite destroy the noble Rule of *Fellowship*. Like *Sampsons* Foxes, with their *Fire-brands*, they leave a *flame* in every field they pass through. *Falshood*, like dust cast in the eyes of *Justice*, keeps her from seeing *Truth*. It often creeps even to the *Bar* at *Tribunals*; and there *perverteth Judgment*. A *severe penalty* were well *inflicted*, where the *Advocate* should dare to *obtrude* an *untruth*. How can that *Judg* walk right, that is *bemisted* in his way? We can never come at either *peace* or *justice*, if we be not lighted through the dark by *Truth*; and *Peace* never abides long in any Region where *Truth* is made an *Exile*. Certainly a *Lyer*, though never so *plausible*, is but a *defective* of the *present tense*; being once *discovered*, he is look't at, not only as *inconsiderate*, but *dangerous*. He is a *Monster* in *Nature*: for his *Heart* and *Tongue*, are *Incongruous*, and *dissentive*; As if upon a *Human body* the head of a *Dog* were set on. The heart is much *unpurified*, which bubbles up such frothy *Vanities*. And besides he that often *lyes* in *discourse*, when he *needs not*, will be sure to do it ever when he *needs*. So his *Interest* being only *inward* to himself all that is *without him* is not set by. And doubtless *Humanity* hath not a worse *Companion*, than he that *singularly* loves himself. Think not to live long in peace if thou *conversest* with a *lying* man. Nor canst thou think to live long in *Reputation*: You can neither *freely* relate any thing after him, nor pass a *right judgment* upon any thing he *speaks*. If you believe him, you are *deceived*: If you do not believe him, he takes it as an *affront*. The way is either to pass him by, as not minded; or

or check him a little obliquely in his own way. As when one told *Galba*, he had bought Lamprey in *Sicily* five-foot-long. He answered him; That was no *wonder*, for there they were so long that the *Fishermen* used them for *Ropes*: A *Lyer* is the *Ball* of *Contention* that can set even *Goddesses* together by the *ears*.

I could sooner pardon some *Crimes* that are *capital*, than this *Wild-fire* in the *tongue*; that whip's, and scorches wheresoever it lights. It shows so much *Sulphur* in the mind of the *Relator*, that you will easily conclude, It is the breath of *Hell*. I wonder not that the *Ingenious blood* does boyl so high at having the *Lye given*. For surely, a Lyer is both a *Coward* and a *Traytor*. He *fears* the face of man, and therefore *sneaks* behind the littleness of a *Lye* to hide himself. A *Traitor* he is, for God having set him to defend his *Truth*, he basely deserts the *hold*, and runs to his enemies *Colours*. He dares not keep the *Post* he is assigned to, by owning of his *Truth*. But like a *Coyner* (pretending Gold) he *stamps* the great Kings Image, *Truth*, upon *Copper*, and coarse *Allay*. What is that Man good for, that cannot be trusted in his own voluntary Relations? One would break that *Dyal* into *Atoms*, whose false lines only serve but to *mislead*. Whose every stealing *Minute* attempts to shame the *Sun*. *Speech* is the *Commerce of the World*, and *Words* are the *Cement* of *Society*. What have we to rest upon in this world, but the *Professions* and *Declarations* that men seriously and solemnly offer? When any of these fail, a *Ligament* of the World is *broke*: and whatever this upheld as a *foundation*, *falls*. Truth is the good mans *Mistress*, whose *Beauty* he dares *justifie*, against all the furious *Tiltings* of her *wandring* enemies; 'tis the *Buckler* under which he lies securely *covered*, from all the strokes of *Adversaries*. It is indeed a *Deity*; for *God* himself is *Truth*; and never meant to make the *Heart* and *Tongue* disjunctives. Yet because *Man* is *vanity*, and a *lye*, we ought to *weigh* what we *hear*. He hath an easie *faith* that without *Consideration* believeth all that is told. That *fish* will soon be catcht, that will be *nibling* at every cast-in-*bait* to *swallow* it. But for him whose weakness hath abandon'd him into a *Lyer*; I look upon him as the *dregs* of *mankind*. A *Proteus* in conversation, vizarded and in disguise: As a thing that hath *bankrupted* himself in *Humanity*, that is to be contemned, and as a *counterfeit* to be nail'd upon a *post* that he may deceive no more. If there be *truth* of *Tongue*, I may hold a *traffick* with with men of all other vices: but take away that, and I tread upon a *bog*, and *quick-sands*; And, like the Prophet *Isaiahs* Idolater, *Chap.* xliv. 22. when I expect deliverance as from a God, *I carry a lye in my hand*.

Though I speak not always *all* that is *truth*, yet would I never speak any thing *false*. A *Man* may be over-born and kill'd: but *Truth* is a thing *Immortal*; and going out of the world with him, gives him courage even under the *Axes* stroke. I would not value life so dearly, as to purchase it with the poorness of a lye. And we ought to take discourse from others, as we use to chuse some fruits, not by their out-side, but by their weight, and poizing them.

Nec

Nec citò credideris: Quantum citò credere lædat,
Exemplum vobis, non leve, Procris erit.
Believe not *rashly*: Harm from thence that flows,
Dear *Procris* Fate in sad example shows.

V.

Of Preparing against Death.

THe *life* of *man* is the *Incessable* walk of *time*; wherein every *moment* is a *step*, and pace to *Death*. Even our growing to *perfection*, is a progress to *decay*. Every thought we have, is a sand running out of the glass of life. Every *letter* that I now *write*, is something cut off from the measure of my *being here*.

But since no man can be *happy*, in the life that is *affrighted* with the *fear* of *dying*; It ought to be our *principal* care, either to put off *Death*; or, overcome the fear of it. Else, while we have *life*, we shall not *enjoy* it: but daily with the fear of *dying*, *dye*. To put off *Death*, is not in Man to do. *Fixt* Fate (without him) dooms him once to dye. The *Decree* is past, and no *Appeal* is left. To avoid *Death* totally therefore, 'tis in vain, to try: We may somtime court him into a forbearance: But the whole worlds wealth is *a bribe* too small to win him to acquittance. Yet the *fear* of *Death* is not *Invincible*. It is a *Giant* to the *weak*, but a *Pigmy* to the *well-resolved*. We may *master* that, and then though we cannot totally overcome *Death*, we may *contemn* him; or, so brave him, as to make him *smile*, not *frown* upon us. It is therefore fit, we take heed of such things as are like *Multiplying-glasses*, and shew fears either more *numerous*, or *bigger*, far than they are. Such are *Inexpectation*, *Unacquaintance*, *want of Preparation*.

Inexpectation. The *sudain* blow *astonishes*: but *foreseen*, is either *warded*, or *avoided*. A surprise alone is *torture*. In it, I have not time to think, till the time of thinking be too late. 'Tis falling from a *precipice* in the dark. A man is at the *bottom*, before he knows he is from the *top*. The *soul* is over-whelm'd with *horror*, which is infinitely *blacker* by it's not being look'd for. *Belshazzars* knees had never beat each other, if he had expected the hand to appear. When *Accidents* like *Thieves*, unthought on, set upon us; the *consternation* gives the deeper *wound*. It is worse for the time than *hanging*; for it choaks the spirits, as to help; but lets them live, to *cruciate* and vex without *remedy*. Like Spirits in the night, they flash *Hell-fire* into our face, and drive us from our wits and hopes: And our *terrors* are the more, because we dedicate that time to rest, without *expecting* ought that should *affright* us.

Unacquaintance. *Familiarity* takes away *fear*; when *matters* not usual prove *Inductions* to *terror*. The first time the *Fox* saw the *Lion*, he feared him as *death*; The second, he feared him, but not *so much*; The third time, he grew more *bold*, and passed by him without *quaking*

king. The practis'd *Seaman* ſmiles at *ſtorms*, that others dare not look on. A *Lion* is not frightful to his *Keeper*; and *Maſtiffs* are not fierce, but when they meet with *ſtrangers*. Every *report* of a Musket *ſtartles* the new-come *Souldier*: but ranging through the *fury* of two or three *Battels*, he then can *fearleſs* ſtand a *breach*, and dares *undaunted* look *Death* in the *face*.

Laſtly, *Want of Preparation*. Muſt not he be *over-come*, that, *unarm'd*, meets his *weapon'd* Enemy? *God*, that by his *Providence*, is akin to *wiſe men*, and ſo does uſually protect the *prudent*, is not obliged to preſerve the *fool*. He that does firſt *abandon* himſelf, by his own *example* teaches others to do ſo too. When I am prepared for the worſt, the worſt cannot diſmay me: but *unprepared*, I muſt lye down and yield. Even *premeditation* alone, is a piece of *defence*. *Negligence* not only invites the *Foe*, but leaves open all our *Ports*, and *Avenues* for him to enter at. The *difference* is not much between not *meeting* an evil, and being *prepar'd* for't.

Leſt, then, I make my *death* ſeem more *terrible* to me, than indeed it is, I will firſt dayly expect it. It were madneſs, to think, I ſhould never arrive *at that*, to which I am every minute *going*. If an *Enemy*, that I cannot *reſiſt*, ſhall threaten that within ſuch a *ſpace*, he will *aſſault* and *plunder* me, but will not tell me the *preciſe* time; ſhall I not every *hour* look for him; It was *Plato*'s opinion, That the wiſe mans *life*, was the meditation of *death*. And to *expect* it, is to give the *blow* a *meeting*, and break the *ſtroke*: Not to expect it, is a *ſtupidity*; ſince the world hath nothing that is like a *Reprieve*. The *Philoſopher* will tell us, as well as the *Divine*; That, *Omne Humanum Genus, quodcunq; eſt, quodcunq; erit, morti damnatum eſt*. All *Humanity* that either *is*, or ſhall *be*, once ſhall *dye*. And ſurely then, he is but *dead* already, that does not look for *death*. A *Glaſs* though it be *brittle*, (if ſafely kept) may laſt *long*. But *Man* preſerv'd *declines*. His *Childhood*, *Youth*, *Virility*, and *Age*, they are but ſeveral *ſtages* poſting him to *death*. He may *flouriſh* till about *fifty*, and may *dye* any day *before*: But after that, he *languiſhes* like an *October Fly*, till at laſt he weakly *withers* to his *grave*.

Secondly, I will *grow* to be acquainted with *it*, by *conſidering* what *it is*. And certainly, well *look't* into, he is rather *lovely*, than a *Monſter*: 'Tis *Fancy* gives him thoſe *hideous ſhapes* we think him in. It is a ſoft and eaſie *Nothing*; the *ceſſation* of *Life's functions*, *Action's abſence*, and *Nature's ſmooth repoſe*. Certainly, it is no more to *dye*, than to be *born*. We felt no *pain* coming into the *world*; nor ſhall we in the *act* of *leaving it*. Though in the *firſt*, one would believe there were more of *trouble* than in the *latter*. For we *cry* coming into the *world*, but *quietly* and *calmly* leave it. When *Socrates* was adviſed by his *friends*, That if not for his *own ſake*, yet for that of his *children* and *acquaintants*; he would have a *care* to preſerve himſelf from *death*: He preſently tells them; *That as for his children, God that gave them, would have a care of them: and for his friends, (if he dyed) he ſhould in*

the other world find the like, or better: and those that here he left, would but a very little while stay from him. What is there that in *Death* is *terrible*, more than our unwillingness to *dye?* Why should I be *angry*, when my Prince *repeals* my *banishment*, and admits me *home* to my *Country*, *Heaven?* When the *Soul*, (like a *Swallow*, slipt down a *Chimny*) beats up and down in restless *want* and *danger*; *Death* is the opened *Casement* that gives her *rest* and *liberty* from *penury*, *fears*, and *snares*. 'Tis *Natures play-day*, that delivers *man* from the *thraldom* of the *worlds School* to the *freedom* of his *Fathers family*. The *Philosopher* will tell us (take it which way you will) whether the *Soul* perishes, or be translated, there is either no *ill*, or much *good*, in *Death*. But when we know the Soul is *Immortal*, and purchased to be a *Vessel* of *Everlasting Honor*, what should *affright us?* unless we *fear* to be *happy*. When my *death* approaches, I am growing to *Immortality*, commencing *Doctor*, and beginning to understand all those *crabbed Criticisms* that puzzle here *Mortality*. It *frees* me from the *scorns* of *life*, the *malice* and the *blows* of *Fate*, and puts me in a condition to become *invulnerable*. It mounts me up beyond the *wiles* and *reaches* of this unworthy *world*. It lays me in the rank with *Kings*, and lifts me up to *Deity*.

Lastly, I will endeavour to be *prepared*. Neither *surprise*, nor *strangeness* can *hurt* me, if I be ready for *both*. He defeats the *Tyrant* of his feast, that is so *prepar'd* as not to shrink at *torment*. The way to *dye undauntedly*, is to do that *before*, which we ought to do, when *dying*. He that always *waits* upon *God*, is *ready* whensoever he *calls*. I will labor to set my *accounts* even, and endeavour to *find* God such to me in my *life*, as I would in *death* he should appear. If I cannot put off *Humanity wholly*, let me put off as much as *I can*; and that which I must *wear*, let me but loosely *carry*. When the *Affections* are glewed to the world, *Death* makes not a *Dissolution*, but a *Fraction*; and not only *separates* the *soul*, but *tears* it away. So the pain and the hazard is more. He is a *happy man* that *lives* so, as *Death* at all times may find at leisure to *dye*. And if we consider, that we are always in *Gods hand*; that our *Lease* is but during *pleasure*, and that we are necessitated *once to dye*: As we shall appear *Infidels*, not to *trust* a *Deity*, so we must be *fools*, to *struggle* where we can neither *conquer*, nor *defend*. What do we do *living*, if we be afraid of *traveling* that *highway* which hath been pass'd through by all that have *liv'd*, and must be by all that shall *live?* We pray, undress, and prepare for *sleep*, that is not one *night long*; and shall we do less for *Death*, in whose arms we must rest *prisoners*, till the Angel with his Trumpet summons him forth to *resign us?* This will not make *life* more *troublesome*, but more *comfortable*. He may *play* that hath done his *task*. No *Steward* need fear a *just Lord*, when his *accounts* are *even* and always ready *drawn up*. If I get the *Son* and *Heir* to be mine, the *Father* will never hold off. Thus *living*, I may *dye* at *any time*, and be afraid at *no time*; Who *dyes Death* over *every day*, if he does not *kill death outright*: at least he makes him tame with *watching* him.

VI. *Against*

VI.

Against Extreme Longings.

EXtreme Longings in a *Christian* (for the things of this world) I seldom see succeed *well*: Surely, God means so to temper his, as he would not have them *violent* in the search of a *temporal blessing*: or, else he knows our frailty such, as we should be more taken with the *fruition* of a *benefit*, than the *Author*. *Prosperities* are strong pleaders for *sin*: but *troubles* are the secret Tutors of *goodness*. How many would have been *lost*, if they might have but *found* the enjoyment of their *own desires?* The too *earnest* pursuit of *temporals*, is a kind of *mental Idolatry*, wherein we prise our *desires* beyond our *duty*; and neglecting our *submission* to a *Providence*, we *over-value* our own *frail ends*, and set them up as another *kind of Deity*. So we sometimes have our *wishes*, but with such success, as *Pyrrhus* had in his *wars*: who in two Battails against the *Romans*, gain'd his *victories* with so great *loss*, that he told his applauding friends, One *victory* more would absolutely *undo* him. *Agrippina*'s, *Occîdat modò Imperet*, proved a prophesie of her own destruction. When it comes to that, We must have *children* or we *dye*; we expose our selves to be our *servants drudges*, and on our *knees*, and in our *bosoms*, nurse up their *illegitimate Issues*. We lay our selves open to unlawful *practices*, for obtaining what we *covet*; and, like *teeming women*, we *miscarry* if we *fail* of what we *long for*. *Death* had not flown in among the *Quails*, if *Israel* had not been too much *impetuous* after them. Let him that eats *too greedily*, beware he does not *surfeit*. I have known a *Falcon* upon her down, come (missing her quarry) *spit* her self upon the *Falconers pole*. Our senses are not *clear* when they are born along in a *hurry*. Who rides upon *speed*, sees matter but in *pass*; his eye is so sodainly *snatcht* from the *object*, that he neither knows whither he *goes*, nor what he *leaves*. When we are too *eager* upon what we *desire*, we become like children, *froward*, and *crying*, till we pull the *rod* upon us. 'Tis but blind and bestial metal to be *rampant* after what we affect. Like a *ship* in a *storm*, when our *Anchor* (Moderation) is *gone*, we float before the *raging* winds. When we proceed *calmly*, we have time to look about us, and may walk *secure*: But *prickt* on *fiercely*, we bait our own *sharp hook*, and put our selves into a posture of being *deceived*.

Quisquis trepidus pavet, vel optat,
Quòd non sit stabilis, suiq; juris;
Abjecit clypeum, locóq; motus,
Nectit, qua valeat trahi, catenam.
Who not himself, *unsteady* steers,
But *passionately* hopes, or fears;
Quits his *defence*. He loosely sits,
And his own *chain*, to draw him, *knits*.

Is the judgment of the grave *Boetius*. When *God* commands *ſobriety* and *patience*, ſhall *Man* preſume to ſhew himſelf *intemperate?* He that makes *haſte* to be rich, ſhall not be without ſin. So, though the thing we *aim* at, be *good* in it ſelf; yet who can tell, whether it ſhall be *good* to us? St. *Auguſtine* will tell us, That he which *prays* for the things of this *life*, is ſomtimes gratiouſly *heard*, and often gratiouſly *refuſed*. The *Phyſician*, better than the *ſick*, knows what befits his *health*. He that is not heard to his *ſenſe*, is often to his *ſafety*. *Undiſtractedly* to uſe the *means* is *good*; but to give up our ſelves to *paſſion*, is *undoing*. If the thing I *covet*, be *good*, I cannot truſt it into better hands than *Providence* and *Induſtry*. But he that is *violent* in his *queſt*, takes himſelf from thoſe *Protections*; and rowls upon his own *vain fancy*. That which the wiſe man ſays of *Anger*, may hold of all other *Paſſions*, They reſt in the boſome of *Fools*. What, ſhall the *faculties* of the *Noble Soul*, made to *contemplate Heaven*, and the *Sacred Deity*, ſtoop ſo low, as to be wholly taken up with *temporal* and *terreſtrial vanities?* 'Tis like an *Emperor* catching *Flies*. *Saturn*, that is the higheſt Planet, is the *ſloweſt* in his *motion*. Sure he, that in a brave *ſerenity* can bear up himſelf from being a *ſlave* to himſelf; that can be content ſomtimes, to take the *Cloud* for his *guide*, as well as the *fire*; that looks upon what he would *have*, with a quietneſs in his *appetition*; that can *calmly wiſh*, and *want*: It is he, that may be written *Man*. If I can, I will never *extremely covet*. When I dote upon any thing here below, like a *ſouldier* I break my *rank*, and if I preſently be not *awed in again*, by my *Commander*, *Reaſon*; I am in the way of being either *kill'd*, or *priſoner*. Beſides, 'tis ſo like either the *weakneſs* of a Woman, or the *rudeneſs* of a Clown, that indeed, I thereby proclaim to all men, that I want both *ſtrength*, and *breeding*.

VII.

Of Prayer.

IT is not an eaſie matter for men of inferior rank, to get *acceſs* or *freedom* of *conference* with one that is an *Earthly Prince*. Admiſſion to *all*, would weigh him down to a *ſlave*. He cannot be a *Center* large enough to *receive* all the *lines* that come from the vaſt *Circumference*. But had he an *Ear* for *all*, he could not have wherewith to *grant* and *ſatisfie all*. Nor were men ſure to *ſpeed*, although they were *admitted*. He that to all ſhould *grant* what is *asked*, would quickly leave himſelf nothing at all to *grant*: he might perhaps *inrich* ſome others; but he ſhould be ſure to *impoveriſh* himſelf. How great then is the *freedom* and the *Prerogative* of the *devout Chriſtian*, who hath a *reverence* and an *affection* to the *greatneſs* and the *goodneſs* of his *God?* Though he often lives here in a ſlight *eſteem* among men, yet by his *prayers* and the *ardent* effuſion of his *groans* and *wiſhes* he can freely

confer

confer with the *King of Heaven*. *Prayer* penetrates through all the clouds and ſpheres. It makes a man a kind of *Intimate* with *God*, and by a towring *flame*, *mounts* him to the boſom of the great *Creator*; who not only hears his *Intreaties*, but delights in his *requeſts*; *invites* him to *come*, and promiſes a pleaſing or happy *return*; which he ſhews in fulfilling his *deſires*, or *better*: fitter for him. In reſpect of whom the greateſt *Monarch* is more *mean* than the baſeſt *Vaſſal*, in regard of the moſt mighty and moſt puiſſant *Emperor*. *Man* does not near ſo much *exceed* the worſt of *Creatures*, as *God* above doth *him*. What if I be not *known* to the *Ninrods* of the world, the *Pharaohs* and the *Ptolemies* of this *Ægypt*: I can ſpeak to *Him*, to whom they all as well as I muſt *bow*. My *admiſſion* is as eaſie as theirs, and by my *humble Prayers* (unleſs my own *offences* hinder) I never am *debarr'd acceſs*. 'Tis the *Colloquy* that continues the *friendſhip* 'twixt *God* and *Man*. We ſee thoſe that are daily *attendant* upon great *Perſons*, by the benefit of their *acceſs* and *conference*, have a greater *prevalency* with them, than thoſe perhaps of *greater parts*, that live as *ſtrangers* to them. And we cannot think, but he which *prays often*, by that means comes acquainted with *God*: If the Nobleneſs of *Man* be ſuch, that he will be more *civil*, and *tenderer* to him, that is *obſequious* and *reſpective* to him, by *continued addreſſes*, and *expreſſing* his ſole *dependence* to be upon him; than he will to one that *looks* not after him: Surely, *God* will much more take notice of him, that by *aſſiduous* and *frequent applications* makes himſelf *familiar* with his *Deity*. It would incourage one in *Prayer*, to read what St. *Auguſtine* hath Metaphorically enough delivered us, *Oratio Deum ungit, ſed Lacryma compungit; hæc lenit, illa cogit: Prayer* anoints *God*: but *Weeping* pierceth *Him*: that *appeaſeth*, this *compels* Him. However, it is ſo *Eſſential* a part of *Religion*, that I think I am not amiſs, if I ſay, There can be *none* without *it*: We read not of any *Religion*, the *Thief* had, beſides his *Prayer on the Croſs*: Yet we ſee, by the *mercy* of our *Saviour*, it preſently convey'd him from a *bad life* to *Paradiſe*. And ſurely, *Man* of all other *creatures*, would be the moſt *miſerable* without *it*. When he is ſhut up in *Priſon*; when he is in any accidental *danger*; when he hath faln into *diſpleaſure*, by his *offence* and *diſobedience*; where is his *friend*, where his *ſupport*, where his *reconciler*, if this be *wanting*? I had rather be deprived of all the *ſolaces* of this *life*; yea, and the *Ordinances* that tend to a *better*, than be debar'd of *recourſe* to my God by *Prayer*. Next to *Chriſt*, it is *Mans Mediator*, to re-inſtate him in the *favour* of an *offended Deity*. 'Tis the *Moſes* that *opens* the *Rock*, and *brings Iſrael food* in the *Wilderneſs*. 'Tis the *Sun*, that gives *Jeremy light* in the *Dungeon*. It puts a *muzzel* on the *Lions jaws*, that elſe would *tear* a *Daniel*. 'Tis the *Angel*, that *walking* with the *Children* in the *furnace*, keeps them from ſo much as *ſinging* in the midſt of fierceſt *flames*. It *attaques* the *Suns* ſwift *ſteeds*; and, like a Sentinel, commands them *ſtand*, in the ſpeed of their full *career*. With reverence be it ſpoken, 'Tis a kind of *Charm* caſt upon the *Almighty*, ſo *powerful*, that it *prevails* upon

upon *Omnipotency*, and makes *God* that we *sue* unto, to become a *suitor* unto us; *Let me alone* (as if he were held) was *beg'd* of *Moses*, when *Moses importuned* him. Certainly, because *God* saw it so absolutely *necessary* for his *children*, He would not leave it in the power of *Man* to take it from them. *Romes Empire*, in all her *ten Persecutions*, could not take this from *Christians*. This they could make use of in the *dark* without a *Tongue*, and in the midst of all their *Enemies*, while their *Tormentors* stood and watcht them. Load a man with *chains*, let him lye upon the *rack* or *Grid-irons*, leave him but a live *heart*, and *Prayer* shall dwell there out of the *Tyrants reach*, and comfort him. And doubtless then it speaks Gods heaviest *Judgment*, when men are *seared* up by a spirit that cannot *pray*. Who can apprehend any thing more *miserable* than a *Judas* or a *Spira*, both shut out from *Prayer*? It deprives the *Soul* of *hope*; and then is *Despair* let in, with that *Immortal worm*, the terrors of *eternal guilt*. He gives up himself to *perdition* that neglects to give himself to *Prayer*. *Man* was never so great an *Independent*, but every minute he must need his *God*. And if he makes himself a *stranger*, can he expect to be heard as a *Friend*? Other *sacrifices* of the *Law* have somtimes met with a check; but this from a sincere heart is an *offering* that is *ever pleasing*: and *importunity* does not give offence. If it prevail'd upon the *unjust Judg*, will not the most *righteous God* be *gain'd upon*? And indeed, what is it can send us away *empty*, but our own *sins*? For if it carry us not safely through all the *roads* of *danger*, the fault is in *our selves* not *it*, Like a faithful *Companion* when friends, wealth, health, honor, and life, is leaving us, *this* holds us by the *hand* and leads us to *overlook* the *shades* of *Death*. When *speech* is *gone*, it *lifts* up *hands* and *eyes*; and instead of *Language groans*.

VIII.

The Vertuous Man is a wonder.

IF it were true when *David* lived, *There is none that doth good, no not one*; How can it be less in these *times*, when the long *Series* of *Practice*, hath *heightned*, and *habituated Man* in *vice*, beyond that of *passed ages*? The *Virtuous man* therefore doubtless must be a *Wonder*. That *Fire* is of an unusual composure, that is made to *burn* in *Water*: And so must his *Temper* be, that can hold his *Heat* and *Brightness*, compassed with Corruptions waves, and courted by those *temptations* every where, that (like the *ambient air*) encircle him. That I see men *wicked*, it is no marvel at all. Bate a man *Education*, and 'tis Natural for him to be so. *Folly* is bound up with the life of a *child*. And since *Vice* is a *Declination*, surely *Man* is born to *ill*, as heavy things sink downward. And then how much easier is it falling *down* the Hill, than *climbing it*? When the handsome curtezan *Theodata*, vaunted to *Socrates*, how much she was to be *esteem'd* before *him*; because she could

could *gain* many proſelytes from him, but he none at all from *her*: He reply'd, it was no *wonder*; for ſhe led men down the *eaſie* and *deſcending* road of *Vice*, while he compell'd them to the *thorny* and *aſcentive* path of *Virtue*. They that are tyded down the ſtream of *looſeneſs*, have much the advantage of thoſe that follow *goodneſs*. *Virtue* dwells at the head of the *River*; to which we cannot *get* but by rowing againſt the *Current*. Beſides thoſe *inclinations* that ſway the ſoul to *ill*, the way is *broader*, and more ſtrewed with *gilded pleaſures*. He that walks through a *large* field, hath only a *narrow* path to guide him *right* in the way. But on either ſide what a *wide* room hath he to *wander in?* What *Latitude* can *bound* a *prophane Wit*, or a *laſcivious Fancy?* the *looſe tongue* lets fly at all, while the ſober *David* ſets a *Watch* at his *lips*, and *examines* all his *Language* ere it *paſſes*. *Every Virtue* hath *two vices*, that cloſe her up in *curious limits*: and if ſhe *ſwerve*, though never ſo *little*, ſhe ſodainly *ſteps* into *Error*. Life is a paſſage 'twixt *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, miſſing the *Chanel*, our *Bark* is preſently *ſuckt into ſhip-wrack*: *Religion* hath *Superſtition*, and *Profaneſs*. *Fortitude* hath *Fear*, and *Raſhneſs*: *Liberality*, *Avarice*, and *Prodigality*: *Juſtice*, *Rigor*, and *Partiality*; and ſo the like in others; which have made ſome to define *Virtue* to be nothing elſe but a *mean* between *two extremes*. The truth is, the *track* of *Virtue* is a *nice way*, 'tis walking upon an *edge*. And were there not a *ſtar* within that guides and ſhoots its rays of comfort; *Nature* would hardly take the *pains* to be *virtuous*. *Vertue* is a war wherein a man be *perpetual ſentinel*. 'Tis an *Obelisk* that requires many Trophies to the *erecting* it; and, though founded in the *Earth* (*man*,) his ſpire does reach to *Heaven*. Like the *Palm-tree* though it hath pleaſant *fruit*, it is hard to come by, for the *ſtem* is not eaſie to *climb*. *Vir bonus, citò nec fieri, nec intelligi poteſt: nam ille, alter fortaſſe tanquam Phœnix, anno quingenteſimo naſcitur.* A good man is neither quickly *made*, nor eaſily underſtood: for like the *Phœnix*, he by accident is born, but *one* in 500 years. And this was *Seneca's* opinion. To which not unſutable, is that of *Auſonius*.

Judex ipſe ſui, totum ſe explorat ad unguem, &c.
Offenſus pravis, dat palmam & præmia rectis, &c.
Vir bonus & ſapiens, qualem vix repperit ullum
Millibus è multis hominum, conſultus Apollo.
Who's his own *Judg*, himſelf doth all *Indite*, *&c.*
Who hates the *bad*, rewards good, crowns the *right*, *&c.*
'Mongſt many *thouſands*, learn'd *Apollo* can,
Thus *wiſe* and *good*, ſcarce find *one* ſingle man.

And indeed Virtue hath this in it, It is a *ſhip* that rides among the *Rocks*; is exerciſed in *Sufferings*, and in *Difficulties*. It is a *Scæva's ſhield*, throng'd with the *arrows* of the *Enemy*. Who had known of *Mutius Scævola*, if his hearts *Reſolution* had not left his hand *inſenſible of flames?* Where had been the memory of our Martyrs, if their *Pagan* perſecutors had not given them the glory of their *Torments?*

Non

Non eſt ad Aſtra mollis è terris via.——
Imperia dura tolle, quid Virtus erit?
From Earth to *Heaven*, the *way's* nor *ſoft*, nor *ſmooth.*——
In *eaſie things*, brave Virtue hath no *place.*

Like mid-*June* ſwine, we can quickly rowl and tumble us in the mire of *Vice:* but to be a *Virtuous man*, is toil and expugnation, 'tis winning of a *City* by *inches*; for we muſt not only make *good* our own ground, but we muſt *repel* our *Enemies*, who will *aſſault* us, even from every room we paſs by. If in *Vice* there be a perpetual *Graſſation*, there muſt be in virtue a perpetual *Vigilence:* and 'tis not enough to be inceſſant, but it muſt be univerſal. In a Battail we fight not but in complete Armor. Virtue is a *Cataphract:* for in vain we arm one *Limb*, while the other is without a defence. I have known a man ſlain in his eye, while (all elſe armed) he hath but peered at his Enemy. 'Tis the *good man* is the World's *miracle*; he is not only *Natures* miſtreſs, but *Arts maſter-piece*, and *Heavens mirror.* To be ſoaked in *Vice* is to grow but after our breed. But the *good* man I will worthily *magnifie*; He is beyond the *Mauſolæum* or *Epheſian* Temple. To be an *Honeſt* man is to be more than Nature meant him. His birth is as rare as the *change* of *Religion*, but in certain few periods of time. Like the only true *Philoſophers ſtone*, he can *unalchymy* the *Allay of life*, and by a certain *cœleſtial ſuperfœtation*, turn all the braſs of this world into *Gold.* He it is that can carry on his Bark againſt all the *Ruffling winds*, that can make the thorny way *pleaſant*, and unintangle the *incumbrances* of the Earth. A *wiſe* a *virtuous* man, though he be in miſery, he is but like a *black Lanthorn* in the *night*, He may ſeem *dull* and *dark* to thoſe that are about him, but within he is full of *Light* and *Brightneſs*, and when he liſts to open the door, he can *ſhew it.*

IX.

Of Venial Sins.

WHat *ſin* is there which we may account or *little* or *venial*, unleſs comparatively? If we look at the *Majeſty* offended; that is *infinite.* If we look at the corruption offending, that would be *infinite.* And then as to the very *Entity* of *ſin*; How can there be a leſs in *infinites?* ſince every *infinite* muſt needs run out beyond the line of *Degrees.* What therefore doth aggravate or diminiſh *ſin*, ariſes out of circumſtance; the very firſt original of *ſin* being equally in all privation. In the mian, I find there are but two opinions of *ſin:* One concludes, every *ſin Mortal*; The other holds, ſome to be but *Venial:* The firſt cryes up Gods *Juſtice*, the other may let in his *Mercy.* The reformed way (as ſin) ſays, Every *ſin* in it ſelf is *Mortal*; So that every thought we think, every action we commit, either is no *ſin*; or

or else is such as without a *Saviour* sinks us into *Hell* for ever: there to be *Tormented* to *Eternity*.

The Church of *Rome* is not so highly severe. Some *sins* they can allow to be but *Venial*; such as *oblige* not man to the *Punishment* of *Eternal death*: which indeed is a *Life endless*, in *endless torment*. But yet they allow them to be such as deserve *Punishment*, although such as are easily *pardonable*: *remissible* of *course*, or *expiable* by an easie *penitence*, And three ways they tell us they become *venial*.

First, is that which is *Venial* in it's *kind*: As an *Idle Word*.

Secondly, *Sin* may become *Venial* by *event*: As a *mortal sin* by *true Repentance* may become *Venial*.

Thirdly, a *sin* may be *venial* either by *Infirmity* or *Ignorance*, when those (they say) that are done out of either of these, neither *need* a *Saviours passion* to *satisfie* for them, nor *oblige* man in himself to be *bound* to a *perpetuity* of *punishment*: but by a *short penitence* or a *little singing* in a *Purgatory-fire*, they shall *vapor* away as things that never were done. I intend not here to dispute the *Truth* of either of these *opinions*. I believe if we take *sin* either way, we shall quickly find enough that (both out of *duty* and *prudence*) may *fright* us from *committing it*: If all be *mortal*, we need no more; All arguments are less than that, to which nothing more can be added: if the *punishment* be *eternal*, whatever is said *more*, is *less*. But take *sin* in the *milder sense*, and should we grant it *venial*; Yet certainly there is cause enough to beware: for albeit some have made so *slender account* of *sins* that are *Venial*, as to rank them but with *straws* and *trifles*, easily *committed* and as easily *wiped off*: Blots with the same breath made and expunged. Yea the Noble St. *Augustine* (*Sermon. de sanctis* 41. *& in sententiis cap.* 46.) informs us, *Non justitiam impedire nec animam occidere venialia Peccata*; That *venial sins*, neither *hinder Justice*, nor *destroy* the *Soul*. Yet I find divers that upon deliberation have signed them with so black a *brand*, that every wise *Christian* will think them Rocks as dangerous as those that split the ship, and perish all the fraight. A Tiffany with less than pin-holes will let in water as well as the wide-spaced Cive. They say, *Venial sin* may become *Mortal* four manner of *ways*:

1st. Out of *Conscience*. For, be the matter never so slight, as but to *lift* a *Rush* from the *ground*, yet *done* against *Conscience* it *packs* the *Author* to *Hell*. Yea though the *Conscience* be *Erroneous*.

2ly. Out of *Complacency*. It is the same St. *Augustines*; *Nullum Peccatum adeò est veniale, quod non fiat mortale dum placet*. No *sin* can be so *venial*, but that *delight* in it will make it *Mortal*.

3ly. Out of *Disposition*. Because by often falling into *venial sins* a man is disposed unto *mortal*: by the *proclivity*, and *tendency* of his own *Corruptions*: Wherefore St. *Gregories* caution may be of very good use unto us, *Vitâsti Saxa grandia*; *Vide ne obruaris Arenâ*. Let the Mariner that hath scap'd the *Rocks*, take heed he be not wrack't upon the Sands.

4ly. Out of *Progreſſion*. For though *Sin* at firſt puts up a pleaſing head, and ſhews but a *modeſt veniality*: yet, if it be not *check't*, it quickly *ſwells* to what is *ſad* and *mortal*. And beſides theſe, they are content to admit of *ſeven* ſeveral *dangerous effects* of thoſe *ſins* that thus they *ſmooth* for *venials:*

Firſt, they ſay even the *petty venial* does *oblige* a man to *Puniſhment:* Nay, if a man *dies* with *Mortal* and *Venial* ſins together, he ſhall be *puniſht eternally* for both.

2ly. It *ſoils* the *ſoul*, 'tis the *duſt* of that *Charcoal* which with its *flying Atoms* blacks the *beauty* of the minds *fair countenance*. And though in the Elect, *Grace* wipes it off, as to *guilt*; yet it does not do it, as to *puniſhment*, but he muſt be *cleans'd* in *Purgatory*.

3ly. Like *water* caſt on *fire* it *deads* the *heat* of *Charity*. 'Tis the *Cold* that *chills* the *enlivening warmth* of *Virtue*: As *piercing winds* they hinder the *fruit* of *piety* from *ripening*, and by degrees inſenſible, they *ſteal* us into *drowſineſs* and *Lethargy*.

4ly. It *wearies* and *loads* the *ſoul*, that ſhe cannot be ſo active in *good* as ſhe ought. Like *Bells* and *Vervels* they may *jingle* and perhaps ſeem to *adorn*; but indeed they *hinder* our *flight*, are but *ſpecious Fetters*, and *proclaim* us in anothers *property*.

5ly. They *keep us back* from *glory:* and whereas without them, we might paſs the *neareſt way* to *Heaven*, they make us go about by *Purgatory*; where we muſt *ſtay* and *bathe*; and *file*, and *burn off* all our *Ruſt*.

6ly. They *diminiſh* our *glory:* for, while we ſhould be *doing* what *increaſes it*, we *trifle* upon *theſe*, and *leſſen it*. Every *good action* contributes a *Ray* to the *luſtre* of a *Chriſtians Crown*, but *neglect* alone *expoſes it* to *famiſh* from its *brightneſs*.

7ly. They are often *occaſions* of *mortal* ſins: They are *Natures kiſſes* that *betray us* to *Incontinence*. They are the *ſparkles* and the *Redneſs* of that *Wine* which oft *intice* to *Drunkenneſs*. Therefore take now which *ſide* you pleaſe, with all theſe conſiderations where is the offence that juſtly we can *count little?* That *Gale* that *blows* me to a *wrack* among the *Rocks*, be it never ſo *gentle*, is to me the ſame with a *Tempeſt*, and certainly in ſome *reſpects* more *dangerous*. All will *labor* to withſtand a *ſtorm*, but *danger* unſuſpected is not car'd for. There be far more *deaths* contracted out of the *unperceiv'd irregularities* of *diet*, than by *open* and *apparent ſurfeits*. If they be *leſs* in *quality*, they are more in *number*; and their *multitude* equals them, to the others *greatneſs*. *Nolite contemnere venialia quia minima ſunt, ſed timete quia plura*; *Deſpiſe* not *venial ſins*, becauſe they are *ſmall:* but rather *regard* them becauſe they are *many*, was St. *Auguſtines Counſel* of old. The *Aggregation* of *Atoms*, made at firſt the Worlds huge Maſs. And the *Aggregation* of *drops* did *drown* it when it was made. Who will think that wound *ſmall*, that gives a ſudain *Inlet*, if not to *death*, to *diſeaſe?* If *great Sins* be *killing*, the ſmall *ones* take us *Priſoners*, and then we are at the *mercy* of the *Enemy*. Like the Aſhes from the Mount *Veſuvius*,

Vesuvius, though singly *small* and nothing; yet in *conjoyned quantities* they *embarren* all the *fields* about it; The *Grass* though the *smallest* of plants yet *numerously increasing*, it covers all the face of the Earth: the *mizling rain* makes *fouler way*, than the *violence* of a *right down shower*. *Great sins and public* I will *avoid* for their *scandal* and *wonder*; *Lesser* and *private* for their *Danger* and *Multitude*; *both*, because the *displease* my *God*, and will *ruin me*. I cannot if *I love him*, but *abhor* what he *loaths*. I cannot, if I *love* my *self* but *beware* of what will *destroy me*.

X.

Of Memory and Forgetfulness in Friendship.

Forgetfulness in *Friendship* may somtimes be as *necessary* as *Memory*: For 'tis *hard* to be so *exactly vigilant*, but that even the *most perfect* shall somtimes *give* and somtimes *take offence*. He that expects every thing to be *fully compleat*, remembers not the *frailty* of *Man*. Who remembers *too much*, forgets *himself* and his *friends*. And though perhaps a man may endeavor to be *tyte* in all *his ways*; Yet he makes himself *too Papal*, that thinks he cannot *err*; or that he *acts* not what *displeaseth* an *other*. If *Love* can *cover a multitude of infirmities*, *Friendship* which is the *growth* of *Love* surely ought to do it *more*. When *Agesilaus* found some that *repined* at his *Government*, he would not see their *Malignity*: But *commanding* them to the *wars* with himself, he suffered them to enjoy both *offices* and *places* both of *trust* and *profit* in the *Army*. And when they were *complain'd* on for the *Ill managing* thereof, he would take their part and excuse them. And by this means, of *dangerous* and *under-hand enemies* he form'd and smooth'd them into *open and constant friends*. He was a *Christ* and a *Saviour* that *laid down his life for his sheep*, even while they were straggling and *averse* to his *fold*. And it look'd as *unhansome* when *Jonas* would be so *pettish* at the *withering* of his *Gourd* alone. Nor ought my *Forgetfulness* in *friendship* to be *exercis'd* only *abroad*, but oftentimes as to my *self* and at *home*. If I do my *friend* a *Courtesie*, I make it *none* if I put him in *mind on't*; expecting a *return* I am *kind* to my *self*, not *him*; and then I make it *Traffick* not *Beneficence*: Who looks for *requital* serves *himself* not *me*, and with the Noble Bark of *friendship*, like a Merchant, he *ventures* for *gain*. As *Heaven* lets his *dews* fall in the *night*, so those *Favors* are most *celestial* and *refresh* us most, that are *stollen* upon us even while we are *asleep*: like the *fragrancies* in some plants, they *exhale* too sodainly when exposed to the open Sun. What I do in *friendship* is gallanter, when I mind it not more. He that *tells* me of the *favor* he hath *done* me, cancels the *debt* I *ow* him; he *files* off the *Chain* that *kept* me his *prisoner*, and with his tongue *unlooseth* the *fetter* that his hand put on. Intitling himself to the Check which *Martial* bestoweth upon his talking *Posthumus*.

Quæ mihi præſtiteris memini, ſemperque tenebo;
Cur igitur Taceo (Poſthume?) tu Loqueris.
Incipio quoties alicui tua dona referre,
Protinus exclamat; Dixerat ipſe mihi.
Non bellè quædam faciunt duo: ſufficit unus
Huic operi. Si vis ut loquar, ipſe tace.
Crede mihi, quamvis ingentia, Poſthume, dones;
Auctoris pereunt garrulitate ſui.

What (*Poſthume*) thou haſt done, Ile ne're forget:
Why ſhould *I ſmoother't*, when thou *Trumpetſt* it?
When I to any do thy *gifts* relate,
He preſently replyes, I heard him ſay't.
Some things become not two: Here one may ſerve;
If I muſt tell, do thou thy ſelf reſerve.
Believe me, *Poſthume*, though thy *gifts* be vaſt;
They periſh when the Authors tongue runs waſt.

Certainly if *Liberty* be to be *prefer'd* before *Bondage*, though he *injures* himſelf that *upbraids* his *friend* with ought that he did beſtow; yet he does indeed (though he intend it not) *befriend* him in it. As the *Romans* did their *ſlaves*, he *manumits* me with a *Cuff*; and I am not much leſs *beholden* to him for this *unkindneſs* than I was before for the *Benefit*; which as it is the *givers Honor*, ſo it is the *takers Bondage*. If I be able to do a *Courteſie*, I *rebate* it by remembring it; I *blot* it out, when I go about to *Text* it. If I *receive* one, I render my ſelf unworthy of it, whenſoever I do *forget* it. That is but a barren earth where the *ſeed* dyes before it comes to *Ripeneſs*. Sutable to theſe, It was thus, long ſince, enacted by the richly-ſpeaking *Seneca*. *Beneficii inter duos lex eſt. Alter ſtatim obliviſci debet dati: Alter accepti nunquam. Qui dedit Beneficium, taceat: Narret, qui accepit.* Between two *friends* it is the law of *kindneſs*, That he that *does* it, *forget* it preſently: but he that does receive it, never. Let him that *beſtows* it, *hold* his *tongue*: but let him that *takes* it, *tell*. Surely that man means it nobly, and it comes from his own genuine *goodneſs*, when he cares not to have *any* know it but his friend *alone*. But he that *blows* his *Trumpet* at his *Alms*, is a *Phariſee*. In *friendſhip*, I would ever *remember* my *friends kindneſs*; but I would *forget* the favors that I do him. I would alſo forget his *neglects*: but I would *remember* my own *failings*. *Friendſhip* thus preſerv'd *ends not* but with *life*. *Continuance* will extend it to the ſame *effects*, with the *tyes* of *Nature*; which uſes to overlook the *defects*, of her *own*, and not to be *leſs kind*, though in ſomthing there be *diſproportion*, that might take her *off*.

XI. *Wherein*

XI.

Wherein a Christian excels other men.

THere are several things wherein a *Christian* hath much the Advantage of all the professors of other *Religions*. He *excels* them all, in his *Fortitude*, in his *Hope*, in his *Charity*, in his *Fidelity*. In his *Fortitude*; That is, when his cause is *Just*. It was well defin'd of the Orator, *Fortitudo est virtus pugnans pro æquitate*; *Fortitude* is a *virtue* combating for *Justice*: otherwise he shrinks under the load and couches like *Issachars* ass, between the two burthens of his Cause and Conscience. He may show like *Abraham* with his *brandisht* Sword above, as if he would presently *sacrifice Isaac* himself: But the Angel (his within *Conscience*) lays hold on his *Arm*, and *ties* up his *hand* from *striking*. And indeed courage in a bad matter may be *human policy*, but cannot be *Christian valor*. At best it is but *Beauty* with a *skar*. And the end of intention, when it comes to *discover* it self in the end of the *Action*, will have a greater *influence* upon the mind of *man* than the *success*, be it never so *prosperous*. I may be *applauded* by the lookers on, as *brave* and *full* of *Fortitude*. When the Bates and Flutterings of a *Conscience* within shall *blow* up *coals*, and *kindle* nothing but *flames* that shall *consume* me. If I fight in a *bad Cause*, I fight against my *self* as well as against my *Enemy*; For besides him, I *combat* my *Soul* a gainst my *Body*: and instead of one *Enemy*, I make my *self* two at the *least*. But in a *just cause*, how *bountiful* of all things is a *Christian*? Nothing in the *invention* of man can *appal* his *Noble Courage*. 'Tis true, there is no *Religion*, but some have *sealed* the *defence* thereof with their *lives*, But certainly the World hath never *drunk* a quarter so much *blood* of any other *Religion*, as it hath done of the *Christian*. The *number* of all other *Religions* put together cannot come *near* the *untold multitudes* of *Martyrs* for Christianity; nor hath ever any other increased so with *suffering*: as if the *Martyrdom* of one were the *watering* to make another *grow*; so far from avoiding the fury of their *Enemies*, as they have often *itched* after *Torments* with an inward pleasure, sung while the *Element* of fire was *whipping* them: If there be any *Nectar* in this life, 'tis in the sorrows that we *indure* for goodness. The *Cause* gives *courage*, which being just, we are *backt* by a *Melior Natura*, that will not let us fear. It is *Davids query*, *Psal.* 27. *When God was his light, whom should he fear?* He dishonors God that in his cause gives ground. Who will fear a temporal King, when he is in pay under one that is *eternal*? When the *Persian Varanes* checkt *Hormisda* for his Christianity, and would have persuaded him to renounce his profession. His answer was, that he commanded that which was both *impious* and *impossible*, to think that he should forsake the God of the *Universe* to make him his *friend* that was *King* but of a *petty* part. When the Aged *Polycarpus* was urged to *reproach* his Christ,

Christ, he tells the *Proconsul Herod*, That fourscore and six years he had served him, and never was harmed by him; with what Conscience then could he *blaspheme* his *King* that was his Saviour? And being *threatned* on with fire, if he would not swear by *Cæsars* fortune; he tells him, 'Twas his *ignorance* that made him to expect it. For, says he, if you know not who I am, hear me telling you, that I am a Christian. And when at the *fire*, they would have fastned him to the *stake*, the brave *Bishop* cries out to let him alone as he was, For, that God who had *enabled* him to *endure* the *fire*, would *enable* him also without any *Chains* of theirs to stand *unmoved* in the *midst* of *flames*. So with his *hands* behind him, *unstir'd*, he took his *Crown*. So may you see some Reverend *Temple* fix'd, not valuing all the *winds*, till fatal *Violence* force it *down*; or *piece-meal* else the eager *flame* digest it into *Cinders*. Here was discovered the *Noble* and *Heroic* Nature of Christianity, the *strongest courage* in the *weakest age*; A *Magnanimity* as far exceeding old *Romes* boasted *Scævola's*: as the whole body, does the hand in *Magnitude*. When *Lucius* was led to *Execution* he gave thanks that being *dismissed* from wicked *Masters*, he should be *remitted* to the *King* of *Heaven*, *Victor Uticensis* tells us, That when *Dionysia* a *Noble Matron* was immodestly denudated and *barbarously* scourged, with a *Courage* beyond her *Sex* and in the *midst* of *bloud* she told her *Tormentors*, That what they intend for her *shame* should hereafter be her *Glory*. It is most true that in matters unjust, Christian Religion wheys the *bloud* and makes a *Coward* of man: But in matters that are right, it advances *Human Courage* beyond the *standard* of *humanity*. Heaven and the commands of a *Deity* are in the eye, whereby all the *Temptations* of this World become *unedged* and *unprevailing*. And certainly one main cause hereof is his *Hope*, wherein as well as *Fortitude* he excels all other, as seeing further by the Gospels light than any in the world beside. The Heathen as they lived in darkness, so they going to the Bed of *Death* without a Candle, saw not where they were to lye. And in the *general*, they saw nothing beyond Death, but either *dull Oblivion* or *Annihilation*. Or if not these, they dyed in doubt; which more than any thing distracts the mind in uncertainty.

Post mortem nihil est: ipsaque mors nihil;
Velocis spatii meta novissima.
Spem ponant avidi, solliciti metum.
Quæris, quo jaceas post obitum loco?
Quo non nata jacent.
Death nothing is; and nothing in it's place:
'Tis but the last point of a *Posting Race*.
The greedy, *Hope*: the troubled *Fear* lay by,
Would'st know where 'tis, that after *Death* men lye?
'Tis where those are, that never yet were *born*.

Having this from so grave an *Author* as *Seneca* we may for the most conclude it the *Heathen Creed*. *Mahumetism* indeed proposeth something

thing after the bodies diſſolution. But it is a *ſenſual* happineſs, ſuch as the *frailty* of the Body is *capable* of; ſuch as here they *covet*, they propoſe in *Paradiſe*. So the change being little, the *expectation* cannot be *great*, ſince *life* that they *enjoy* here in ſome certainty of *knowledg*, will be rather preferr'd, than a little bettering with the *hazard* that is run in *dying*. The *Jew* in part allows an *immortality*: though the *Sadducees* deny it. So, their hope is *buryed* in the ſame *grave* with them. And for the *major* part they hold *Pythagoras* his *Metempſuchoſis*, only limiting it to the ſame *ſpecies*. And their *Fear* is as well of *worſe*, as their *Hope* is of any better being. But the Chriſtian hath a *Hope* that is better far. The Joys attending him are *ſpiritual* and *eternal*, The beatifical *Viſion* of the face of God, to ſee and know the *immenſe Creator* of all things. The *union* to the God-head, the *injoyment* of a *Deity* beyond our here *Conceptions*, bleſſed; Such things as for the great *Apoſtle* were not lawful here to *utter*, the being freed from *evil* and the fear of it, the being ſet in a ſtate of *purity* and *perfection*, far beyond the *thoughts* that here in the *weakneſs* of the *fleſh* we carry, as far exceeding our preſent *Apprehenſions* as Spirits do exceed the *droſs* of black corruption. The *Hope* and *Faith* of theſe muſt needs beget a *Fortitude*, which others wanting theſe can never reach. Death as a *Pirate* ſteals away others from their *Country* here, and with ten thouſand *fears* they are *diſtracted*, becauſe they know not what they ſhall be *put* to. But the Chriſtian goes as ſent for by an *Ambaſſador* to the *Court* of *Heaven*, there to partake felicities unutterable. And indeed is happier here, becauſe he knows he ſhall be happier after: He can be *content* to part with a life here full of *thorns* and *acerbities*, that he may take up one that's *glorious* and *incorruptible*: and having this Anchor above others, with far more eaſe he rides out all the ſtorms of *Life*. Next, In *Charity* he ſurmounteth all the profeſſors of all the other *Religions*. He can part with all for that God that hath *provided* more than all for him. He can, not only *bear*, but *pardon*, all the injuries that can befal him: not only *pardon* them, but requite them with *good*. What Religion, but it, will teach man to pray for him that *perſecutes* him, to *bleſs* him that *curſeth* him, to *heap Coals* of fire upon his *Head*, that ſhall *gently* warm his *Charity*, and *inflame* his Love, not *render* him *worſe* by making him more *inexcuſable*? We look not upon him as a Chriſtian, if when he *dyes* he forgive not, and pray for, his *Enemies*. Herein *out-ſoaring* the *Dictates* of depraved *Nature*, which would *prompt* us to *retaliate wrongs*; This *Charity* begets his *Fidelity*. For indeed it is the glue of *Souls*, that by the *influence* of *Divinity* cements them together in *Love*. *Nulla vis major pietate verâ eſt*. There is no *Friendſhip* like the *friendſhip* of *Faith*: *Nature*, *Education*, *Benefits*, cannot all together tye ſo ſtrong as this. Chriſtianity knits more *ſurè*, more *indiſſoluble*. This makes a *knot* that *Alexander* cannot *cut*, a *league* Hell cannot break. For as *Grace* in her ſelf is far above *Nature*, ſo is ſhe in her *Effects*. The ſouls of *Believers* like wines once mixt, they ſtreight become *inſeparable*, as pureſt *wools* once *mingled*, never part:

The

The fire cannot divide them. They *flouriſh*, *fade*, they *live* and *dye* together. A Chriſtian though he would, he cannot *reſolve* to be *falſe*. Whatſoever is joyned together upon *temporal Conſiderations*, may be by the ſame again diſſolved: but that *League* which deduces its *Original* from *Heaven*, by Earth can ne're be ſevered. *Tyrants* ſhall ſooner want *Invention* for *Torments*, than *Chriſtians* with *tortures* be made *Treacherous*. Who can ſeparate the conjunctions of a *Deity*? Nor is it in *kindneſs* only, but in *Reproof*, that his *fidelity* ſhews it ſelf: However he *conceals* his *friends faults* from the fleering eye of the world; yet, if he offends, his being a *David* and a *King* ſhall not free him from this *Nathans Reprehenſion*. To which he is drawn, that he may *ſave* not *ſpoil*. He ſcorns to be ſo *baſe* as to *flatter*, and hates to be ſo *curriſh* as to *bite*. So his *Reproof* is *kindneſs*, and the *wounds* he makes are not without *Balſom* to heal; Theſe qualifications of all other men make a Chriſtian the beſt *Companion*. An *Enemy* he never is; if at any time he ſeem ſo, 'tis but that he may be a *friend*. For he is averſe to only ill. He would kill the *diſeaſe*, but does it, to preſerve the *Patient*; So that it will be my *Fault*, not his, if he be not a *friend* to me. And when he is ſo, he is ſure without private *Intereſt*, *Fear*, or *Malice*: and affords me a Security, which I cannot well expect from any other *Rank* of *men*.

XII.

Of Loſſes.

IF we ſcan things rightly, we have no *Reaſon* to be *ſadned* for thoſe worldly *goods* that we loſe: For what is it we can loſe which properly we can call ours? *Job* goes further; he bleſſeth him that taketh away, as well as him that gives. And by a *queſtion* concludes his *Contentment* with both. Shall we receive *good* at the *hands* of the Lord, and not *evil*? and hitherto, the *Text* clears him from being *paſſionate* for any, or all, his *Croſſes*: If after he did fly out, It was the redarguing of his *miſguided friends*, not his being *ſtript* of all; that *moved* him. Nay 'tis certain, in the *Rectitude* of *Reaſon* we cannot loſe at all. If one lend me a *Jewel* to *wear*, ſhall I, becauſe I *uſe* it, ſay, 'tis my own. Or when my friend *requires* it again, ſhall I ſay, I have loſt it; No, I will *reſtore* it rather. Though we are pleaſed that we are *truſted* with the *borrowed* things of this *Life*; we ought not to be *diſpleaſed* when the *great* Creator calls for what he had but *lent* us. He does us no *injury* that takes but his *own*: And he pleads an *unjuſt Title* againſt *Heaven*, that *repines* at what the God of *Heaven reſumes*. It was *doubtleſs* ſuch a *Conſideration* as this, that made *Zeno* when he had been *Shipwrackt*, only to *applaud Fortune* and to ſay, She had done *honeſtly* in reducing him but to his *Coat*. Shall God afford us all our life long not only *Food* but *Feaſting*, not for *Uſe* but *Ornament*, not *Neceſſity* alone, but *Pleaſure*? and when at laſt he withdraws, ſhall we be *paſſionate* and

and *Melancholy?* If in the blackneſs of the *night*, one by accident allows me the *benefit* of his *light* to *walk* by; ſhall I *quarrel* him becauſe he *brings me* not *home?* I am to thank him for a *little*, which he did not *owe* me; but never to be *Angry* that he *affords* not more. He that hath *abundance* rides through the *world* on *Horſe-back*: Perhaps he is carryed with ſome more *eaſe*; but he runs the *hazard* of his *Beaſt*: And beſides the *Caſualty* of his own *Frailty*, he is ſubject to the danger of thoſe *ſtumbles* that his *Bearer* makes. He that wants a plenty, does but *walk* on *foot*: He is not born ſo high upon the Creature, but more *ſecurely* paſſes through the *various Adventures* of life. And not being *ſpurr'd* by *pricking* want, may take his *eaſe* in *traveling* as he *pleaſes*.

In all *loſſes* I would have a double *proſpect*: I would conſider what I have *loſt*, and I would have *regard* to what I have *left*, it may be in my *loſs* I may find a *Benefit*. I may be rid with it of a *trouble*, a *ſnare*, or *danger*. If it be *Wealth*, perhaps there was a time when *I had* it not. Let me think if then I *liv'd* not well without it. And what then ſhould *hinder* that I ſhould not do ſo now? What news is it that a *Bird* with *wings* ſhould *fly?* *Riches* have ſuch, and 'tis a thouſand to one but ſome other did loſe them *before*. I *found* them when another *loſt* them, and now 'tis likely ſome other will find them from me: and though perhaps I may have loſt a *Benefit*. yet thereby likewiſe I may be *eas'd* of a *Cumber*. In moſt things of this *nature* 'tis the *opinion* of the *loſs* more than the *loſs* that *vexes*. If yet the only prop of my *life* were *gone*, I might rather wonder that in ſo many *ſtorms* I rid ſo long with that one ſingle *Anchor* that now at laſt that ſhould *break* and *fail* me. When War had *raviſhed* all from *Stilpo*, and *Demetrius* ask'd him, How he could *brook* ſo vaſt a *deſolation?* He returned, that he had *loſt* nothing. The *goods* he had, he ſtill *enjoy'd*; his *Virtue*, *Prudence*, *Juſtice*, ſtill were with him, theſe were *matters permanent* and *immortal*: for the other it was no wonder, That what was periſhable ſhould periſh.

In the next place, let me look to what I have left. He that miſcarries once will *husband* what is left the *better*. If the *Dye* of *Fortune* hath thrown me an ill chance, let me *ſtrive* to mend it by my *good play*. What I have is made more *pretious* by my *want* of what I once was *owner* of. If I have *loſt* but *little*, let me be *thankful* that I loſt no more, ſeeing the *remainder* was as *flitting* as the reſt that's *gone*. He that in a *Battail* is but *ſlightly wounded* rather rejoyces that he is *got* off ſo well, than *grieves* that he was *hurt* at all. But, *admit* it were all that is gone; A man hath *Hope* ſtill *left*. And he may as well *hope* to *recover* the things he hath *loſt*, as he did acquire them, when he had them not. This will lead him to a *new Magazine*, where he cannot deny but he may be *ſupply'd* with *Advantage*; God will be left ſtill. And who can be poor who hath him for his *friend* that hath all? In *Penury* a Chriſtian can be *rich*; and 'tis a kind of *Paradox* to think he can be poor, that is deſtined to be a Kingdoms *Heir*.

XIII.

Of long and ſhort Life.

THere is no queſtion but Life in it ſelf is a *Bleſſing*: And it is not *worſened* by being long. The being of every thing, as a being, is *good*. But, as ſome *Actions* that are good in themſelves, by their *Circumſtances* become *condemnable*; ſo that *life* which abſtractively is *good*, by *Accidents* and *Adherencies* may become *unfortunate*; He that lives long, does many times outlive his *Happineſs*. As evening Tempeſts are more *frequent*, ſo they carry a blacker terror along: *Youth* like the *Sun*, oft riſes *clear* and *dancing*; when the afternoon is *cloudy*, *thick*, and *turbulent*. Had *Priamus* not liv'd ſo long, he had neither ſeen his *fifty Children* ſlain, nor *Troy* (*enlarged*) loſt, nor himſelf after two and fifty years *Reign* made *captive*, and by *Pyrrhus* ſlain: *Sylla* got the name of *Happy*, *Pompey* of *Great*, yet by living long they both loſt both thoſe *Titles*: *Auguſtus* his high *Fortune* was not ſweetned by his long extended *life*. It could be no great pleaſure to want an iſſue male of his own; to ſee his *Adopted Sons* untimely loſt; his *Daughters looſeneſs* ſtaining the *Honor* of his *Houſe*: and at laſt rather by *Neceſſity* than choice to fix upon a *Succeſſor* neither worthy of *himſelf* nor *Rome*. How much more *bleſt* had *Nero* been, if he had not out-liv'd his firſt five years of *Empire*? What is paſt with us, we know: but who can pry into the *Bowels* of *Fate*? And though (at that time) *Seneca* had only taſted the diſpoſition, not felt the anger of *Nero*; Yet he found enough to enforce him to cry out: *Heu quàm multa pœnitenda occurrunt, diu vivendo?* Alaſs, how many irkſome buſineſſes befal us by our living long? If a man be bad or *unfortunate*, he does but increaſe his miſery here or hereafter. If he be good, he is ſubject to the more *abuſes*: For, the greater part of the *World* is *ill*, and *ill natur'd* ſelf-love bends almoſt all men to themſelves, preferring their own *Benefit* before the *inconvenience* of another. And being ſo, he that is good is expoſed to more *ſufferings* than another. A good man *grows* in this *world* like ſome *Garden-plant* in a hedg, over-top'd and juſtled to a *Declination*: beſides his being *ſhaded* and *dropt* upon, the *Thorns* and *Buſhes* are too *rude* and *Clowniſh* for the *fineneſs* of a *fruitful Tree*. And if the World were good, yet the *Buſineſs* of the world is *Youths*. Age like a long travel'd *Horſe* rides dull *toward* his *Journeys end*; while every new ſetter out, *gallops* away, and *leaves* him to his *Melancholic Trot*. In *Youth*, untamed bloud does *goad* us into *folly*; and, till experience *reins us*, we ride *unbitted*, *wild*; and, in a *wanton fling*, diſturb our *ſelves* and *all* that come but *near us*. In *Age*, our *ſelves* are with our *ſelves* diſpleaſed. We are look't upon by others as things to be *endur'd*, not *courted* or *apply'd to*. Who is it will be fond of gathering *fading flowers*? *Fruits* paſt *Maturity* grow leſs to be *eſteem'd*. *Beauty* it ſelf once *Autumn'd*, does not *tempt*.

On

On the other side, what is it that we lose by dying? If, (as *Job* says) our life be a *Warfare*, who is it will be *Angry* that it ends *betimes?* A long supper, though a feast, does grow to a tedious thing; because it tyres us to a *Lassitude*, and keeps us from our rest that is sweeter. Life is but a *play* upon this *worlds stage*. And if a man were to chuse his part, in *discretion* he would not take it for the *length*, but for the *ease* and *goodness*. The short *life* has the shorter *Audit* to make. And if it be one of the *greatest Felicities* that can *befal man*, to be in such a Condition as he may not *displease God*; surely then, soon to enter upon *Death* is best. 'Tis true, I may by living be *Instrumental* to Gods Glory, the good of *others*, and my own *Benefit*. But if I weigh my own *Corruptions*, the World's *Temptations*, and my *Enemies Malice*, the odds is on the other side. Who can say, he can travel in *safety* when his way is in a Forest of *Wild Beasts*, *Thieves*, and *Outlaws*; when man is his own *Syren*, and when in all the *streams* he *swims* in, *Baits* are *strewed?* Death to a *Righteous man*, whether it cometh *soon* or *late*, is the beginning of a *certain happiness*; the end but of a *doubtful* and *allayed pleasure*. I will not much *care* whether my *Life* be *long* or *short*. If short, the *fewer* my *days be*, the *less* I shall have of *Trouble*, the sooner shall I *arrive* at *Happiness*. If I escape from nothing else, yet shall I *escape* from the *hazard*, life will *keep* me in. If long, let me be sure to *lay it out* in doing the *more good*. And then though *I stay* for it a *while*, yet as *abstinence* sharpens appetite, so *want* and *expectation* will make my *Joy* more *welcome*.

XIV.

Of Establishing a troubled Government.

He that would establish a *troubled Government* must first vanquish all his *Foes*. Who can be quiet while his *Enemy* is in Arms against him: *Factious heads* should be higher by a *pole* than their *bodies*. He that would rule over many, must *first fight* with many and *conquer*; and be sure to *cut off those* that raise up *Tumults*, or by a *Majestic awe* keep them in a *strict Subjection*. In every able *Prince*, *Lipsius* would have two things eminent, *Vis & Virtus*, *Power* and *Virtue*. He ought to have power to break *insurrection* at *home*, and repel a force that would *invade* him from *abroad*. He ought to have Virtue to preserve his *state* and *Dignity*, and by the necessary art of *Policy* so to order all the *streams* of *Government* as they may run *clear* and *obedient* in their proper *Chanels*. *Power* is, certainly, the most essential part of *Sovereignty*. 'Tis an *inseparable attribute* of the *Deity*. God is *Omnipotent* as well as *Omniscient*. And without it, he were not God: 'tis that which distinguisheth and *super-posits* him above all. When we would speak of the *true God indeed* we always name him *God-Almighty*. As therefore he that would be a *Prince*, the first thing

in his *aim* should be *Power*; so when he is a *Prince* and *divests* himself of it, he *depose*s and *unthrones* himself, and *proclaims* himself a *Prey* to any that will *attempt* the *boldness* but to take him. He seems to tell his *Enemies*, that he is now *weak*, and *unarmed*, and invites them to *set upon him*. Without *Power*, he is but *Fortunes Idol*, which every *Sejanus* may *revile* and *spurn* at his *Pleasure*. 'Tis *Power* that begets *Fear*, and *Fear* that first made *Gods*: But suppose he hath *power*, if he have not *Resolution*, like a Child he wears a *Sword*, but knows not how to *use it*. *Irresolution* is a worser *Vice* than *Rashness*: he that *shoots best* may sometimes miss the *mark*, but he that *shoots not at all* shall be sure never to *hit it*. A Rash act may be mended by the *activeness* of the penitent, when he *sees* and *finds* his *error*. But *Irresolution* loosens all the *joynts* of *State*: like an *Ague* it shakes not this or that *Limb*, but all the *body* is at once in a *fit*. 'Tis the *dead palsie*, that, without almost a Miracle, leaves a *Man* unrecoverable. The *irresolute man* is lifted from one *place* to *another*, till tyr'd, at last he hath no *place* left to *rest on*. He flecks from one Egg to another, so *hatcheth* nothing at last, but *addles* all his *Actions*. An easie *Prince* at best is but an *useless thing*. A *facile natur'd Man* may be a *good Companion* for a *private person*: but for a *Prince* to be so, is *mischief* to *himself* and *others*. *Remissness* and *Connivence* are the *ruins* of unsetled *Kingdoms*. The *Game* of Majesty will not admit of too open a play. *Simplicity* is as *Liberality*, of which *Tacitus* observes, *Nisi modus adsit, in exitium vertitur*, If it stands too still, it putrifies.

My passions and affections are the chief *disturbers* of my *Civil State*. What *peace* can I expect within me, while these *Rebels* are not under *Subjection*? Separations are the *wounds* of a *Crown*, whereby neglected it will *bleed* to *death*. If I have not the virtue of *Judgment* to discern their trains, and *fly Suggestions*; If I have not the virtue of *Courage* to withstand their *Force* and *Batteries*: If I have not the power of *Authority* to command them to *Obedience*; If I have not the power of *strength* to *master* all their *Complications*: I leave my self a *prize* to *vice*, and at last shall not *live to be man*. *Plato* was of *Opinion* that those *Common-wealths* could not be *safe*, whose *Governors* were not *Philosophers*, Or whose *Prince* was not a student of *Wisdom*. And surely, if a Man understands not something of *Reason*, or be not able to *judg* of *prudence*, he shall very hardly find a Life without *Broyls*, or be able to *govern* his own *unruly passions*. Therefore as the *Prince* that will be *safe* among *turbulent Subjects*, must ever be upon his *Guard*; so he that knows the *Irregularities* of his own deprav'd *affections*, must keep perpetual *Sentinel* upon them. A sleeping *Sampson* needs but a *feeble Woman* to cut his *locks off*, and deliver him up to *destruction*. 'Tis *Security* and *confidence* that as oft undoes a *Prince*, as Force. But *vigilance* is seldom *under-min'd*. A state awake and upon its *Guard*, 'tis difficult to *surprize*. *Cato* was of opinion that *Governor* deserved most praise that could *govern himself* and his *passions*. And as the strength of him that commands consists most in the consent of those that

that obey: so if I can bring my *passions* and *affections* to submit to *Religion*, and *Reason*, I may settle my *Dominion* in my self so, as I need not fear the assault of them without me. If I cannot prune off all my superfluities, let me yet so restrain them as I may not act my own shame, nor give matter of *insultation* to others. If my strength be once gone and I become blind, I then am fitted to make sport for the *Philistims*. He that is a *slave* to *himself*, and his *own* fond *lusts*, can never long preserve his *liberty* from others. As man is commonly his own prime *flatterer*, so is he, for the most part, the first engine of his own low *servitude*.

XV.

Of doing Good with Labor, and Evil with Pleasure.

IT was anciently said. That whatsoever *good work* a man doth with *labor*, the *labor* vanisheth, but the *good* remains with him that wrought it: And whatsoever *evil thing* he doth with *pleasure*, the *pleasure* flies, but the *evil* still resteth with the *Actor* of it. *Goodness* making *labor sweet*, while *evil* turneth *pleasure* to a *burthen*. The *Creation*, which was *Gods work* for six days, hath both published and perpetuated his glory ever since. Where the *end* is but *profit alone*, how uncomplainingly we toyl and tug the *trembling Oar*; we strain our *nerves*, and anoint our selves with *sweat*, and think it *pleasure* while we compass what may *solace* us hereafter. The first *Inventors* of *Arts*, though with pains they spent much *time* and *treasure* too; yet being done once, all their *watchings* are presently vanisht. But the *fruit* of their *labor*, paid them with *content*, while living; and after that, gives the *Tribute* of a *Noble Fame* to their *memory*. While we are *working* what is *good*, we are but scattering *seed* which after all our *harrowing*, will ripen up to *happiness* for our selves: like well plac'd *benefits*, they redound to the *Collators honor*. *Beneficium dando accepit, qui digno dedit*: By *giving* he *receives* a *benefit*, that lays it on the well-deserving man. *Alexander Severus* was of so *Noble* a *Nature* that he thought not them his *friends*, that *ask'd* not *somthing* of him: And when it was in dispute, who was the *best Prince*? his opinion was, that he ought to be held for *best*, that *retain'd* his *friends* by *favors*, and *reconcil'd* his *Enemies* with *courtesies*. *Tullus Hostilius* was to *Rome* a *forreiner*, a *Tradesmans son*, and an *Exile*; yet his *industrious virtues* lifted him so deservedly to the *top* of *Honor*, that *Valerius Maximus* scruples not to tell us; That *Rome* never *repented*, that she *borrowed* a *King* from her *neighbors*, rather than set up one of her *own*. His Successor *Servius Tullus*, was not less a *wonder*: The same City that bred him a *slave*, for his *virtues* chose him a *King*; and to his eternal *Honor*, left his *Statue* paradox'd with *Servitude* and *Royalty*.

Nay,

Nay, its certain, though the *ſucceſs* of *noble actions*, be ſomtimes moſt *ingrateful*; yet, when they are done out of *uprightneſs* and *integrity*, they *reward* the *Author* with ſuch an *inward ſhine* of *conſcious ſatisfaction*, that he remains *unprickt* with the *darts* of even the *worſt returns*. And the greater his *labor* and *hazard* was, the pleaſanter is the remembrance when 'tis paſt. In dangers *eſcaped*, a *man* may find himſelf *beloved* of the *Deity*, *guarded* by his *better Angel*, and *cared* for by a *Genius* that he knew not of; which cannot but adminiſter *comfort* and *content* to himſelf: whereas *unworthy* and *inglorious actions*, though they give a preſent *blaze* to the ſinful *corruption* of man; yet it is ſuch a *fire*, as that is of *burning*-houſes; where the *flame*, while *ſhining*, is not without *affrighting ſmoak*; but, that once paſt, the *end* is *rubbiſh*, *ſtench*, and *ruin*. *Tarquin*'s *rape* was dogg'd with the *overthrow* of his *houſe*, and *expulſion* of *Monarchy*. *Sforza* languiſh'd near as many years a priſoner in the *Tower* of *Loches*, as he had *uſurped Empire* in his *Nephews* turmoyled *Dukedom*. When *Lyſimachus*, through *thirſt*, was forced to yield himſelf to the *Scythians*; he could then *bewail* himſelf; that for ſo ſhort a *pleaſure*, he ſhould part with ſo great a *happineſs* as his *liberty*. Like a draught of pleaſant poyſon, the guſt is *gone*, while the torture *ſtays*, and burns us to our *grave*. How long an *age* doth many a man repent one *youthful riot*. Surely, as a wiſe man never *repented* of a *good action*; ſo he never did, but *repent* of a *bad one*. I will not therefore care how *laborious*, but how *honeſt* my *actions* be; not how *pleaſurable*, but how *good*. If it could *be*, let me be *virtuous* and *noble*, without *pleaſure*; rather than *wicked*, with much *joy*. It was indeed, a reſolution well beſeeming a *Royal Chriſtian*, That he had much rather be in the *Catalogue* of *Unfortunate Princes*, than of *Wicked*; for his judgment clearly was, That a *Crown* was not worth *taking* up, or *enjoying*, upon *ſordid*, *diſhonorable*, and *irreligious terms*.

XVI.

That Virtue and Vice generate after their kind.

AS in the firſt *Inſtitution* of *Nature*, and the *Propagation* of *Corporeal Eſſences*, it was enacted, and yet continues, *That every thing ſhould bring forth fruit after his kind*: So I find it in the *propagation* of *Virtue* and *Vice*, they bring forth fruit after their *kind*. *Virtue* begets *Virtue*. *Vice* begets *Vice*. And 'tis as natural for a man to expect a return of *Virtue* out of *Virtue*, and a return of *Vice* out of *Vice*; as 'tis for him to expect an Elephant ſhould beget an Elephant, or a Serpent beget a Serpent. Nay, not only the *genus*, but the very *ſpecies* holds; and oftentimes, the proportion of that *ſpecies* too. High *actions* beget a return of *Actions* that are ſo: And poor low *flagging deportments*, beget a return of the *like*. The *Echo* is according

ding to the *voice* that *speaks*: The *report* of the *Piece* is proportionable to the *magnitude* it bears: If it be but by *reflection* only, the *beams* are reverberated bright, as is the *Sun* that *shines* them. And *clouds* import a *shade*, as is their *proper blackness*. For his *friendship* and *riches*, the *Romans* bestowed on *Attalus* the Kingdom of *Pergamus*: and he to express *gratitude* (not having children of his own) left the City of *Rome* his *Heir*; returning their *gift* advantag'd with his infinite *wealth*. *Camillus* his *Noble act* of *whipping back* that treacherous *Schoolmaster* by the *Youths* that he would have *betray'd*, obtained him the yielding up that *City* to him, which his *valor* with all the *Arms* of *Rome* could not *enforce*. *Terentius* his *virtues* and his being one of the *Roman Senate*, made so deep an *impression* in *Scipio*'s manly heart, that when the *Carthaginians* came to sue for *peace* and a *league*, he would not hear them, till they brought him forth discharg'd of his *Imprisonment*, whom he placed on the *Throne* with himself, and then dimiss'd his *arms*. And this again so prevailed with *Terentius*, that when *Scipio* had his *Triumph*, *Terentius*, though a *Senator*, put himself into *Scipio*'s *Livery*, and as his freed-man *waited* on his pompous *Chariot*. In the second *Punic* War, when *Capua* was besieged by *Fulvius*, two *Country wenches* would needs be *kind* to *Rome*; one daily made her *offering* for the *safety* of the *Army*, the other supply'd the *captiv'd Souldiers* with *food* and other *necessaries*: which at the *saccage* of the place, the *Senate* of *Rome* requited with restoring them their *goods* and *liberty*, and *granting* them what else they *desired*. He teaches me to be *good*, that does me *good*: he prompts me to *enlarge* my *heart* to him, that first *enlarges* his own to me. If *virtue* in the *heart* be not totally dry'd up and withered: *Curtesies* receiv'd, are *waterings* that make it *shoot up* and *grow*, till it flower and returns a *seed*. That *Virgin* which the loose *Courtiers* of *Charles* the fifth, had *purveyed* for his *wanton appetite*; when with *tears* for our blessed *Ladies sake* (whose *picture* then adorn'd the room she was in) she begg'd the preservation of her *Chastity*; it wrought so high in the Emperors *Heroic breast*, that it made him *chast*, that was resolv'd to be otherwise; and to *reward* her for that *virtue* which he fully did intend to *violate*: being indeed a rare example, that *lust*, *fired* by *youth*, *power*, and *opportunity*, and enflamed by *Beauty*, should be abated into *Continence*, by only meeting with a *native Modesty*. And the same genuine effect hath *vice*. It not only *corrupts* by *example*, but it *sows* it self, and gives a *crop* of the same *grain* that by our selves is scatter'd. With the *froward* thou shall learn *frowardness*. *Passion* enkindles *passion*; and *pride* begets *pride*. How many are *calm* and *quiet*, till they meet with one that is *Choleric*? He that *sows Iniquity*, must look to *reap it*. Did not *Davids Murther* and *Adultery*, bring the *Sword* and *Incest* into his *Family*? How fatally and evidently was the *Massacre* at *Paris*, scourged in those that were held for the chiefest actors and contrivers of it? *Charles* the *King*, before the 25. year of his Age dy'd, bath'd, and dyed in bloud. *Anjou*, the succeeding *King* was *assassinated*, and slain in the same room the

Massacre

Massacre was plotted in. *Guise*, *murdered* by the Kings *appointment*. The *Queen*, *consum'd* with *grief*. And with succeeding *Civil War*, both *Paris* and the *Nation torn*. It is a strange retaliation in the story of *Valentinian* and *Maximus*. *Valentinian* by fraud and force *vitiated* the wife of *Maximus*: for which *Maximus* by fraud and force *murder'd* him, and *marryed* his wife: whose disdain to be *compell'd*, and desire to *revenge* her *Husbands death*, made her plot the *destruction* of *Maximus* and *Rome*. And indeed, 'tis so plentifully proved in all stories, that no *Proverb* is become more true than the saying of the *Satyrist*.

Ad generum Cereris, sinè cæde & sanguine, pauci
Descendunt Reges, & siccâ morte Tyranni.
Few Tyrants find *Death natural*, *calm*, or *good*;
But, broacht with *slaughter*, rowl to *Hell* in *blood*.

There is in *Vices* not only a natural *production* of *evil* in general, but there is a proportion of parts and dimensions; as if the *seed* brought forth the *plant*, or the *parent* did beget the *son*. *Bagoas*, a *Persian* Noble man, having *poyson'd Artaxerxes* and *Arsamnes*, was detected by *Darius*, and enforced to drink *poyson* himself. *Diomedes*, that with human flesh *fed* beasts, at last by *Hercules* was made their *food* himself. Pope *Alexander* the VI. having design'd the *poysoning* of his *friend* Cardinal *Adrian*, by his *Cup-bearers mistake* of the *Bottle*, he cosened the Cardinal of his *draught*; so dyed by the same *Engine* that he himself had appointed to *kill* another. *Treason* and *falshood* how often is it paid in its own peculiar *kind*? *Tarpeia* that betray'd her father, for what *Tatius* his Souldiers wore on their *arms*, instead of the *Bracelets* she expected, was paid with their *Shields* thrown on her till they presſed her to *death*. And to requite the falshood of three *Captains*, whom he hired to dissuade *Philip* of *Austria* from giving him *battel*, *Charles* the fourth of *Germany* paid them in *counterfeit mony*, assuring them that *counterfeit mony* was good enough for their *counterfeit service*. Certainly, in vain they expected *good*, that would have it arise out of *evil*. I may as well when I plant a *Thistle*, expect a *Fig*: or upon sowing *Cockle* look for *Wheat*, as to think by *indirect courses*, to beget my own *benefit*. But, as the best Husband looks to have his *seed* the *cleanest*; so doubtless, the best policy for a mans self, is to *sow good* and *honest Actions*, and then he may expect a *harvest* that is answerable.

XVII.

Of Memory.

SHould the *Memory* of the World but fall *asleep*, what a Fair of mad Beasts would the *Earth* be? and surely much the *madder* for the *Tongue*. Since he that *forgets himself* in his *tongue* gives an other cause to

to remember him either with *neglect*, or *offence*; In all that does *belong* to *man*, you cannot find a *greater wonder*. What a treasury of all things in the life of *Man*? What a *Record*, what *Journal* of all? As if *Provident Nature*, because she would have Man *circumspect*, had provided him an Account-book to carry always with him. And though it be be the worlds vast *Inventory*, yet it neither *burthens* nor *takes up room*: To my self it is insensible, I feel no weight it presses with; to others 'tis invisible, when I carry all within me they can see nothing that I have. Is it not a miracle, that a man from the *grane* of *Sand* to the *full* and *glorious Sun*, should lay up the *world* in his *Brain*; and may at his pleasure bring out what part he lists, yet never empty the place that did *contain* it, nor *crowd* it, though he should add more? What kind of thing is it, in which the spacious *Sea* is *shoared* and *bounded*? where *Cities*, *Nations*, the *Earths* great *Globe* and all the *Elements* reside without a *Cumber*? How is it that in this little *Invisible place*, the height of the *Star*, the bigness of that, the distance of these, the compass of the Earth, and the Nature of all should lie and always be ready for producing as a man shall *think fit*? If a *Conjurer* call up but his *Fanatic Spirits*, how we *stare* and *startle* at their strange *approach*? Yet here by *Imaginations* help we call what ere we have a mind to, to *appear before us*, and in those proper *shapes*, we have heard them related in, or else in those which we our selves have seen them in. Certainly, it cannot be but a work of *infiniteness* that so little a *Globe* of *skull* as *man* hath, should hold such an almost infinity of *business* and of *knowledg*. What *Oceans* of things *exactly* and *orderly* streaming forth shall we find from the *tongue* of an *Orator*, that one who did not see him speaking would believe he read them in some *printed Catalogue*; and he that does see him, wonders from what inexhaustible *Fountain* such easie streams can *flow*? Like a *Jugler* playing his prize, he pulls words like *Ribbonds* out of his mouth, as fast as two *hands* can draw. Ask him of the Sea, he can tell you what is there; of the *Land*, of the *Sky*, of *Heaven*, of *Hell*, of *past things* and to *come*. A learned man by his *Memory* alone is the *Treasury* of all the *Arts*, he walks not without a *Library* about him. As the *Psalmist* says of the Sun, It goes from one end of the *Heaven* to the other, and nothing is hid from the heat thereof: So the *Memory* with *imagination* travels to and fro between the most remoted parts, and there is nothing that is not *comprehended* by it. And the *Miracle is*; Neither after all this, nor before, can any *print* hereof be *discern'd*. What is outwardly seen more than there is in a *lively Image*, which is no other than a *Block*? And who can tell me where this *vastness lyes*? What *hand*, what *pen did write it*? *Anatomize Man*, and you shall find there is nothing in him like it. *Bones*, *Sinews*, *Nerves*, *Muscles*, *Flesh*, *Blood*, *Veins*, and *Marrow*, and *corrupting substances*; but no *relique*, no *likeness*, of that which in his life came from him. No *track*, no *notion* of any thing *remote* or *forein*. Dissect the *Brain*, the *Senses seat*, and the shop of *busie thoughts*, and Court of *Record* in *Man*.

What do the *curious inſpectors* of *Nature* find there? but a white and ſpongeous ſubſtance divided into three ſmall *Cells*, to the ſmalleſt of which the *Memory* is aſcribed, but not a *line* nor any one *Idea* of any thing that's *abſent* can be read there. Certainly, if *momentany* and *putrefactive man* can undiſcerned and unburthen'd bear ſo much about him; If ſo little a point as the leaſt *Tertia* of the *brain*, the *Cerebellum*, can hold in it ſelf the notions of ſuch *immeaſurable extents* of things: we may rationally allow *Omniſcience* to the great *Creator* of this and all *things* elſe. For doubtleſs we know what we do remember, and indeed what we remember not we do not know. *Cicero* tells us, 'tis the *Trance* of things *printed* in the *mind*. Queſtionleſs 'tis an underſtanding faculty conſerving thoſe *Ideas* ariſing from common ſenſe through imagination, which with the help of theſe again whenever there is cauſe ſhe's ready to *produce* them. 'Tis the *Souls repoſitory* where ſhe ſtores up all that ſhe is pleas'd to *keep*, the *furniture* of the *World* lyes there packt up: and as he that goes into a *Ward-robe*, miſſing ſomtimes at firſt of what he ſeeks for, removes, and turns over ſeveral parcels, before he finds the thing he comes to look for: So man oth' ſodain remembers not all he would, but is ſomtimes put to *hunt and tumble* over many things till he comes at laſt to that he there would find: as if *wrapt* up in *folds*, by degrees we *unlap* and light upon them. Nor is the difference hereof in men leſs *wonder*. In ſome men how *prodigious*! In others how *dead* and *dull*? *Appius Claudius* had ſo ſtrong a *Memory*, that he *boaſted* he could *ſalute* all the *Citizens* of *Rome* by their Names. And *Mithridates* of *Pontus* could ſpeak Twenty two *Languages*, and *Muſter his Souldiers* by his *memory*, calling them all by their names. And upon this *ground*, when the *Senate* had condemn'd his *Books* to be *burnt*, *Caſſius Severus* told them, if they would not have them remain, they ſhould *burn* him too, for that he had them all in his *memory*. On the other ſide ſome of the *Thracians* were uſually ſo *blockiſh*, that could not count beyond *four* or *five*. And *Meſſala Corvinus* liv'd to *forget* his own *Name*: as I have known ſome, that have in health *forgot* their own *children*, whom they have dayly ſeen and liv'd with. If we conſult Philoſophy, how this huge difference comes, that will preſume to tell us, tis from the *temper* of the *brain*; the moderately dry being happier in their *memories*, than the over-moiſt, which being liquid and ſlippery, are leſs receptive and tenacious of any ſlight *Impreſſions* that occaſionally thereon are *darted*. Like glimpſes of the *Sun* on *water*, they ſhine at preſent, but leave no ſign that they were ever *there*; and this may be the reaſon (becauſe of their great humidity,) why *memory* in children is ſo brittle. But how it comes to paſs, that many old men can *remember things* of their youth done *threeſcore years ago*, and yet not thoſe they acted but the *day before*, is certainly to be admired; ſince none can tell me, where they lodg *characteriz'd* the while, without being *ſhuffled out*, or *quite defac'd* by new ſucceeding actions. One thing in the *Memory* beyond all, is obſervable. We may eaſily *remember* what we are *intent* upon; but with

with all the art we can use, we cannot knowingly *forget* what we *would*. What would some give, to *wipe* their *sorrows* from their *thought*, which, maugre all their industry, that cannot but *remember*. With good reason therefore would the wise *Themistocles* have learn'd the *Art of forgetfulness*, as deeming it far more beneficial to man, than that (so much cry'd up) of *memory*. And for this cause, (doubtless) we had need be careful, that even in *secret*, we plunge not into *evil Actions*. Though we have none to witness what we do; we shall be gall'd sufficiently with our own peculiar *memory*; which haunting us perpetually with all our best endeavors, we cannot either *cast away*, or *blot out*. The *Worm* would *dye*, if *Memory* did not *feed it* to *Eternity*. 'Tis that which makes the *penal part* of *Hell*: for whether it be the punishment of *loss*, or the punishment of *sense*: 'tis *memory* that does *enflame* them both. Nor is there any *Ætna* in the *soul* of *man*, but what the *memory* makes. In order unto this, I will not care to *know*, who 'tis that does me *injury*, that I may not by my *memory malice* them. *Remembring* the wrong, I may be apt to malign the *Author*, which not *knowing*, I shall free my self of *vexation*, without the bearing any grudge to the *man*. As *good Actions*, and ignorance of *ill*, keep a perpetual calm in the *mind*: so questionless, a *secret horror* is begotten by a *secret vice*. From whence we may undoubtedly conclude, That though the *gale* of *success* blow never so full and prosperously, yet no man can be truly *happy*, that is not truly *innocent*.

XVIII.

No man Honest, that is not so in his Relation.

BEsides the general and necessary dependence that every *man* must, and ought to have upon *God*; There is no *man* whatsoever, but is even in this world particularly *related* to some *particular* person above the *generality* of other men. He can neither *come* into the world nor *continue* in it, and be an *Independent* man: And by his demeanor, in his strictest *Relations*, he may be guessed at in the other progress and course of his life. In all the *Relations* that are contingent to men, those are most binding, which *Nature* hath framed *nearest* in the several conditions of men. In which, if a man be not *honest*, in vain he is expected to be found so in others, that are more *distantly extended* from him. The highest *tye of all*, (as most concerning the public good,) I take to be between a *born Subject*, and *legitimate Prince* pursuing the good of the Country. He is *Pater Patriæ*, and every *subject* is but a little more remoted *son*. He that is prodigal of his *subjects lives*, will easily be drawn to be careless of any but his *own*. And indeed, (as *Cyrus* used to say) *No man ought to govern others, but he that is better than those that he governs*; there being a greater obligation upon a

Prince to be *good*, than there is upon *other men*: for, though he be *human* in his Perſon, as others are; yet, for the Public ſake, his Perſon is *Sacred*, and the *Government* he exerciſes is *Divine*; ſo, with greater caution ought to be *adminiſtred*, and, in *imitation* of the *Gods*, requires a greater height of *virtue*, ſo to irradiate his *Throne*, that men might gaze with *Admiration*, and obey with *Reverence*. Near this was the Noble *Spartans* anſwer, who when one deſired to learn how a *Prince* might be *ſafe* without a *guard*, he replyed, *If he ruled his ſubjects as a Father doth his children.*

The ſame reciprocal *tye* is in *ſubjects* towards their *Prince*. And if a man be not *honeſt* in this his *Relation*, that is, in his *Loyalty*; let no man expect that man to be *honeſt* in any thing further, than conduceth to his own *particular Intereſt*: The breach of this, not only out of *Political*, but *Natural Reaſon*, the *Laws* have made more *capital* than other *crimes*; not only *puniſhing* the perſon *offending*, but *attainting* all his Poſterity with the *confiſcation* of all that they were capable of owning in this life. *Rebellion* being as *Parricide* and *Witchcraft*. Nor is the *Ignominy* leſs than the *Crime*. To be a *Traytor*, delivers one to the loweſt *ſcorn* of *men*, as well as to the heavieſt *courſe* of *law*. And no State I ever yet read of, but held ſuch *unworthy* of *life*, and ſo not fit for any *converſation* of *men*, as having forfeited in that all which makes one man companionable to another. In like manner, he that is a *Parent*, and moroſe, and froward to his *chilaren*, hardly will be affable to any. Who neglects *Nature*, undoubtedly is an *uncivil man*. He that loves not his *own*, will not probably be drawn to love thoſe who are *nothing* to him: So is it with a *child*; If he once contemn his *Parents*, he expoſes himſelf to be contemn'd by *others*. And to ſhew how horrid ſins of this nature are, the *Levitical Law* made *diſobedience* unto *Parents*, *ſtoning*; the worſt of the four capital puniſhments among them: Nor was he to *live*, that had *curſed* either *Father*, or *Mother*. Neither can I believe this law was abrogated in the days of *Solomon*, who tells us, *The eye that mocketh his father, or diſdains obedience to his mother, the Crows of the valley ſhall pick it out, or elſe the young Eagles eat it*: which, in effect, is to ſay, That he ſhall come to ſome *untimely end*, either *hang'd* on ſome *tree*, or *caſt out* without *burial*, for the *fowls* of the *air* to *feed on*. To this inclines the opinion of St. *Jerom*, where he ſays, *Nec vultu lædenda eſt pietas Parentum*: We ought not to caſt ſo much as a *diſcontented look* at the *piety* of a *parent*. He that hath forgot to be a *ſon*, is an *Agrippa* to the *world*, and is born averſe to *Nature*. As *corrupted humors* are the *continued diſtemper* of the *body* that did *breed* them; ſo a *vitious* and *diſobedient ſon* is the *torment* of the *Parent* that begot him. It was a good reaſon the Philoſopher gave to one, why he ſhould not go to law with his father: Says he; *If you charge him unjuſtly, all will condemn you: And if your charge be juſt, you will yet be condemned for blazing it.* 'Tis an unhappy queſtion *Caſſianus* asked an undutiful ſon: *Quem alienum tibi fidum invenies, ſi tuis hoſtis fueris? Qui fallere audebit Parentes*

Parentes, qualis erit in cæteros? What *ſtranger* ſhall he ere find *faithful* to him, that to his *Parents* is become an *Enemy?* What will he be to *others*, that is to *Parents* falſe? It is the ſame in other *Relations*, between Husband and Wife, between Maſter and Servants. *Cato* did not doubt but ſhe would prove a *poyſoner*, that had firſt been guilty of *Adultery*. And indeed, whoſoever is not *honeſt* in his *Relations*, gives the world an *Evidence*, that he can be *falſe* in the *leſſer*, that hath already *failed* in the *greater*. To be *falſe* in our *Relations*, is to break our *truſt*, in which both *Religion* and *Nature* hath ſet us. He that is *perfidious* and *untrue* in that, cancels all the *bonds* he after can be *tyed in*. When *Judas* had *betray'd* his *Maſter*, nor Friends, nor Enemies, nor his own Conſcience would *endure* him after. Whereas, he that *behaves* himſelf well in his *Relations*, gives us hope of his being *ſound* in *all things* that we have to do with him *beſides*. If we can believe the Excellent *Silius*; we ſhall find by being *falſe* in *theſe*, we not only *loſe* our ſelves with *others*; but we become implunged even in all the *calamities* of *life* in the ſeveral *Relations* that we *have*, and *live* in.

——*Qui frangere rerum*
Gaudebit pacta, ac tenues ſpes linquet amici,
Non illi domus, aut conjux, aut vita, manebit
Unquam expers luctus, lacrymæque: Aget æquore ſemper,
Ac tellure premens; aget ægrum, nocte dieq;
Diſpecta, ac violata fides.——
——Who loves to break
Wiſe *Natures bonds*, and cheat his *friends* poor hope,
Contracts *turmoil*, and *tears*; that never ſtop.
Nor *houſe*, nor *wife*, nor *life* is *ſafe*: but he
Ore-whelm'd with *Earth*, ploughs the unquiet *Sea*:
A *broken Faith* diſcern'd, is ſickneſs ever.——

Certainly, there is no man but ſome way hath *relation* to others, either by *Religion*, *Policy*, *Nature*, *Alliance*, or *Humanity*; therefore as a *Chriſtian*, a *Friend*, a *Kindred*, a *Superior*, or a *Man*, to all a man may take occaſion to be *honeſt*. Though I comply not with all their *ways*, yet *Chriſtian Piety*, and natural *Probity* is never to be *parted with*. He that loſes, or throws away *theſe*, deſcends into a *Beaſt*, that hath not *Reaſon* for his *guide*, and is *human* but in *ſhape alone*.

XIX.

Of the Salvation of the Heathen.

I Have met with ſome, that will not by any means allow that a *Heathen* may be ſaved. I do not know, that they ever read the *Book* of *Life* and *Death*, or were admitted to the *counſel* of the *moſt High*; no more, but by collection ariſing from *ſound Principles*, and the tender ſenſe of *Human Nature*. Indeed, I know not how to applaud

plaud their *Charity*, that will desperately *damn* such a world of men, and the succeeding Generations, of so many *Ages past*, and to *come*. Is it not enough, that we may be admitted to be *Heirs* our selves; but all our other *Brethren* must be *dis-inherited?* Nor can I think, *God* approves their *judgment*, who so strictly undertake to limit his *mercies*, which yet to us appear not only *above*, but *over all* his *works*. None of his *Attributes* being magnified near so much throughout all the *Scriptures*, as his *Mercy*. and in some measure to *allay* the *severity* of the *Law*; The first two Tables that were delivered with *Thunder*, *Lightning*, and *Terror*, being *broken* at the *giving* of the *Second*, *God* then was pleased to proclaim *The Lord, the Lord, strong, merciful, and gracious, slow to anger, long-suffering*, &c. Where, to ballance the ten *precepts* in the *Decalogue*, there are ten *Attributes* relating all to Favor and to Mercy towards Man. The *Mercy-seat* was over all the *Ark*, and that all-shaded with the *Cherubs wings*, And why those *Cherubims* may not type unto us not only the *two Tables* of the *Law* in the *Ark*; but the *two Testaments* of the *Law* and the *Gospel*, and the *two Generations* of the world the *Jews* and *Gentiles*, either of them mutually respecting each other, and the Oracles of *God* arising from between them: I know no prohibition. Some indeed have given *laps'd Nature* too too high a *priviledg*: Enabling her of her self alone to work out her own *Salvation*, as *Pelagius*, and before him (inclining that way) *Origen*. And if I find him rightly cited, *Zuinglius*, where he tells us that *Numa*, *Cato*, *Scipio*, and such like just *Heathen*, without *Faith* in *Christ* were *Naturally saved*, that is, by the virtue of the *Law* of *Nature* which they did observe. The last (the *Observation* of the *Law*) being intimated by the *Apostle*. Who tells us though they have no written *Law*, yet naturally doing the things of the *Law*, they are *a Law unto themselves*. Others have more modestly interpreted this Text, as *Aquinas*, and several more beside, allowing them yet *Salvation*: though not so much from the natural knowledg they have both of *God* and *good* and *evil*, as from the *help* they have in their *Souls* from the assistance of *Supernatural Grace*, whereby they are enabled through *Faith* to fulfil the *Law*. St. *Peter* tells us, that in every Nation, *He that feareth God and worketh Righteousness is accepted with him*. 'Tis not Mans *Merit*, but 'tis Gods *Acceptance* that is his security. And surely, if we will not be too critical we may find examples of this truth. It is doubtful whether *Job* were not of the line of *Esau*: certain, saith St. *Augustin*, he was neither *natural Israelite*, nor *Proselyte*, but born and buried in *Idumæa*. And *Bellarmine* assures us he was not of the Children of *Israel*: but either an *Idumæan*, or an *Arabian*. Both of which were counted Enemies to *Israel*. Next may be instanc'd *Melchisedeck*, *Jethro* the Priest of *Midian*, *Rahab* the *Harlot*, *Naaman* the *Syrian*, and others.

But it will be alledged from the Fourth of the *Acts*, *That Salvation cannot be had by any other but by Christ*. For among men there is given no other *Name* under *Heaven*, whereby we must be saved. And without

without *Faith* in him Salvation cannot be had, and Faith in him they cannot have, becauſe they never heard of him. I grant all but the laſt, and literally that too. I doubt not but all, to whom the ſound of the *Goſpel* hath any way come, are ſtrictly *obliged* to this: When God hath ſhewed them this Name, in vain they ſeek for another. Nominal *Chriſt* is neceſſary to thoſe that have *nominally* heard of him. Yet who can tye up the Spirit of *God*, from *illuminating* this to their ſouls, either in their *life*, or in the very *Farewel of it?* But this is rather *poſſible* than *proving*. Though I hope it will not prove a *Paradox*, if I ſhould beg leave to believe that ſome who never heard of Chriſt may yet *dye* and be *ſaved* by having a *Faith* in him. How many of them have dyed *Penitent* for their ſins, for which they have found their *Conſcience* checking them, and withal wholly reſting themſelves on the *Mercy* of the *Supream God?* What was the Philoſophers, *O ens entium miſerere mei*, but this? He would never have *fled* to mercy, if his *ſoul* had not been *conſcious* of ſome *ill*. And if he had not had *Faith* he would never have prayed for it, ſince no man prays for that whereof he does deſpair the Grant. What were the laſt words almoſt of every *common Malefactor* among them at his end, but a deſiring God and Nature to forgive him? Beſides that Grace and Favor of God, two things are required of Man for the *attaining* of his *Salvation*, *Faith* and *Repentance*. For to both theſe hath God engaged himſelf. He that repents ſhall find *Mercy*, and he that *believes* ſhall be *ſaved*. Repentance cloſeth the breaches of that *Law* which ſin before did *violate*. When the heat of *Luſt* hath ſhriveled up the Conſcience into *wounds* and *clefts*, (as *Rain* on *Earth* that's chapp'd) repentant Tears will fill up all thoſe *Chaſms*: *Pœnitentiâ aboleri peccata indubitanter credimus*, ſays St. *Auguſtine*. *Repent* and *believe*, is the *precept* of the *Goſpel*. Now I would ask the queſtion, whether *Chriſt Crucified* and Gods *Mercy* be not things *co-incident?* Nay, if it be not the very effect and height of *Gods mercy*: which they fly to though not in the *literal name* of *Chriſt* yet in ſuch a name as is the ſame, and comprehends the offered Chriſt in it, *Mercy*, The *Mercy-ſeat* was the *Propitiatory*, and Chriſt is call'd our *Propitiation*. Our *venerable Bede* giving us the *Anagogical ſenſe*, tells us plainly; *Propitiatorium aureum eſt Humanitas Chriſti glorioſa*. The golden *Mercy-ſeat* is Chriſts *glorious Humanity*. In the firſt of St. *Luke*, In the *Song* of the *bleſſed Virgin*, it is ſaid, *God hath helped his Servant* Iſrael *in remembrance of his Mercy*. In the Song of *Zacharias*, It is ſaid, *He hath gone on to perform the Mercy promiſed to our Fore-Fathers*. Which *Mercy* in both places, by all Interpreters, is underſtood of Chriſt, the *Meſſiah*.

In two ſeveral places in *Geneſis* it is promiſed, by God himſelf, That in *Abrahams ſeed* (which is meant of Chriſt) all the Nations of the World ſhould be bleſſed. In a third place, there it is, all the *Families* of the *Earth*. And in the *Acts* it ſaid, all the *Kindreds* of the Earth ſhall be bleſſed. But if they muſt give an account for literal Chriſt, and yet through inſuperable Neceſſity and Ignorance they could

could never come to know or hear of him; I conceive Christs coming would be so far from being a *Blessing* to *them*, as it would prove unto them a *Rock* and *Bitterness*. Before the coming of Christ, we shall find few of the *Jews*, *resting* expressedly upon the promised *Messias*; but their *anchor* was *Gods mercy*, and so the very thing which was the *pious Heathens refuge*. The holy Prophet *David* clearly did rely on it, *Psal.* 52. *I will trust in thy mercy for ever and ever.* But we may come nearer, even to the very *Name*, which we may illustrate by this insuing Instance.

A *King* hath a *Province* in *Rebellion*, whereby his *Subjects* become all guilty of *Treason*, and so in the *justice* of his *Laws* are *dead*. This *Kings Son* intercedes, and satisfies his *Father*. Whereupon he publisheth a *general Pardon*, that for his *Sons sake*, all shall be *restored* that will *come in*, *confess* their *offence*, and *claim* a *Reception* in right of his *Son*. Now some of these *Traytors* hear not of *this*: But out of their *confidence* of their *Princes* known *goodness*, and the *hope* they have of *pardon*, they come *repentantly*, prostrating themselves to his *mercy*. Now whether this *King*, being of a *Noble Nature*, and inclinable to *mercy*, may not, without impeachment to his *Justice*, receive them to *Grace*, by virtue of his *General Pardon* for his *Sons sake*, though they never heard of it; I submit to charitable judgments.

If this may not be, I yet demand, How it can stand with *Gods Justice*, in requiring their *Faith* in that which they never had means to know, *Nominal Christ?* What they could *reach* to, they *fasten* upon. But must we think them fit to be *punisht*, because they lay not *hold* on that which they cannot *come at?* Though they cannot plead *merit*, or a personal filial *Mediator*; yet, I see not what hinders, that they may not plead *mercy*. I am sure, St. *Paul* tells us, *That they who do not know the Law, shall not be judged by the Law*: But by that *Law* of *Nature* in themselves, which is so far *inseminated* in the *hearts* of *all*, as is sufficient to leave *all* without excuse and convince them *all* as *authors* of their own *destruction*, if they *perish*. And why then, shall we think, they who never heard of the *Gospel* should be *condemned*, for not having *faith* in the *Gospel?* *Lex non cogit ad impossibile.* But if they must *dye* for *ignorance* of that which they could not *know*, it may be asked, whether they do not *dye* for a *fault* that is none of their *own?*

When the *Apostle* in the 1. of *Corinths* and the 6. came to *Fornicators* that were out of the *pale* of the *Church*, he refused to *judg them*, as out of his *bounds* and *jurisdiction*: And I conceive it may become a charitable Christian, either not to pass a final sentence upon *all* the *Heathen*; or else to incline to *Charity*, which is the *Law* of the *Gospel*. Why may we not argue of *Faith*, as St. *Paul* does of *Works*: If the *Gentiles* have a *faith* in *Gods mercy*, may not they be *saved* by that, as *Christians* by their *faith* in *Christ*, which is but *Gods mercy* manifested? And certainly, without this *faith*, it will be true, what the Father says of their best works, *They are but shining sins.* But what

what is it should hinder now, that this *faith* may not *justifie?* As I believe the *Character* and *Impress* of *Gods Image* in them, is their *law* forbidding their *sin*, and injoyning their *duty*; so I also believe, as a Needle once touch'd, their *Consciences* will direct them to a *Refuge* in their *Makers mercy*. Therefore I hope, I shall not much err, if I should believe, A *Heathen* which never heard of *Christ*, laboring to keep a clear *conscience*, truly *repentant* for his *offences*, and casting himself with *faith* upon *Gods mercy*, may come to live in *heaven* among the *blessed*.

If any object then, that 'tis no *priviledge* to be a *Christian*, I suppose him much mistaken: For as St. *Paul* answers for the *Jews*, It is a Chief, that unto *them* are *committed* the *Oracles of God*. They are pre-eminenc'd before the rest of the world. Though a *Pagan* possibly may in the dark night of *Nature*, by Gods *mercy* grope out a *way* to *Heaven*; yet without doubt, he is more *happy* that hath a *light* and a *guide* to *direct* him thither. The *Illuminations* of the *Gospel*, are enlivening and instructing beyond the *sullied Notions* of *Philosophy*. Any man will like his *Title* better, that is declared an *Heir*, that his that is but in a *capability* of *adoption*. Methinks, ours *Sons*, and *favor* that we find from *Heaven*, should make us look upon them with *pitty* and *love*, rather than with *uncharitable* and *destroying censures*. I see, they live better by the *faint gleams* of *Nature*, than many *Christians* in the *coruscations* of the *Gospel*. And why should I think, that they who live *better* by the *dim glimpses* of their *conscience*, and *die*, resigning themselves to *God* and his *mercy*, whom they have *spelled out*, and *found* in the Book of the *Creatures*, and the Book of their *Conscience*; should yet be *cast away* in *Eternal perdition?* Certainly, looking on their *actions*, without hearing either party speak, one would take the poor *Indians* to be better *Christians* than the *Spaniards*, that destroyed them. However, none can deny, but *God* by his *secret grace* may both *attract*, and *accept* them. And I cannot, but have a more honorable apprehension of my *Omnipotent* and ever *Gracious God*, than to believe, that so pure, so munificent, and so absolutely perfect an *Essence*, should delight it self to see so many millions of millions of men lie *frying* in *Eternal Torments*, that yet were his own most noble and admired *workmanship*, and whose frailties he both *knew* and *pitied*. And this to befal them through a pristine (and in them unavoidable) *corruption*; out of which they did not *escape*, (for ought we know,) only because they did not *know* the *way*. What pleasure can any good man take, to see but poor simple *Beasts* continue sweating in perpetual *pain?* What good can I reap, by seeing the languishing *torture* of another? Those that are pleas'd with spectacles of *cruelty*, we naturaly abhor as *savage* in their *natures*. If *Caligula* and *Nero*, were both justly condemn'd of *cruelty*; the one for bidding the Executioner so *strike*, as Delinquents might *die leisurely*; and the other for but *looking on*, while his *Mother* was *dissected*, though *dead*; What disposition can those men have, who can so jollily give up *worlds* to keener and more lasting *punishments* than all their dire

imagination can deviſe? Is it ſuitable to a *Father* of *mercies*, and of his *creature?* or, Who will longer *laugh* at theſe poor *Heathen*; who made their *Saturn* full of *children*, and then to *devour* them aſſoon as they were *born?* If I do err, in this inclination to a *charity*, I had rather it ſhould be on this hand, than trenching but the leaſt on *cruelty*; and whatſoever it *is*, I ſhall ever ſubmit to the *moderate*, and the *wiſe*.

XX.

Whence a Mans Fame ariſes.

SOmtimes there is not a greater *cheat*, than *Fame* and *Reputation*. The *Hypocrite*, till he be diſcovered, appears garniſhed with all the plumes that *brave Report* does uſually *fly* withal: but once *detected*, is as black and ſpotted, as the *Panthers skin*, or the outſide of the *Dragons belly*. Indeed, 'tis hard for any to eſcape the *laſh* of *cenſure*: But the *Emanations* of a true and perfect *report*, for the moſt part riſe from a mans *private converſation*. Few *converſe* ſo much with perſons *abroad*, as to ſhew their humors and inclinations in *Public*. To their *Superiors*, they put on *Obſequiouſneſs*, and *Pageant-out* their *Virtues*, but ſtrongly they *conceal* their *Vices*, To their *Equals*, they ſtrive to ſhew the *gratefulneſs* of a *condition*. To their *Inferiors*, *courteſie* and *beneficence*. To *all* there is a *diſguiſe*. Men in this, like Ladies that are careful of their *beauty*, admit not to be *viſited*, till they be *dreſs'd* and *trim'd* to the advantage of their *faces*. Only in a mans *retirement*, and among his *domeſtics*, he opens himſelf with more *freedom*, and with leſs *care*; he walks there as *Nature* fram'd him: He there may be ſeen not as he *ſeems*, but as he *is*; without either the deceiving Properties of *Art*, or the varniſh of belyed *Virtue*: So, as indeed, no man is able to paſs a true *judgment* upon *another*, but he that *familiarly* and *inwardly knows* him, and has *viewed* him by the *light* of *time*. When *Tiberius* had a *Noble Fame* among ſtrangers, he that read him *Rhetoric*, ſtuck not to pronounce him *Luto & Sanguine maceratum*.

Neither can a conſtant *good report* follow any man, but by a conſtant *adherence* to *virtue*, and *virtuous actions*. 'Tis much harder to read the *actions*, and to know rightly *Great perſons*, than 'tis men of *Inferior condition*: For, though they be *extravagant*, yet their *greatneſs* is ſome kind of *awe* to the *looſe* and *ſcattered reports* that *fly* about from *mean* mens *tongues*. And their *attendants* not only *palliate* their *vices* as improper for them to *divulge*: but withal, they *magnifie* their *good parts*, and *repreſent* them fuller to the *world* than they are; That often-times thoſe paſs in the *common*, for perſons *rarely qualified*; who, being ſtrictly *viewed*, are but *flouriſh* and *deceiving out-ſide*. And beſides this, many a man while he hath a *curb* upon him, keeps himſelf in *modeſt bounds*, from which once *freed*, he laviſhes, into *exceſs* and *groſs enormities*; like hot *metall'd Horſes*, that may *ride well* with a *wary hand*

hand upon them; but when the reins are *loosened*, they *fling* and *grow* unruly. 'Tis *liberty* and *experience* that truly shews a man what he is. *Suetonius* observes it of *Tiberius*, that when he had gotten to *Capreæ*, where he lurked, remov'd from the eyes of the people, he at once poured forth himself in all those horrid *vices*, which before for a long time with much ado he had dissembled. And though *Politicians* seek to *shadow* themselves, by appearing the *least* of what they *are*; yet, they come at last to be *unmasked*, and declare themselves to the world: like *Hedge-hogs*, they *rowl* up themselves before *strangers*; but in *private* are so *dilated*, as they may easily be known to be but *vermine*; so that, in the end, *private sins* are rewarded with a *public shame*: and then the supposed *honest man* is hated as a *grown monster*, discovered by the *blab* of *time*. *Vice* is a *concealed fire*, that even in *darkness* will so work, as to *bewray* it self. And doubtless, somthing it is, according to those among whom a man lives. Even a *good* man among *ill* neighbors, shall be *ill* reported of; and a *bad* man, by some, may be *beloved*. Some *Vices* are falsely lookt upon as *Ornament*, and *Education*: and a *modest Innocence*, is as much mistaken for *silliness* and *ignorance*. To be *good*, is thought too near a way to *contempt*. That which the *Antients* admired, we both slight and laugh at. A *good honest man*, is but a *better word* for a *fool*: so that no man, can promise himself *free* from the *whip* of a *licentious tongue*. *Slanders* and *calumnies* like *contagious airs* are *Epidemical* in their *Infection*: only the *soundest constitutions* are less thereby *tainted* than the other, but all shall be sure to find a *touch*. I like not those that *disdain* what the *world* says of them. I shall suspect that womans *modesty*, that values not to be accounted *modest*. While I am *innocent*, *injurious rumors* shall the less *torment me*. But as he that is careful of his *health* will not only avoid *infected places*, but *antidote* himself by *preventing Physic*; and will not be *abstemious* only at a *Feast*, but in his *private diet*; So he that would be *well esteemed* must not only eschew *ill company*, but must fortifie himself with *Precepts* and *Resolution* to preserve himself, and not only in the *throng*, and *abroad*, but in his *retired dressing-room*; for since a mans *good* or *bad fame*, does first take rise from such as be *about him*, and servants being neither always *ours*, nor ever *discreet*; It behoves him that *loves* his own *reputation*, to give them no *cause* of reporting what shall *cross it*. He that is careless of his *fame*, I doubt is not fond of his *Integrity*. The first ground to be layd is a mans *Honest endeavors*, and that as well in the *Chamber* as in the *Court*: and then 'tis likely a *Good Fame* follows. If I do *my part*, I shall be the less troubled, if the world shall not do *his* in *allowing* me what I *labor* for.

XXI.

That 'tis some difficulty to be Rich and Good.

GRace and *Riches* like the Matchings of *Cosen-Germans*, though they be not forbidden, yet they seldome marry together. 'Tis rare to see a *Rich* man *Religious*. For *Religion* preaches *Restraint*, and *Riches* prompt to *Liberty*. If our Saviour himself had not given an exposition of his own hard Text of the *Camel* and the *eye* of a *Needle*, by casting it upon such as place their trust upon riches; Certainly no *Rich man* could be thought to be saved, but God must be put to work a miracle for it. When *Wealth* abounds, men seldom come by suffering to be sober. They buy out their pennance, and skip over those *Considerations* that should make them *serious*. The Education of *Rich* men teaches to command, so they never come to be acquainted with that which is better than a *sacrifice*, *Obedience*. Buoy'd up by the *Corks* of *Wealth* and *Greatness*, they are seldom let down into the depths where the greatest fishes, like grown *Resolutions*, are to be found. They are so humor'd by *Attendants*, and so *elated* by the *Bowings* of all about them, and withal so swallowed up with pleasure, that they often miss of knowing rightly either themselves or others. And by the Pravity of mans *weak Nature*, it so sets them on the solaces of this Life, that they seldom have time to think of another or better. The *Worm* of this *fair fruit* is *Pride*, and it sooner takes the *goodly* than the *lean*. Old *Jacob* begg'd but only *Food* and *Rayment*: and *Agur* prays directly against a *Plenty*: and though *Solomon* was so wise as not to ask it; yet we see, when he had it, well nigh it had *eaten out* all his *Wisdom*. Certainly, *Riches* be not evil in themselves: yet for the most part there is a *Casual ilness* that attends them. And if our blessed Saviour had not seen something in them more than we apprehend, he would never have declar'd it so much difficulty for a man at once to be both *good* and *opulent*: neither would he have advis'd the young man to sell what he had, or commanded his Disciples to leave all and follow him; nor would he have so exampled *poverty* to us in his own *meanness*, if he had not known our *human frailty* too apt to be drawn away by *abundance*. Besides the danger of their *flattering* us to a *Reliance* upon them, they hinder us from the *sense of Charity*, not feeling the *wants* that others *live* in, we cannot be sensible of their *endurances*: so we are not begotten into commiseration. How strict and vigilant have I known some upon a poor mans *Labor*, who hath toyl'd all the day from six to six, for sixpence? who, if it were not for the pleasure of *night* and *darkness*, which gives him some slender *Refreshment*, he might certainly be concluded in a worse *condition* than the *Savage Beasts of the Desert*. Nature hath priviledg'd them against the want of *Apparel*; and though they be put somtimes to *hunt* for their *Food*, yet providence hath made that a pleasure to them, so far, that they

are

are rather to be envied than pittied. But the daily *Laboring Man* sells both his *strength*, his *time*, and his *ease*, for that alone which will not satiably content his *craving Belly*. Not apprehending the *hardship* of others, by reason of the *Beckonings* and *Illigations* of *pleasure*, and the divertive crowd of other occasions, *Rich men* have not leisure to stay upon these, to *consider* and *weigh* their *Condition*: so, that *Charity* which they have, is rather *self-love* than *Charity*: which doubtless is not rightly call'd so, when God is not the *scope*, and others more their *object*, than themselves. And it is as undoubtedly true, that without the *wings* of *Charity*, it will be very hard to *mount* to the *Region* of *Happiness*. *Riches* besides, are often as thorns to *choak* the fruits of *Piety*. They are a kind of *rank Earth*, which so fast puts out weeds, that any fine seed of *virtue* becomes *stifled* and *robbed* ere it can get *Root*. Yet *Industry* and perpetual *Attention* might perhaps prevent some of these *Inconveniences*. But there is one thing in *Wealth* which *fascinates* beyond all these: 'Tis apt to seduce a man into a *false* opinion of *wisdom* in himself. And it may be it was from hence, That when *Simonides* was asked, which was best for a man, *Wealth* or *Wisdom*? He made some doubt how he should resolve the *Business*. The *Reason* was, he said, He had often observed wise men to wait and attend at *rich mens Houses*. And how easie is it for a Man to think himself *Wise*, when he shall find he hath a *wise man* as his Servant *humoring him*? Nor is he only charmed to these erroneous ways of *Pleasure*, and stroaked along by the *Courtship* of those that stoop low to creep under his *shade*, and gather of his *fallings*: But if he be in a way of miscarriage, his *wealth* keeps him not only from being *reclaim'd*, but from knowing wherein he *fails*. Men are often wary how they *hazard* their interest by *Reprehension*. A *poor man* like *clay* (being softned by his *low situation*, and the *sammineſs* of *want* that lights upon him) is apt to be easily *moulded* into any *Form*: But the *Rich*, shined upon by the *sun* of *prosperity*, set on the promoted *Hill*, and in the flaring *light* of *Greatness*, are hardned into a *Brittleness* scarce admitting any shape but that by chance you find them in: Like *Venice-glasses* any hot liquor of *Admonition* makes them crack and fly in pieces presently. And indeed it is no small *unhappiness* to be set in such a *station* as will not admit a friend to be free with him. He is *open* to *flattery*, but *fenc'd* against *admonition*. He that by the Engine of a *massie wealth* is craned up above the rebuke of friends, had need of a *Noble nature* and a virtue strongly *corded*, else he shall quickly *slide* to the lowest *scale* of *Vice*. Certainly, there is none so *wise* as that he never errs: But he is well onward in the way to be wise, that can bear a *Reproof*, and mend by it. I doubt not but there are that be *wealthy* and *wise*, that are *Rich* and *Religious*; and as they are extraordinarily *happy* in themselves, that can escape the trains that their *Affluency* lays for *them*, and make use of those brave *Suppeditaments*, that a great Estate allows them to do *good withal*: So they ought to be magnified by all that are Spectators of so *Noble a Conjunction*. As a *Rich*

Tyrant

Tyrant is the worſt of all *wild Beaſts*; ſo a *Rich Chriſtian* is one of Chriſts *wonders*. *Nihil honeſtius magnificentiuſque, quàm pecunias (contemnere, ſi non habeas) ſi habeas, ad Beneficentiam, Libertatemque conferre. Senec.* If we have no wealth, 'tis *honeſt* and *Princely* not to be *fond* on't: But far more *Heroic* (if we have it) to ſow it into *Charity* and *Beneficence*. Like fire in a *Chimney*, a *Rich* man good is *Regular*, *Bright*, and *Refreſhing* to all that come within the *diſtance* of his beams. He lights the blindly dark, and *gildes* the *Room* he ſhines in. And whoſoever comes into it, like it: It will draw their *eyes* upon him, as if there were ſome *Divinity* in him, that invited all to pay a kind of *Adoration* to him, for the *Bounty* and the *Benefits* that *Fate* has made him *Steward* of.

XXII.

Againſt being proud by being commended.

THere is ſuch a kind of grateful *Tickling* to the *mind* of *man* in being commended, That though we many times know thoſe praiſes that are given us are not *due*, yet we are not *Angry* at the *abuſing Author*. Though ſurely he that is commended for what he doth not deſerve, ought in *juſtice* to *rectifie* the *Auditory*, elſe he grows *acceſſary* to a cheat upon the *Hearers*, by a combination of an *untruth*; ſo leads them into an *Error*. It was, I confeſs, *ingenuous* in *Pope John* the 20. what his ſucceſſor *Æneas Sylvius* tells us of him: when one had *praiſed* him much more than he knew he *deſerved*, he turns to the *Company* and tells them; Though the Man hath fathered many *brave things* upon me whereof I am not *guilty*, yet I do confeſs I no way am diſpleaſed that he hath *pleas'd* to *praiſe* me. Perhaps he might pardon him the ſooner if he believed he told of what he ought to do, though yet he had not done it. So apprehended Praiſes may as eaſily be *diſpens'd* withal, as handſomely made *uſe* of. They are but *admonitions*, *ribbanded* and *trickt* to a more *pleaſing ſhape*, which perhaps, without ſuch ſpots and pendants would never win upon a *fantaſtic Brain*. In *Noble minds* 'tis certainly a *ſpur*, if not reward, to *Virtue*. The *generous Spartans* before they went to *War*, they us'd to offer *Victims* to the *Muſes*; That what they acted *Valiantly*, might be *elegantly* and *truly* recorded. He that deſpiſes to be well reported of, wants of that living fire in his *Soul*, which does type out (and runs into) *Eternity*. And he on the other ſide that ſhews himſelf *elated* by it, gives proof he is but ſome light ſtuff; that, as a *Bubble* by a *Boy*, can be blown from his ſhell, till the very air alone can blurt him again into *ſpittle*. Praiſe hath ſeveral *operations* according to the *mind* it meets with. It makes a *Wiſe* man *modeſt*, but a *Fool* more *arrogant*. It extends him to ſuch a height, that it turns his *weak brain* giddy till he falls; ſome have plac'd it in the rank with *contempt*, and have there-

therefore warned, that to a Mans face we ſhould neither *praiſe* too *laviſhly*, nor yet *reprove* too *ſharply*. Indeed to a ſpirit rightly *generous*, a *Face-commendation* will ſooner beget a *bluſhing flight*, than the *Rebuke* that boldly and openly flies upon him. Hence therefore, 'tis only allowable at *Funerals* for men to be *hyperbolical* in praiſing. Any thing may then be offered when blows cannot be felt: otherwiſe a *Riotous tongue* will fever modeſt *bleud*. Since leaſt of all he values *praiſe*, that moſt of all deſerves it. He that is an intimate Servant to that *glorious Virtue*, will be content in ſilence to enjoy her *Graces* without thoſe *hollow Echoes* of the *Tongue*. I like not praiſing when 'tis too *loud*. A little is as ſhadowing to a well-limb'd piece; it ſets it off better: but when it is too *deep*, it dulls the *native life*, and unpleaſants the *air* it carries. But for a man to grow *proud* by being *commended*, is of all uſes the worſt we can make of it. Every good thing a good man ſpeaks of another, like the *blaſt* of a *Trumpet* in *War*, ſhould *incite* and *incourage* the perſon commended to a cloſer *purſuit* of a *Nobler* and more *generous Virtue*. But to be proud of *Trappings* calls a Mans *Humanity* in queſtion. Though he be a *Bucephalus*; it ſhews him but a *Beaſt*: and any one may judg how like the *Aſs* it was, firſt to miſtake the Reverence to be his, that was done to the *Goddeſs*; next that he could be proud of it, if he had been ſo. To contemn a *juſt commendation*, is to kick at *kindneſs*: To be proud on't is to take in ſo much, until it does *intoxicate*. Though another mans praiſe cannot in my ſelf make me better than I am; yet (with my help) it may make me much worſe. The beſt is to *labor* an *improvement*. If any one ſpeaks well, I would be glad, I could *act* better. I ſhall like it better, if my *deeds* may go beyond his *Tongue*. I had rather in this caſe men ſhould *ſee more* than they do *expect*, than *look* for more than they can *find*.

XXIII.

Of Secreſie.

THe *Hooting Fowler* ſeldom takes much game. When a man hath the project of a courſe in his *mind* digeſted and fixt by *Conſideration*, 'tis good *wiſdom* to reſolve of *Secreſie*, till the time our *Deſigns* arrive at their *Diſpatch* and *Perfection*: He ſhall be allowed to have enough of the *unadviſed*, that brags much either of what he will do: Or, of what he ſhall have. For, if what he ſpeaks of, falls not out accordingly; In ſtead of *applauſe*, a *mock* and *ſcorn* ſhall ſtrike him. They ſeldom *thrive* in *buſineſs* that cannot but proclaim their *Intentions*. They ſpeak themſelves to be *way-layd*; and if they have ought worth the taking, they are *ſetters* to their own *Robbery*. Even water will forbear to riſe where the *Pipe*, through which it is to paſs, hath a *flaw* in't. The projects of men are a kind of *Chymiſtry*:

miſtry: Keeping them cloſe, they may *proſper*. But the glaſs once crack't and *air* admitted in, the product then will *vaniſh* out in *Fume*. When *Quintus Metellus* could not compaſs his *Conqueſts* in *Spain*, he ſeems to neglect the *principal City*, and with a *Rowling Army* flies to other parts. And when in regard of ſo wild a War his Friend did ask him, what thereby he *intended?* His anſwer was, *If his ſhirt knew his mind, he would have commanded it to be burn'd immediately.* We ſee that which carries on, even evil actions to their *proſperity*, and is indeed, the main of their ſucceſs, and without which, they would certainly come to *nothing*, is their *ſecrecy*, and *clandeſtine* creeping along. 'Tis the inviſibility of *ſpirits* that performs their *Witch-craft*. And if was in the *dark* and *night*, that the envious ſow'd his Tares. And if *Secrecy* can ſo promote thoſe *Deſigns* that are to be *abhorr'd*, why is it not as well *advantageous* to what we intend for *good?* Nature for her own *Preſervation* has taught wild Beaſts to dwell in *holes* and *dens*. The *Fiſhes* bed in mud. And *Birds* build not in open fields, but in the ſhaded woods, and ſolitary Thickets. How many have undone themſelves by their *openneſs?* He ſtrumpets all his *Buſineſs*, that does *diſcloſe* his *ſecrets*.

Candaules loſt both *Kingdom*, *Life*, and *Wife*, by only ſhewing of her *Beauty* Naked. Nor was that *fabled Ring* of *Gyges* more, than his *great Wiſdom* guiding his *Affairs*: whereby he knew what other *Princes* did; but ſo *reſerv'd himſelf*, that he to them remain'd ſtill undiſcovered. *Stratagems* are like *Miſtreſſes*, they are *deflowr'd* when known: and then they ſeldom live to be *married* by being *effected*. By divulging, we ſeem to *tempt* others to prevent us. He that before lay ſtill, and did not mind it, when he ſees another running for a *prize*, will poſt away to *out-ſpeed* him. And indeed, he is not like to *ſpeed well*, that cannot keep his own *counſel*. The Philoſophers check will juſtly fall upon him; That 'tis pitty, of thoſe he learned to *ſpeak*, he was not as well inſtructed to be *ſilent*. 'Tis a miſerable *flux*, when a man hath a *flood* of *words*, and but a *drop* of *ſoul*. To ſuch people uſually, all the *Phyſic* they can take to ſtop it, *operates* the wrong way. That *mind* which cannot keep its own determinations *private*, is not to be *truſted* either with his *own*, or *others buſineſs*. He lets in ſo much *light*, as will not ſuffer his *deſigns* to *ſleep*; ſo they come to be *diſturbed*, while they ſhould gather ſtrength, by *repoſe*. If the *buſineſs* be of what is yet to *come*, 'tis vanity to *boaſt* of it; 'tis all one with the Almanack, to *rove* at what weather will happen. We *boaſt* of that, which not being in our *power*, is none of our *own*. The *Bird* that *flies*, I may as well call *mine*. He digs in *ſand*, and lays his *beams* in *water*, that builds upon *events*, which no man can be *Maſter of*; What can he ſhew but his own *Intemperance?* bewraying even a kind of *greedineſs*, while he *catches* at that which is not yet in his *reach*; which ſeems to unfold but an *uncompacted mind*, that is not ſo wiſe as to *ſubſiſt well* with what it hath in *preſent*. Such men, if we come to *diſſect* them, we ſhall find like *Chameleons*, that have not the *ſolid entrails* of other

other *creatures*, but are fill'd with only *lungs*. And then, if after our *boasting*, we come to be *disappointed*, the *defeat* is made more *visible*; and we turn'd out, to *herd* with those that must be *laughed* at. Nor yet can I *offer* ought to the world after this, but it will come forth upon some *disadvantage*. If I *boast* of any thing, I teach others to *expect*, and then they look for *Swans*, or *Quails*, though it be in a *Wilderness*; where, admit it be *fair*, it shall not be thought so: because their *hopes* are possest with *Rarity*. *Secresie* is a most necessary part, not only of *Policy*, but *Prudence*. Things *untold*, are as things *undone*. If they succeed *well*, they are *gratefuller* for being *sodain*: if *ill*, they may be *dispenc'd* with, as for ought any knows, they being no other than *casual*; so not at all in *intention*. I observe the *Fig-tree*, whose *fruit* is *pleasant*, does not *blossom* at all; whereas the *Sallow* that hath glorious *palms*, is continually found *barren*. I would first be so *wise*, as to be my own *Counsellor*; next so *secret*, as to be my own *counsel-keeper*.

XXIV.

A Christian's threefold Condition.

WHo is't can be so *sanguine*, as to be always *constant* in a full blown *jollity*? 'Tis the glorious *Sun* alone, that in himself is *ever bodyed*, full of *light* and *brightness*. But as in the *Moon* we see a *threefold condition*, that gives her an *alternate* face; her *wane*, her *increase*, her *full*: So I see the same resembled in a *Christian*, three efficient causes working them; *Sin*, *Repentance*, *Faith*. When after *sin*, a *Christian* once considers, he finds a *shadow* drawn upon his *light*. The steps of *night* stay printed in his *soul*: his *shine* grows *lean* within him, and makes him like the *Moon* in her declining *wane*, obscuring and diminishing that *clearness* of the *Spirit* which lately *shined* with such *brightness* in him. It dims the *beauty* of the *luminous soul*: like the *sensible plant*, when the *hand* of *flesh* does *touch* it, she shrinks in all her *leaves*: or else she, like the *humble one*, falls *flat*, and lankly *lies* upon the earth. Nay, sometimes (as the *Moon* in our lost *sight of* her) he seems *quite gone*, and *vanisht*: resting for a time like a *diseased* man in a *trance*; as a *winter-tree*, or *fire* that's buried in *concealing embers*; without or *sense*, or *show*, of either *light* or *heat*. But then comes *Repentance*, and casts *water* in his face, *bedews* him with *tears*, packs the *spirits* back again to the *heart*, till that be rows'd up by them; rubs up his benum'd *soul*, that there is to be seen some *tokens* both of *life* and *recovery*. *Repentance* is the *key*, that *unlocks* the *gate* wherein *sin* does keep man *prisoner*. Who is't can be so *black* and *dead* a *coal*, that this *Lacrymal water*, with the *breath* of the *Holy Spirit* cannot *blow* up into a *glowing light*? This makes him *spring*, causes him to begin to *bud* again; unrowls his wrapt-up *beauty*, and by little and

little, if not at once, *recollects* his decayed ſtrength of the *apprehenſion* of *Gods Spirit*; ſo ſets him in the way to *joy* and renewed courſes. *Repentance* is *Penelopes night*, which undoes that which the *day* of *ſin* did *weave*. 'Tis indeed the only *Aqua-vitæ* to fetch again the *fainting ſoul*: And it might juſtly therefore cauſe the Emperor *Theodoſius* to wonder at the effect. That *living* man ſhould *die*, he ſaw was ordinary and familiar: But it was from *God* alone, That man being *dead* in *ſin*, ſhould *live* again by *Repentance*.

But laſtly, *Faith* appears, and perfects that *Repentance begun* and could not *finiſh*: ſhe chears up his *drooping hopes*, brings him again to his wonted *ſolace*, ſpreads out his *leaves*, envigors his *ſhrunk nerves*, and to a bright *flame* blows his *dying fire*: That like the *Moon* in her full glory, he becomes indued with a plenteous *fruition* of the *preſence* of the *Almighty*. Thus, while he *ſins*, he *wanes* himſelf to *darkneſs* and *obſcurity*. When he *repents*, he begins to recover *light*; and when his *faith* ſhines *clear*, he then *appears* at *full*; yet in all theſe, while he *lives* here, he is not only *charged* with ſome *ſpots*, but is ſubject to the *viciſſitudes* of *change*: Somtimes he is frolick'd with a *feaſt* within him: ſomtimes he is ſhrinking in a *ſtarved condition*, and ſomtimes dull with *darkneſs* of *deſertion*; yet, in all, he *lives*: though in ſome *weakly*, and in ſome *inſenſibly*; yet, never without one ſound *conſolation* in the worſt of theſe ſad *variations*. As the Planet *Mercury* though *erratic* and *unfix'd*, yet never wanders far from the *Sun*: Or, as the *Moon*, when ſhe is *leaſt viſible*, is as well a *Moon* as when we ſee her in her *full proportion*: Only the *Sun* looks not on her with ſo large an *aſpect*; and ſhe reflects no more than ſhe receives from him: ſo a *Chriſtian* in his loweſt *ebb* of *ſorrow*, is an *Heir* of *Salvation*, as well as when he is in the *higheſt flow* of *comfort*; only the *Sun* of *Righteouſneſs* darts not the beams of his *love* ſo plentifully: and he ſhews no more, than *God* by *ſhining* gives him. When the *Holy Spirit* holds in his *beams*, frail *man* then needs muſt *languiſh*. 'Tis *deprivation* that creates a *Hell*; for where *God* is *not*, there 'tis that *Hell is*. When ere this *tide* runs *out*, there's nought but *mud* and *weeds* that's left *behind*. When *God* ſhall hide his *face*, in vain elſewhere we ſeek for a *ſubſiſtence*. He is the *air*, without which is no *life*. His *with-drawings* are our *miſeries*; his *preſence* is *joy*, and *revivement*. 'Tis only *ſin* that can *eclipſe* this *light*. 'Tis the *interpoſure* of this groſs opacous *body*, that *blacks* the elſe *bright ſoul*: This is that *Great Alexander*, which keeps the *light* from this *poor Diogenes* in his *Tub* of *Mortality*: And this, ſomtimes, muſt be expected, while we are here *below*. Even *time* conſiſts of *night* and *day*; the *year*, of *various ſeaſons*. He that expects a *conſtancy* here, does look for that which this world cannot *give*. 'Tis only *above* the *Sun*, that there is no *Moon* to *change*.

XXV. *For*

XXV.

For Ordering of Expences.

IT is very hard for an open and easie *nature* to keep within the *compass* of his *fortune*; either *shame* to be observ'd *behind* others, or else a vain glorious *itching* to *out-do* them, *leaks* away *all*, till the *vessel* be *empty* or *low*; so that nothing involves a man to more *unhappiness* than an heedless *letting go* in an *imprudence* of *misspending*. It alters quite the *frame* and *temper* of the *mind*. When *wants* comes, he that was *profuse*, does easily grow *rapacious*. It is extreme unhappiness to be thus compos'd of *Extremes*. To be impatient both of *plenty* and *want*. 'Tis a kind of *Monster-vice*, wherein *covetousness* and *prodigality*, mingled, dwell together, and one of them is always gnawing. It puts a man upon the *stretch*, and will not suffer him to lie at *ease*. Like the *Estridge*, he feeds on *Iron*, and puts it out in *feathers*. He runs any hazard to *get*, and when he hath it, he *flaunts* it away in *curls* and *airy vanities*. On the other side, a *sordid parsimony*, lays a man open to *contempt*. Who will *care* for him, that *cares* for no body but himself? Or, who will expect any thing of *favor* or *friendship* from him, that makes it his master-piece to *scrape* from all that fall within his *gripe*, or *reach*? The *enforcing* of the forged *Testament* of *Mimutius*, lost *Crassus* and *Hortensius* more honor with *posterity*, than all their *wealth* and *authority* could repurchase. Nor is he less a *scorn* to *others*, than a *punishment* to *himself*. He pulls from *others*, as if he would make all his *own*; and when he hath it, he keeps it, as if it were *another* mans. In *expences*, I would be neither *pinching*, nor *prodigal*: yet, if my *means* allow it not, rather thought too *sparing*, than a little *profuse*. *Saving* inclines to *judgment*; but *lavish expences*, to *levity* and *inconsiderateness*. With the *wise*, 'tis no disgrace to make a mans *ability* his *compass* of *sail*, and line to *walk* by: and to *exceed* it, for them that are not *wise*; is to be sure to *exceed* them, as well in *folly* as *expence*. He is equally ridiculous, that will *burn out* his *Taper* while the *Sun* doth *shine*; and he that will go to *bed* in the *dark*, to save his *expence* of *light*. It is my part to know what I *may do*; while others only look at the *stream*, but are not concern'd how the *Fountain* may *supply* it. Though the look to what *I spend* as grateful to *them*; yet, I ought to *care* for what may be *convenient* for *me*. He that *spends* to his *proportion*, is as brave as a *Prince*; and a *Prince* exceeding *that*, is a *Prodigal*: There is no *Gallantry* beyond what's *fit* and *decent*. A *comely beauty* is better than a *painted one*. Unseemly *bounty*, is waste both of *wealth* and *wit*. He, that when he should *not*, *spends too much*, shall when he would *not*, have *too little* to *spend*. It was a witty reason of *Diogenes*, why he asked but a *half-penny* of the *Thrifty man*, and a *pound* of the *Prodigal*: The first, he said, might *give* him *often*; but, the other, ere long, would have *nothing* to *give*. To *spare* in weighty

causes, is the worst and most unhappy part of *thrift* than can be: *Liberality*, like a warm showr, *mollifies* the *hardest Earth*, and prepares it for *fertility*: But he that is *penurious*, turns his *Friends* into *Enemies*, and *hardens* that which himself desires to find *pliant*. Who can expect to *reap*, that never *sow'd* his *seed*; or in a *drought*, who will not look to have his *harvest poor?* Doubtless, there is not any worse *husbandry*, than the being too *near*, and sordidly *miserable*; and there is no man but at the long-run *loses* by't. When the *bush* is known to be *lim'd*, they are simple *Birds* that will be drawn to *perch* on't. Nor on the other side, can we find, that to *spend vainly*, even in a *plentiful fortune*, hath any Warrant from either *Prudence* or *Religion*. 'Tis a kind of scandal to the wise, to see a *riotous Waste*, made of *Wealth*, that might be imployed to many more *pretious uses*. If we have a *superfluity*, the poor have an *Interest* in it: but surely none is due to either *Waste*, or *Wantonness*. Wealth foolishly *consum'd* is wine upon the *pavement dasht*; which was by *Providence* destin'd to have *cheer'd* the *heart*. If the thing had been *condemnable*, or his intention *warrantable*; it was not phras'd amiss, when *Judas* grumbled at the *Ointments expence*; *Ad quid perditio hæc?* Certainly, here is better *use* to be made of our *Talents*, than to *cast* them away in *Waste*. If God gave us them not, to lie *idly* by us, we cannot think he should be pleased, when either loosly we consume them, or lewdly we misspend them. 'Tis the improving, not the waste or hoarding, that the Master does commend; and this should be with *moderation*: else the *gloss* and *grace* of all is dull.

Nullus argento color est, avaris
Abditæ terris inimice lamnæ,
Crispe Salusti, nisi temperato
Splendeat usu.
Dear *Salust*, thou that scorn'st the Ore,
With *Earth* from *Misers* cover'd or'e,
'Tis neither silver nor looks spruce
But's bright, by sober use.

XXVI.

Of a Christians settledness in his Saviour.

DOubtless there are some whose Faith mounts them above all the pleasures and inconveniences of Life. We see a carnal *Beauty* can so take up all the faculties of some *weak Souls*, as they can despise all storms that cross them in their *way* to their *designed end*. They ride *triumphing* over all they *meet*, nothing can *weigh* against their fix'd affection, like springs that burst out in *remoter places*, their windings tend but to pour them into the *Sea*.

And

And if this be so great and prevalent as to mate and master all the other passions of Man; certainly it may be allowed a *Christian* to be wholly possest with the radiance of *Divine Beatitude*, being by *Faith* setled upon the perfections of his *Heavenly Saviour*. The beauty rightly considered is far more ravishing than all that we can apprehend besides; And the *blessedness* that he is *Robed* with, cannot but be far more consentaneous to the soul than all the *sick* and *smutted* pleasures of *Mortality*. Let him circuit about with never so many ambiguous turnings; yet like a *dis-united Element*, he is never at a quiet repose, till he makes up to the *Center* of his *soul*, his *God*. As the *Needle* in a *Dial* disturb'd and shaken from his point does never leave his *quivering motion*, till it fix and sleeps upon his *Artic pole*: so fares it with a Christian in this World: nothing can so *charm* or *scatter* him, but still the last *result* of all does *Anchor* him in his *Saviours Arms*. All that put him out of the quest of *Heaven* are but Interposures, diversions, and disturbances. The Soul that once is truly touch'd with the magnetic force of *Divine Love*, can never relish any thing here so pleasingly, as that entirely she can rest upon it. Though the *Pleasures*, *Profits*, and *Honors* of this *Life* may somtime shuffle him out of his *usual course*: Yet he wavers up and down in trouble, runs *to* and *fro*, like *quick-silver*, and is never quiet within, till he returns to his *wonted Joy* and *inward happiness*. There it is his *Center* points, and there his *Circles* bounded. Which though unseen and unperceived by others, are such to him as nothing can buy from him. Compared with these, the gaudiest glittering of the *fawning world* are but as painted *scenes* upon a *stage* that change with every Act, and ne're last longer with us than while the *Play* of this swift *life continues*: To the *Pious Man*, they are but as *may-games* to a *Prince*: fitter for *Children* than the *Royalty* of a *Crown*, or the *expectation* of him that looks to *inherit perpetuity*. And for this (if by the solid *Rule* of *Judgment* we shall measure things) we shall find *Reason*, not to be contradicted. For in God, as in the Root, are the Causes of all *Felicity*. All the oriental lustres of the *richest gems*; All the *inchanting Beauties* of *exterior shapes*; the exquisiteness of figures; the loveliness of colours, the *harmony* of *sounds*, the *light* and *clarity* of the *enlivening Sun*; The *ravishing form* and *order* of all. All the *heroic virtues* of the *bravest minds*, with the purity and quickness of the highest *Intellects*, are all but *emanations* from the *Supream Deity*. The ways the wise *Philosopher* had to find out God will plainly shew us, that he is all Perfection, *Causation*, *Negation*, and the way of *Eminency*. For the first: it leads us through the *scale* of *motions* by steps, till we ascend to a *Deity*; In the last *mover*, we must *period* all our search. For the second it tells us, Whatsoever is *frail*, *corruptive*, *impure*, or *impotent*; we may conclude, it cannot be in him. And for the third: if we find any thing in the *Creature* that is but *faintly amiable* and taking, we may be sure in God to find it in *immense perfection*. *Absalom's Beauty*, *Jonathan's Love*, *David's Valor*, *Solomon's Wisdom*, *Ulysses* his *Policy*, *Augustus* his *Prudence*,

Prudence, *Cæsar's Fortune*, *Cicero's Eloquence*, with whatsoever else we most admire. The *Purity* of *Virgins*, the *Fragrancy* of *Nature*, the *intelligence* of all, with all the *Complacency* that either *Reason* or our senses can present us with. Near this comes the *Eloquent Boetius* when speaking of God, he says:

Tu requies tranquilla piis: te cernere, Finis,
Principium, Vector, Dux, Semita, Terminus idem.
Thou art the *just mans Peace*: Beginning, End,
Means, Conduct, Way, do all to Thee extend.

And when all these Inherent *Radiations* shall by the Soul be found in the *Almighty*: It is no wonder that she should be *surprized* with *Delectation*. And it is as little wonder that the brittle, weak, and short-liv'd pleasures of this world should at all once take her; who, as *Fire* flies upwards, is naturally *fram'd* to ascend to a *Beatitude* in her own great *Creator*. He that is setled and well-pleas'd here, gives cause to *suspect* he does not look up higher. It should not more grieve me to live in a continued sorrow, than it shall *joy* me to find a *secret dissatisfaction* in the world's *choicest solaces*. A full delight in *earthly things* argues a neglect of *Heavenly*. For trusting here, there will be cause to distrust my self of too much trusting where is no *stability*.

XXVII.

Of Reading Authors.

THe Comparison was very apt in the *excellent Plutarch*, That we ought to regard Books as we would do Sweet-meats; not wholly to aim at the pleasantest, but chiefly to respect the wholesomness: not forbidding either, but approving the latter most. But to speak clearly, though the *profitableness* may be much more in some Authors than there is in others, yet 'tis very rare that the Ingenious can be ill. He that hath wit to make his *pen pleasant*, will have much ado to *separate* it from being somthing *profitable*. A *total Levity* will not take. A *Rich Suit* requires good *stuff*, as well as to be *tinsel'd* out with *Lace* and *Ribbands*. And certainly, Wit is very near a kin to *Wisdom*. If it be to take in general, or to last; we may find, it ought to be *interwoven* with some *beautiful flowers* of *Rhetoric*; with the grateful *senting herbs* of *Reason*, and *Philosophy*, as well as with the *Simples* of *Science*, or *Physical Plants*, and the ever green sentences of *Piety* and *Profoundness*. Even the looser Poets have some *Divine Preceptions*. Though I cannot but think *Martial's wit* was much clearer than his *pen*, yet he is somtimes *Grave* as well as *Gamesome*. And I do not find but deep and solid matter, where 'tis understood, takes better than the light flashes and skipping *Capers* of *Fancy*. Who is it will not be as much delighted with the weighty and substantial lines

lines of the *Seneca's*, and *Plutarch*, the criſped *Saluſt*, the politic *Tacitus*, and the well-breath'd *Cicero*, as with the *frisks* and *dancings* of the jocund and the airy *Poets*. Thoſe abilities that Renowned *Authors* furniſh the world with, beget a kind of *Deifical Reverence* in their future *Readers*. Though, even in the unpartialneſs of *War*, *Alphonſus* wanted *Stones* to carry on his *Siege* of *Cajeta*, and none could be ſo conveniently had, as from *Tullies Villa Formiana* that was near it; yet, for the noble regard he bore to his long paſs'd *Eloquence*, he commanded his Souldiers that they ſhould not *ſtir them*. *Compoſures* that aim at *wit* alone, like the *Fountains* and *Water-works* in *Gardens*, are but of uſe for *recreation*, after the *travels* and *toils* of more ſerious *imployments* and *ſtudies*. The *Palace* and the conſtant *dwelling* is *compoſed* of ſolid and more durable *Marbles*, that repreſent to after-*Ages* the *Ingenuity* and *Magnificence* of the *Architect*. And as the *Houſe* alone is no compleat *habitation*, without theſe *decorations* for *ſlight*; no more is the work of the *brain* on all ſides furniſhed without ſome *ſprightly conceits* that may be *intermixt* to *pleaſe*.

Nec placeat facies, cui Gelaſinus abeſt.
No *Beauty* has that *face*,
Which wants a *natural grace*.

Thoſe *Romances* are the beſt, that, beſides the *contexture* for taking the *Fancy* in their various *accidents*, give us the beſt *Idea's* of *Mortality*, with the expreſſive *Emanations* of *wiſdom*, and *divine knowledg*. Thoſe that are light, and have only the *Gauderies* of *Wit*, are but for youth and greener years to *toy* withal. When we grow to riper age, we begin to leave ſuch ſtudies as *ſports* and *paſtimes*, that we out-grow by more maturity. Of this Age *Horace* was, when he declared,

Nunc itaq; & verſus, & cætera ludicra pono:
Quid verum, atq; decens, curo, & rogo, & omnis in hoc ſum:
Condo, & compono, quæ mox depromere poſſum.
Now *Rimes*, and childiſh *Fancies*, quite are gone:
The graceful *Truth* I *ſearch*; that reſt upon,
And well *digeſted*, gravely put it on.

Jocular ſtrains, they are but *Spring-flowers*; which though they pleaſe the *eye*, they yield but ſlender *nouriſhment*: They are the *Autumn fruits*, that we muſt *thrive* and *live* by; the *ſage ſayings*, the *rare examples*, the *noble enterpriſes*, the *handſom contrivances*, the *ſucceſs* of good and bad *actions*, the *Elevations* of the *Deity*, the *motives* and *incitements* to *Virtue*, and the like; are thoſe that muſt build us up to the *Gallantry* and *Perfection* of *Man*. I do not find, but it may well become a man to purſue both the *one*, and the *other*, to *precept* himſelf into the *practice* of *Virtue*; and to *faſhion* both his *Tongue* and *Pen*, into the exerciſe of handſom and ſignificant *words*. He that *foundations* not himſelf with the *Arts*, will hardly be fit to go out *Doctor* either to himſelf or others. In *reading* I will be careful for both, though not equally. The one ſerves to *inſtruct* the *mind*, the other enables her to *tell* what ſhe hath *learn'd*; the one without the other, is *lame*. What benefit yields

fire,

fire, if ſtill rak'd up in *aſhes?* though *flint* may bear a *flame* in't: yet, we *prize* it but a *little*, becauſe we cannot get it *forth* without *knocking*. He that hath *worth* in him, and cannot *expreſs* it, is a *cheſt* of *wood* perhaps containing a *Jewel*, but, Who ſhall be *better* for't, when the *key* is *loſt?* A good *ſtyle* does ſomtime *take him*, that good *matter* would *beat away*. 'Tis the *gilding*, that makes the wholeſom *Pill* be *ſwallowed*. *Elegance* either in *Tongue*, or *Pen*, ſhews a man hath minded ſomthing beſides *ſports* and *vice*. 'Tis *graceful* to *ſpeak*, or to *write proper*; nor is it eaſie to ſeparate *Eloquence* and *Sapience*; for the firſt leads to the other, and is at leaſt, the *Anti-court* to the *Palace* of *Wiſdom*. A good *ſtyle*, with good *matter*, conſecrates a *work* to *Memory*; and ſomtimes while a man ſeeks but *one*, he is caught to be a ſervant to the *other*. The Principal end of *reading*, is to *inrich* the *mind*; the next, to *improve* the *Pen* and *Tongue*. 'Tis much more gentile and ſutable, when they ſhall appear *all* of a *piece*. Doubtleſs, that is the *beſt work*, where the *Graces* and *Muſes* meet.

XXVIII.

Of the Variation of Men in themſelves.

IT is not only in reſpect of *Fortune*, but of the *Mind* alſo, That *Solon*'s ſaying may be held as *Oracle*, *Ante Obitum*, &c. No man is to be accounted *happy*, till he hath eſcaped all *things* that may poſſibly make him *unhappy*. Not a day, nor an hour, but gives ſome examples of the *mutability* of all *Human affairs*. And though the *Mutation* of the *mind* be not ſo frequent: yet, the *accidents* of the *world*, the variation of *condition*, the difference of *Ages*, the change of *better* to *worſe*, and *worſe* to *better*, outward *hurts* and *inward diſeaſes*, have ſhown us the ſame perſons diſtinguiſht into *contrary men*. And truly the *Inchantment* that the *world* works on us, when ſhe either *laughs loud*, or *frowns deep*, is ſo ſtrong, that 'tis juſtly matter of *amazement*, for a man in the *leap* of the one, or in the *tumble* of either of theſe, to *retain* a mind *unaltered*; yet, are not all men *changed* alike. The ſame *Cordial* that *cures* one man, may, by meeting a diverſe humor, *diſtract* or *kill* another. *Fortunes* effects are variable, as the *Natures* that ſhe *works* upon. *Wealth* is as the *Wine* of *life*: ſome it puts into a *delightful mirth*, that gratifies all the *company*; while it makes others *tyrannous* and *quarrelſome*, that no man keeps himſelf in *ſafety*, but he that has the wit to be *abſent*. Where it lights upon *weak minds*, it uſually changes them into *worſe*; they have not wherewithal to bear the *ſtreſs* that a *great Eſtate* will put them to. And when they cannot bear it out by *wit* and *reaſon*, they fly to *authority* and *power*, which enacts *ſubmiſſion*; but will not be *accountable* for any kind of *merit* that may induce it, ſaving only *potency*. And certainly, though it be true, which is commonly believed, That for the moſt part, where God deſigns a *Governor*, he

he *qualifies* him with *parts* proportionable for his *imployment*. Yet, doubtleſs, the very condition of *Power*, and *Greatneſs*, naturally eſtates a man in another *temper*, than what he was in without it. *Noble ſouls* ſo *elevated*, become like *bodies* planted *above* the vaporous *Orb* of *Air*, that then reſt there in quiet, without propenſion of *deſcent*, or *falling*. And though *Inferior ſouls* may wonder, how they can *live* under ſuch *clouds* of *buſineſs*, as dayly break upon them: yet, as when *Philo* fanſied, That when *Moſes* liv'd *forty days* in the *Mount*, without *food*, that he was nouriſht by the *Ear*, and fed upon the *Muſic* of the *Spheres*, which then he heard: So, there is no doubt, but the *application* and the *applauſe* of others, the *hummings* of *fame*, and the *echoings* of *Honor*, relieve him againſt the *gratings* of a ſtomach *ſharpned* with offending humors. The *Muſic* of *Honor* does drown the *noiſe* of the *throng*. How eaſie is it for him to be at *eaſe*, and *ſtand*, when every one ſhall extend a *hand* to his *ſuſtentation*? The wheel of *Honor* muſt needs turn *chearfully*, and diſpatch much *griſt* too, when 'tis continually driven about by the *floud* of *preferment*. But indeed, a man ſhews himſelf in *Authority*, according as he was inwardly principled before he came to it: for, many times the *diſpoſition* appears not in the *non-age* of *Power*, no more than *Reaſon* in a *child*, the *Organs* are not *fitted* to diſcover it. Thus *Manlius Torquatus* in his *youth*, was of ſo dull and lumpiſh a *ſpirit*, That his Father holding him unfit for matters of *State*, deſign'd him to a *Country Farm*: yet, afterwards by ſeveral *glorious acts* he obliged both his *Father* and his *Country*, even to the *merit* of a *Triumph*; ſo that it falls out to be moſt frequently true, That by *preferment*, good men are made *better*, but ill men *worſe*: as the *Drum* that beats a *Tiger* into *madneſs*; but a man, into *courage* and *valor*. It therefore much concerns *Princes*, where their *bounty* beſtows *preferment*: and the more, becauſe their *ſubjects* have an *intereſt* in them as well as themſelves. 'Tis true, nothing can be certain, as to the *futurity* of *temper*. *Good* or *bad* lodging in the *heart*, cannot by man be *eſpyed*. Neither was the *youth* of the Noble *Scipio* untainted with *vice*, or the beginnings of the *Monſter-Nero*, without ſome ſigns of *good*. The *ſcum riſes not*, till the *water boyls*; nor is the *Oyl gathered* till the *liquor* be *heated*. Let no man therefore *deſpair* too much of the *bad*, nor *preſume* too much of the *good*; the laſt, like a rich *plant* in a lean *ſoyl*, may degenerate into *wildneſs*; and the other, though ſingle, like *ſtocks* in *manured beds*, may come up *ſtript* and *double*. If there be *wit*, there is ground for *hope*, the *ſoyl* is not *deſperate*. *Reaſon* upon *receſs*, will ſhew him how much he is to *deteſt* himſelf: but, he that hath not *wiſdom* to *judg*, will very ſeldom have the *luck* to *reclaim*.

XXIX.

A Caveat in chooſing Friends.

THough no man, branded with a ſignal *vice*, be fit for a *wiſe* man to make a *Friend* of; yet, there be two ſorts of men that eſpecially we ought to *avoid*: For, beſides the learning of their *vices*; they are not tyte enough to truſt with a *ſecret*; The *Angry man*, and the *Drunkard*. The *prudent* man would be glad to enjoy himſelf in *peace*, without being haled into the *juſtling throng*, where is nothing to be got but *diſhonor*, *blows*, and *clamor*. To be but only a *ſpectator* is not to be out of *danger*. If a *Granado* be *fired*, all within the *burſt* are in *hazard*. If either of theſe *Bears* break *looſe*, you ſhall be ſure to be either *frighted*, *foiled*, or *hurt*; and, whether you will or no, be made partaker either of ſome *ridiculous quarrel*, ſome *unſober riot*, or by both together be lapp'd in ſome *drunken fray*: for the *furies* ever bear a part in *Bacchus* his *Orgies*. The firſt in his *fury* is meerly *mad*. *Choler* is as *duſt* flur'd up into the *eyes* of *Reaſon*, that *blinds* or *dazels* the *ſight* of the *underſtanding*; where it *burns* in the *heart* like *fire* under a *pot*: Whenſoever it *flames*, it makes the *tongue boyl over*; and where it *falls*, it *ſcalds*. Words come not then digeſted and mathematic'd out by *judgment*, *ſenſe*, and *reaſon*, but flaſh'd and tumultuated by *chance*, by *rage* and *brutiſh paſſion*; not upon *premeditated terms*, but whatſoever the *memory* on the ſodain *catches*, that violent *paſſion thruſteth out*, though before it lay never ſo *deeply hidden* and *immur'd*. *Confeſſions ſeal* is broken by this *picklock*; and in a *brawl* that oft is *blabb'd* about, which with all the *burrs* of *ſilence* ſhould have ſtill ſtood firmly *riveted*. Men *throw about* in *fury*, what, once *appeas'd*, they *tremble* to *remember*. *Anger* is the *Feaver* of the *Soul*, which makes the *Tongue* talk idlely: nor come *words clothed* as at other times, but now as *headed Arrows*, fly abroad. *Words* dipt in *gall* and *poyſon*, leap *about*; as *bullets chew'd*, they *rankle* where they *enter*; and like lead melted, *bliſter* where they *light*. *Excited malice* then exceeds her ſelf. When the Prophet *David* tells us of his *Enemies rage*, nor *Spears*, nor *Arrows*, nor a naked *Sword* will ſerve him to expreſs it; but, that *Sword* muſt be *ſharpned* too, that it may cut the *keener*. It is, certainly, a *deviation* from man. In every *fit*, the man *flies out*: when he grows *calm*, he returns to himſelf. *Seneca* puts no difference between the *furious* and the *mad*; for the *mad-man*'s always *furious*, and the *furious* ever *mad*. Then tell me, Who it is, that being in his *wits*, would make choice of his *friend* out of *Bedlam*. When *Solomon* tells us of the *brawling woman*, who is no other but a *She-angry-man*, he hath three ſtrange expreſſions to decipher her; one is, that *'Tis better to dwell in a corner of the houſe-top, than with a contentious woman*: Another, that *'tis better to dwell in the land of the Deſert, than with her*, A third is, that *ſhe is a continual dropping in Rain.*

Rain. All which ſumm'd together, will amount to thus much; That you had better be expoſed to all the *Tempeſts* of the *Heavens*, as *Thunder* and *Lightning*, *Cold*, *Heat*, *Rain*, *Snow*, with *Storms* that *blow*, and the *rage* of all the *Skies whole Armory*; or, to live *baniſh'd* from all *Human Converſation*; and, in want of all things left a *prey* to the ferocity of *ravenous Beaſts*; or elſe without the leaſt *intermiſſion* of *reſt*, endure a perpetual *dropping* (which were your *heart* of *Marble*, yet will it *wear* it *out* at laſt) than to live with a *quarrelſom*, *contentious*, *unſatisfied angry perſon*. Thoſe that are ſuch, like houſes *haunted* with *ſpirits*, they are not ſafe for any man to *harbor in*. When you think your ſelf *ſecurely quiet* and in a *calm ſerenity*, on a ſodain, ere you are aware, a *hideous noiſe* is heard, or elſe a *Brick-bat flies* about your *ears*, and you muſt *run for't*, or be *black* and *blew'd all over*. If by chance you *knock* but againſt a *nail*, by that ſmall *ſpark* it *ſtrikes*, the *Gun-powder blows you up*. It makes a man a *Turn-pike*, that will be ſure to *prick* you, which ſide ſoever you come on: So, it not only *offends*, but puts you off from *remedy*; It *ruffleth* ſo through all the *ſhrowds* that *Reaſon*'s never heard, till this *rough wind allays*. The *Roar* ſo ſtops the *Ear*, that a man cannot *hear* what 'tis that *Counſel ſpeaks*. 'Tis a *raging Sea*, a *troubled water* ſo *mudded* with the *ſoil* of *Paſſion*, that it cannot be *wholſom* for the *uſe* of any. And if it be true that *Hippocrates* tells us, That thoſe *diſeaſes* are moſt *dangerous*, that alter moſt the *habit* of the *Patient*'s *countenance*; this needs muſt be moſt *perillous*, that *voice*, *color*, *countenance*, *garb*, and *pace* ſo changes, as if *Fury* diſpoſſeſſing *Reaſon*, had by an *Onſlaught* forc'd a new *Garriſon* upon the *Cittadel* of *Man*. And ſurely, this he knew, and well underſtood, that Proverb'd it into Command: *Neither make thou Friendſhip with the Angry, nor converſe with the Furious; leſt thou learn his ways, and beget a ſnare to thy ſoul.*

The other hath *Læſa Memoria* while he is in his *cups*, and if he drinks on, he hath none. The abundance of *Wine* does drown up that *Noble Recorder*. And while *Bacchus* is his chief God, *Apollo* never keeps him Company. *Friends* and *Foes*, *Familiars* and *Strangers*, are then all of an equal eſteem. And he forgetfully ſpeaks of that in his *Cups*, which, if he were ſober, the *Rack* ſhould not wreſt out from him. Firſt, he ſpeaks he knows not what; nor after, can he remember, what that was he ſpake. He ſpeaks that he ſhould forget; and forgets that which he did ſpeak, *Drunkenneſs is the Funeral* of all *Intelligible Man*; which only *time*, and *abſtinence*, can *reſuſcitate*. A *Drunkards* mind and ſtomach are alike; neither, can retain, what they do *receive*. The Wine that is mingled with the *bloud* and *ſpirits*, like *Muſt*, will vent, or elſe it breaks the *Cask*. He's gone from home, and not to be found in himſelf, *Abſentem lædit, qui cum ebrio litigat*. Who quarrels one that's *drunk*, is as a *fool* to *fight* with him that's *abſent*. He is not fit to keep anothers *privacies*, that knows not how to cloſet up his own *deep thoughts*. We lay not *Treaſures* where they may be waſh'd away by *inundations*, nor caſt them into *common ſtreams*

where every *public Angle* hooks them out. *Ebrietas ſtulta promit, multa prodit.* The *Drunkard* hath a *Fools Tongue*, and a *Traitors Heart.* When the floud is high, the dams are all broken down. Wine is the *Reſeration* of the *Soul* and *Thoughts.* The accurſed *Cham* of *life*, that lays open even our *Sacred* and *Parental Nakedneſs* to the World. To the antient *Roman women*, the uſe of *Wine* was wholly unknown. And the *Reaſon* is given, *Ne in aliquod dedecus prolaberentur*; Leſt thereby overcharged they might recoil into ſome diſhonor; As believing *Bacchus* could not but make *Venus* wanton, and relax thoſe *baſhful guards*, that modeſt *Nature* left that *Noble ſex.* Though the Muſhroom was ſuſpected, yet was it *Wine* wherein *Claudius* firſt took his *poyſon*: for being *Maudline cupp'd*, he grew to lament the *Deſtiny* of his *marriages*, which he ſaid were ordain'd to be all *unchaſt*, yet ſhould not paſs *unpuniſhed*; and this being underſtood by *Agrippina*, by ſecuring him, ſhe provided to ſecure her ſelf. Nor is the diſtemper'd with drink, any truer to *Buſineſs* than he is to the *Secret* he is truſted with. For beſides his want of *memory* to *retain* or carry on any thing of that *Nature*; men of this complexion, as mooriſh grounds that lie low and under-water, are uſually boggy and rotten; or of ſo *cold* and *ſodded a temper*; as they yield not fruit like Earth of another condition, that is not drown'd and floudded.

Either of theſe in way of a companion ſhall be ſure to give a Man trouble enough. Either *vexation* or *impertinency* a man ſhall never want. One vomits *Gall*; the other *Folly*, and *Surfeits.* And 'tis not eaſie to ſay, which of them beſpatters moſt. Together *Horace* couples them.

Arcanum neque tu ſcrutaberis ullius unquam,
Commiſſumve teges & vino tortus, & ira.
To learn man's ſecrets never vainly think,
Or to *conceal* them; torn with *Rage*, or *Drink.*

No man can expect to find a friend without faults, nor can he propoſe himſelf to be ſo to another. But in the *Reciprocation* of both, without *mildneſs* and *temperance* there can be no continuance. Every man for his friend will have ſomthing to do; and ſomthing to bear with, in him: the ſober man only can do the firſt, and for the latter there is patience required. 'Tis better for a Man to depend on himſelf than to be annoyed with either a *Mad man* or a *Fool.* *Clytus* was ſlain by a Maſter in drink. The *Theſſalonians* maſſacred by an *Angry Emperor*: and the deaths of either, lamented by the Authors.

XXX. *Of*

XXX.

Of the danger of Liberty.

IN Man that is intellectual, as well as in Creatures only ſenſitive, 'tis eaſily experimented that *Liberty* makes *Licentious*. When the *Reins* are held too looſely, the Affections run wildly on without a guide, to *Ruin*. He that admits a *Fool* to play with him at home, will find he will do the ſame when he comes into the *Market*. Liberty, which ſeems to be ſo highly priz'd, and is the only cry'd-up thing in the world; As 'tis the moſt eagerly purſued: ſo once enjoy'd, it is of all the ſeeming goods of *Man*, the moſt dangerous and tempting: Not being able to guide our own *mad Appetites*, we quickly betray our ſelves to the ſame ſad ſlavery, that but now we did oppoſe. Even in *Governments* the looſeſt are of *leaſt Continuance*. What Church ever laſted long, that kept not up by *diſcipline?* It was while men ſlept that the *Tares* were ſown, When there is none to watch, but men are left to the Liberty of their own Opinions, then is the time to *ſow Hereſies*. Not only *Germany*, but *England* is able to make out this, That ſince the Field-keepers have been remov'd, we have had more *cockle* and *darnel*, than I think any age ſince *Religion* appear'd in the World. And 'tis no wonder if we neglect our wholſom *wheat*, or feed on't with theſe *weeds* mingled with it, that we grow giddy with unwholſom vapors, or ſo *dim-ſighted* in the *ways* of *Truth* and *Antiquity*, that all men may conclude us in the number of thoſe that do *lolio victitare*. Indulgence and ſloth are the ſiſters of *Freedom*. Men that may, will favor themſelves; and that partiality, will make them *Lazy*. Where is there leſs *Induſtry* or more *Senſuality* than abounds among the *Savages*; where Nature is left to her own ſway, without the *Cultivation* of wholſom *Laws* and *Regiment?* What is't that makes war ſo horrid, but the *lawleſs Liberty* that *Souldiers* looſely take? And where there is *impunity*, what villany reſts *unattempted? Rapes*, *Murthers*, *Thefts*, *Oaths*, *Inceſt*, *Cruelties*, with all the ſluttiſh broods of blackeſt Vices, follow in the train of *Armies*. And what cauſe can be rendred? but, firſt, the diſpenſing with Gods *Commandments* of not *killing*, and *ſtealing*; and then the Licence that in Camps they take, by reaſon they are either left to themſelves, or cannot be come by to be puniſhed. We are all like *Bowls* running down the *Hill*; if once upon the *turn*, our own weight hurries us to the *ſink* and *loweſt bottom*. What *Appius Claudius* obſerv'd of the *Roman people*, doth hold as true of all the reſt of the World, That they are better truſted with buſineſs and imployment, than with *Eaſe* and *Liberty*. In the firſt they *improv'd* their *Virtues*; by the laſt, they tumbled into *vice* and *ſurquedry*. Nothing makes us more unfortunately wretched than our own *uncurbed Wills*. A looſe paſſion purſu'd and fulfilled, hales and haſtens us to certain deſtruction. Hath not

not *assumed Liberty* and a *lascivious Success* thrown those *grand Assemblies* into *hate* and *abhorrency*, that in their modest limits were the *gaze* and *envy* of the *Christian World?* What hath so *wounded* the *Honor* of some of our *Gentry* and *Nobility*, as this; That by being permitted to do what they would, they have left to do what they ought, and have done what they ought not to *have thought upon?* How grand a difference have we seen between a *Family* scatter'd into *Riot* by *Licentiousness*; and another restrain'd and marshall'd in the civilness of a *graceful Order?* A Forest beast is uncontrolled Man. A *Bear* without a *Ring* is wicked *Nature* left without a *Rule*. It is for God alone, whose blessed Essence is wholly uncapable of *ill*, to be *deified* with a Power of doing whatever he pleaseth, yet never to do any thing below *perfection's height*. But when *frail man* is trusted with that *Freedom*, he easily *ranges*, till he lose himself. Soft water issuing through the smallest chink, neglected wears a *wideness* for a *stream*; and, breaking *banks*, does deluge all the *fields*. What was it, made the *Emperor Caracalla* strike up that *Incestuous marriage*, but the impudence of a Mother in Law in telling him, an *Emperor* was to give what *Laws* he pleas'd: but was not himself to take any from others? *Actæons* wandring eye, not check'd, left him a *prey* to his own *wild affections*, those *Metaphorical Hounds* that seiz'd and tore their *headless* and *invigilant Master*.

In pejora datur, suadetque Licentia luxum.
To worse, and Riot Licence ever leads.

The *boundary* of *man* is *moderation*. When once we pass that pale, our *guardian Angel* quits his charge of keeping us: For we are not in our ways; and then, at every step, we dash against some *Stone*, till frequent *Bruises* bring us to destruction. He that would be preserved in safety, had need keep *Sentinel* upon his Liberty. 'Tis a Wanton child that will be apt to run upon *dangers*: if there be not a Keeper to *lead* and *look* to it. Upon a serious scrutiny, I find not why men should baul so loud for *Liberty*. A wise man's always *free*: *just*, and *right*, is that which is his *will*, and against his *Will* he acts not. For if he find not *Reason* to do it, he cannot be *compell'd* to't. The government of the State, if *free* from *Tyranny*, is not the worse for being *strict*; and that of the *Church*, while it keeps to what is *Orthodox*, is the better for the *discipline*. It shall never offend me to live under any *Government* that may make me better, and restrain me from wandring. When I have most freedom, I shall most suspect my self. He that is turn'd into the *Sea*, had need to look to have his *Pilot* along. He that may do more than is *Fit*, is upon his *march* to do more than is *Lawful*. If we once exceed the measure, as easily we grow to exceed the manner. Vice is a *Peripatetic*, always in *progression*.

XXXI. *In*

XXXI.

In the ſtricteſt Friendſhip, ſome Secrets may be reſerv'd.

THough a Friend, indeed, be but the duplicate of a mans ſelf: yet there may often happen *Secrets* to one that may not be convenient to impart to the other. If they be ſuch as the knowledg thereof ſhall not only, not benefit; but ſhall bring a grief to my *Friend*: I cannot think it an Act of *friendſhip* to impart them. He that grieves his Friend when he needs not, is his Enemy, or at leaſt leſs his Friend than he might be. Certainly, even in caſe of Conſcience as well as in *Common Morality*, it had been better for *Oedipus* he had never known that he had ſlain his *Father*, and *married* his *Mother*, than to have it told him when it was too late to prevent it. When the things were done, the knowledg could not remedy them: and his *Ignorance* gave him (as to the things) a kind of innocence, whereby might have paſſed away his life *incruciated* without the ſenſe of ſo *fatal misfortunes*: And after that was finiſhed, it had been *Oedipus* the ſon of *Polybus* of *Corinth*, and not of *Laius* of *Thebes*, that had done the *deeds* ſo *blackly* grim and horrid. Some *ſecrets* may happen to be ſuch, as may beget a *jealouſie*; and thoſe, as the *gall* and *fretting* of *friendſhip*, are for ever to be avoided: Where *jealouſie* begins to *live*, *friendſhip* begins to *die*. And albeit, *Scipio* found much fault with the ſaying of *Bias*, *That we ought ſo to love, as, if there ſhould be cauſe, we afterwards might hate*: Yet, doubtleſs, conſidering the *frailty* and *incertainty* of the *minds* of *men*; it is prudence ſo to look upon *men*, as, though they be now *Friends*, they may yet live to become our *Enemies*. *Stability* is not *permanent* in the *unſtable heart* of *man*; and therefore we are not oblig'd to *truſt* them with that, which may *deliver* us into their *power* to *ruin* us, if after they ſhall once *fall off*. How often do we ſee *dear Friends*, decline into *deteſted Enemies?* Nay, they are the *greater*, for that they have been *Friends*: Even the *fierceſt* and moſt *enlarged enmities*, have ſprung from the *ſtricteſt leagues* of *friendſhip*. What Region then can yield us *Truth* and *Conſtancy?* If *Parmenio* prove *falſe* to *Alexander*, who is't can then be *truſted?* and if *Parmenio* were not *falſe*, who is't can then be *truſted*, ſince *Alexander* was the man that *ſlew* him? As I will not care for a *friend* full of *Inquiſitions*, (for *Percontator garrulus*, *Inquiſitors* are *Tatlers*:) ſo I will not be importunate upon my *friends ſecrets*. I have known ſome have *eagerly fiſh'd* for that, which when they have *got*, hath been together the *bane* both of *friendſhip* and *life*. By ſuch *actions*, men do as ſome ignorant perſons that are *bitten* with *mad Dogs*, they think when they have *ſuckt* the *blood* from the *wound*, they may *ſpit* it *out* without *danger*. When by that *act* it catches the *brain*, and *kills*. A *nocent ſecret opened*, doth often *kill* both *giver* and *receiver*: or, ſomtimes only the *receiver dies*; for, being *truſted* too far with what cannot

cannot be *recalled*, no *safety* can be *builded* on, but by *destroying* those that are *entrusted*. When *Jupiter* had made *Metis* his wife, and she by him *conceived*; before she was *delivered*, he devours both *her* and *her conception*, and presently after out of his own *brain*, he became *delivered* of an *armed Pallas*; which may well represent unto us, A *secret discovered* unto a *friend*, that after, being *repented* of, was *reassum'd* by *devouring* that *friend*, to prevent a further *discovery*; and then we grow *wiser* by standing on our *guard*, and *defending* our selves either from the *mischief*, that is already *abroad*, or from being *over-taken* again by *committing* any more such *folly*; which may well be signified by his bringing forth *Pallas Arm'd*. To *know* too much, *undoes* us with our *friend*. He is not *wise*, that will trust all his *wealth* into anothers *custody*. If my *friend impart* ought *freely*, I shall endeavour faithfully to *serve* him, as far as I may. But if in some *things* he be *reserv'd*, I shall suppose 'tis for his *own safety*, as well as *my ease*. I will be willing to *know* as far as he would have me, without extracting *spirits*, or crushing more than will *run* with *ease*. If he be one to be *valued*, I ought not to *wrong* him so much as to *wrest* that from him, that should cause him afterwards to *repent*, or *fear*. If he be not to be *valued*, I will never engage my self so much, as to be made *conscious* of his *concealments*.

XXXII.

That 'tis no Dishonor sometimes to retract a Pursuit.

IT was questionless meant of things *virtuous* and *commendable*, *Quicquid agis, age pro viribus*; otherwise we are advised to be *diligent* in *ill*, in the *bad* as well as the *good*. This were to be profaner than the *Heathen* that gave the Precept. Sutable to this, is that of *Ecclesiastes*, *All that thine hand shall find to do, do it with all thy power*. The *Chaldee* restrain it to too narrow a sense, for they limit it only to *Alms*. *As, whatsoever thy hand shall meet with when put into thy purse, let that come out and give it freely*. And though to make it *extensive* to all our *actions*, is a sense far more amiss; yet, I see not, but many times, not only the *vigor* is to be *abated*; but even the *resolution* of *pursuing* is to be wholly *retracted*. 'Tis better sometimes to *sound* a *retreat*, and so *draw off*, than 'tis to *stay* in the *field* and *conquer*; because, it may so fall out, that the *prize* we should *win*, will be no way able to countervail the *loss* that by that *war* we shall *sustain*. What is it to *die* like *Sampson*? Or, who can call that *Victory*, where, with my *Enemies grave*, I must also *dig* my *own*? I do not care to *conquer* in a *Lutzan field*: though his *party prevail*, he *sacrificeth* all his *Victories*, that makes himself uncapable of *more*, or *enjoying* what he hath *got*. He that is *imbark'd* upon *disadvantage*, shall find it more *honor* to *retire*, than to *go* unto the *end* of his *voyage*. He is simple, that, only because he hath

begun,

begun, will *purſue* what is *unprofitable*. There is no *diſgrace* in *doing* that which is for the *beſt*. They that pretend to be the greateſt *Umpires* of *Honor* and *Renown*, do think it no *impeachment* to their *judgment* to *raiſe* that *Siege*, that is not likely to be *prevalent*. The *further* in any *action* a man *goes*, aſſuredly, he may *ſee* the *more*: And if a man hath been a *fool* in the *beginning*, he is not bound to be ſo to the *end*. If there ſhall be *cauſe*, the *ſooner* a man *comes off*, the *better*. It is far more pardonable to *err* through *inconſideration*, than *wilfulneſs*: the one is *weak* by *accident*; the other out of *election*. Shall it be no *ſhame* to have *begun ill*, and ſhall it be a *ſhame*, *prudently* to *deſiſt*? I ſee, among moſt, a *maſtery* and to *overcome*, is both a *pleaſing*, and a *vulgar error*: we are oftner led by *Pride*, *Obſtinacy*, or *Partiality*; than by the right and ſolid *Rules* of *Reaſon*. He that *bears* it *out* in a *bad buſineſs*, ſhews rather the *ferocity* of ſome *brutiſh Nature*, than the *Conduct* that becomes a *Man*. For 'tis better to manifeſt that we are *overcome* by *Reaſon*, than that we can *overcome* againſt *it*. In all things, let we *weigh* the *concluſion*, and *balance* my *reckoning*; and then *examine* which is *better*, to *proceed* or *deſiſt*. If my *loſs* in the *end*, ſhall exceed my *gain*, I but run into the ſame *folly*, that *Auguſtus* uſed to ſay they did, that for *trivial matters*, would preſently break out into *war*: They *fiſh'd* with a *golden hook*, to catch a *fiſh* of a *farthing*, they expos'd to hazard a *tackling* of a *pound*: If they *loſe* it, they *gain repentance* and *ſorrow*; if they do not, they muſt owe it more to *luck* than to *wit*; and then *Fortune* claims the *praiſe*, not *they*. And if in *temporal matters* alone, ſuch a carriage cannot be *excuſable*; what *apology* can we frame for our ſelves in *ſpirituals*? When meerly to ſatisfie a preſent *ſenſual appetite*, we run the hazard of *periſhing* a *Soul* to *Eternity*. That *Lover* is *mad* indeed, that will *give* up *all* that he hath for a *glance*. We *buy affliction* with *all* we have that is *precious*: and by a right ſcanning of our *actions*, by ſuch as ſhall not partialize, we muſt be judged to be more taken with *puniſhment* than *pleaſure*; as if in *torment* we plac'd our *felicity*: like the *Ruſſian wives*, who think their *husbands* do not *love*, unleſs they ſomtimes *cudgel* them. Let us never *laugh* at the ſilly *Indian*, who lets us have his *Gold* for *Beads* and *Rattles*; when we our ſelves are infinitely ſimpler, that for *toys* and *trifles* ſell *Heaven* and *Felicity*. Our *Saviour* indeed, putting all the *world* in the *ſcale*, does find it far too *light* for mans *Deific ſoul*; when he asks, what it will *advantage* to *gain* the *firſt*, and *loſe* the *laſt*? Whereby we may hope, he had better thoughts of *Man* than to deſcend him into ſo *thin* a *ſhallowneſs*, as that he ſhould make it *away* for worſe than *vanity*, *vexation*, and *undoing*. He thinks not any will be ſo ſtupidly wild, as for a *graſp* of *air*, an *itch* of *honor*, an *heat* of *blood*, a *pleaſure* that has no *being*, but in *opinion* only, to lay by *ſacred peace*, and *laſting happineſs*: But if he muſt *loſe* that *precious ſpark* of *Deity*, 'tis the *whole world*, and not any *part* of it that is put in the *ſuppoſition*.

XXXIII.

To have Regard to Means, but not to Despair without.

WE can never be so *low*, as to be at a *loss*, if we can but *look up* unto *God*. He that *hopes*, proclaims his *Divinity*; and, to speak according to *humanity*, *credits God*: But he that *despairs*, *degrades* his *Deity*; and seeming to intimate, that he is *insufficient*, or not *just* on his *word*, in vain hath read both the *Scriptures*, the *World*, and *Man*. Three ways we read our *Saviour* healed *diseases*: *With means*, as the *Leper*, *Matt.* viii. *Without means*, as the *ten Lepers*, *Luke* xvii. *Against means*, as the *blind man*, *Joh.* ix. His working *by means* is more ordinary, and suits better with the *weakness* of our *faith*, and the *dimness* of our *understanding*, where we *see* it not, we are apt to *sink* and *fail*: *Can God prepare a Table in the Wilderness?* was the bold ignorance of Infidel and Incorrigible *Israel*; who wanting *wings*, still *grovels* on the *ground*, and nere will *climb* to *Heaven*, without a *star* to *lead* him. *Means* makes us *confident*, and with this *staff* we *leap*. When we are prescribed what's *proper* for our *cure*, our *remedy* is almost by *demonstration*; and there to *doubt*, is to turn *Heretic* to *Providence*. Nay, if the *Application* be right in all, we cannot miss without a little *Miracle*: For, *Nature*, that is ever sedulous and constant in the *faculties* she is *created* with, must vary from her *self*, or by a drowsie sloth be rendred *insignificant*, which yet she never does without a *Superior hand* to *rein* her out of her *road*. It is as natural for *means* to *cure*; as 'tis for *winds* to *cool*, or *fire* to *warm*, when *hoary Winter* blows her *cold* about us. To *work* without *means*, I know seems hard to *man*, and to the inapprehensiveness of his *Human Reason*. But, that this is as easie to *God* as the the other, there is nothing we can look on, but evinces it. The whole *Creation* was without all *help*, there was not so much as the *assistance* of *matter*, a naked *Fiat* did it; a *word* alone, the easiest of *expressions*. And, though lame *Philosophy* will not allow any thing to be producible out of *nothing*: Yet, certainly, whatsoever is not *God*, either was immediately *fram'd* of *nothing*, or out of that, which first of all was *nothing*: for, to ascribe a *coetaneous being* of the *world* with *God*, is to *make* it *God*, by giving it *Eternity*. And, as 'tis safer for man to believe it *created* out of *nothing* by *Divine omnipotence*, than to be *fram'd* of *Atoms*, by *chance*, or by *Necessity*; by holding of any of which, he must sink in absurdity: So, it is more *honor* to *God*, by assigning him a *Potency* for so stupendious a *Machination*. Nor is the other, *Without means* to God of greater *difficulty*. A *Miracle*, when he pleases, is to him as easie as a *Natural cause*. For, it was at first by *Miracle*, that even that *Cause* was *Natural*. And all the *Miracles* that we have heard of in the *World*, are less a *Miracle* than the *World* it self. He that knows and orders all the *things* that ever were, or shall be, in whom their *Being radically* is, can easily go a

private

private way, that to us may seem to lead contrary quite to what we *apprehend*. Nor need we wonder that we cannot *trace* him. It requires a *Miracle* to make us capable of understanding one. We cannot *reach* above our own *extension*. But, when by dayly demonstration, we see *Events* transcending all our *reaches*; What is't should make us doubt so great *Omnipotency?* It is as easie to God to work without means as with them. It is the same, *Be clean*, *and*, *Go wash*. And against means is equal to either. Nay to him these latter are the *nearer ways*. To go by his *Power* and *Omniscience*, is far a quicker way than by the *circumflections* of *Nature* and *second Causes*: Though he hath been pleas'd (unless in *extraordinaries*) to leave *Nature* to her *instinctive operation* in her *wonted Propensions*. That eight-times *Martyr'd Mother* in the *Maccabees* when she would adhort her *Son* to a passive Fortitude against the *exacuated Tortures* of *Antiochus*, she desires him to look upon the *Heavens*, the *Earth*, and all in them contained; and to consider that God made them of things that were not; and to mankind, likewise. Doubtless though in *Nature* and *Reason* there be no ground left for despair (for without lessening God to the *Pusillity* of *Man* it cannot be fram'd in the *mind*;) yet we ought never so to depend on his *Will* and *Power* hidden, as to neglect his *declared pleasure*. He that neglects what he finds commanded hath little reason to expect what he finds not promis'd. Upon means it is fit we should depend: without means, we may hope. Against means, we should not *despair*. But, as to disregard Gods appointed means is a *Supine contempt*; So to depend too much on things *unapprehendable*, is rather a badg of rash presuming, than any notable courage of *Faith*. I may look up to Gods ways; but I ought to look down to my own. He that walks according to means, travels with a *Convoy* and may see his way before him. But he that journies without them, is in a Wilderness, where he may sooner be lost, than wander out when he knows not his way.

XXXIV.

The Misery of being Old and Ignorant.

SInce Old Age is not only a Congregation of Diseases, but even a Disease it self; and that, (in regard of the Decree which Providence hath pass'd upon man) incurable save by death. The best thing next to a *Remedy* is a diversion or an *Abatement* of the Malady. When Infirmities are grown *habitual* and *remediless*, all we can do is to give them some *Respite*, and a little *Alleviation*, that we may be less sensible of the smart and sting they smite us with. The cold *Corelian* cannot change his *clime*: but yet by furs and fires he can preserve himself, and stove out Winter arm'd with *Ice* and *Wind*. The *Drum* and *Fife* can drown the Battails noise, though many times there is no

room to escape it. The little *Pismire* can instruct *great Man*, that (Winter coming) store should be provided. And what thing is there in the fathom of *industrious man*, that can so qualifie him against the breaches and decays that *Age* makes on him, as *knowledg*, as *study*, and *meditation?* with this he can feast at home alone, and in his *Closet* put himself into whatever Company that best shall please him, with *Youths vigor*, *Ages gravity*, *Beauties pleasantness*, with *Peace* or *War*, as he likes. It abates the tediousness of *decrepit Age*, and by the divine raptures of *Contemplation* it beguiles the weariness of the *Pillow* and *Chair*. It makes him not unpleasing to the *Young*, reverenc'd by age, and beloved of all. A *gray head* with a *wise mind* enricht by *Learning* is a Treasury of *Grave Precepts*, *Experience*, and *Wisdom*. 'Tis an *Oracle* to which the lesser-wise resort to know their Fate. He that can *read* and *meditate*, need not think the Evening long, or Life tedious; 'Tis at all times *imployment* fit for a *man:* Like *David*'s *harp* it cures the evil spirit of this *Saul* that is naturally *testy*, *froward*, and *complaining*. Though perhaps there was a *Vivacity* more than *ordinary*; Yet I doubt not but it was this that in the main from *Gorgias* produc'd that memorable answer. Being a *hundred and seven years of Age*, one ask'd him, Why he liv'd so long? He replies, Because he yet found nothing in *old Age* to complain of. And that this is *probable*, he was Master to *Isocrates*, had got such *wealth* by teaching *Rhetoric*, that he bequeathed his *statue in Gold*, to *Apollo*'s *Temple*; and to any Theme was able well to speak *ex tempore*. And certainly, if any thing hath *power*, 'tis *Virtue* and *Knowledg* that can *ransom* us from the *Infirmities* and *Reproaches* of *Age*. Without this, an *old man* is but the lame shadow of that which once he was. They honor him too far that say he is twice a *Child*. There is something in Children that carries a becoming prettiness, which is pleasant and of grateful relish. But *ignorant old Age* is the worst picture that Time can draw of Man. 'Tis a *barren Vine* in *Autumn*, a leaky Vessel ready to drop in pieces at every remove, a map of *Mental* and *corporeal* weakness; not pleasing to others, but a Burthen to himself. His *Ignorance* and *Imbecillity* condemns him to *Idleness*; which to the active Soul is more irksom than any imployment. What can he do when strength of limbs shall fail; and the gust of pleasure which help'd him to mispend his youth, through time and *languid Age* shall be *blunted* and *dull?* Abroad he cannot stir to partake the *Variation* of the World; nor will others be fond of coming to him, when they shall find nothing but a *cadaverous man*, composed of *Diseases* and *Complaints*, that for want of knowledg hath not Discourse to keep *Reason* company. Like the *Cuccow* he may be left to his own *moultring* in some *hollowed Cell:* but since the voice of his Spring is gone (which yet was all the *Note* he had to take us with) he's now not listned after: So the bloudless *Tortoise*, in his *melancholy hole*, lazeth his life away. Doubtless were it for nothing else, even for this is Learning to be highly valued, That it makes a man his own Companion without either the

Charge

Charge or the *Cumber* of Company. He needs neither be oblig'd to humor, nor engag'd to flatter. He may hear his *Author* ſpeak as far as he likes, and leave him when he doth not pleaſe, nor ſhall he be angry though he be not of his *Opinion*. It is the *guide* of *Youth*, to *Man-hood* a *Companion*, and to *old Age* a *Cordial* and an *Antidote*. If I die to morrow, my Life to day will be ſomwhat the *ſweeter* for *Knowledg*. The anſwer was good, which *Antiſthenes* gave, when he was asked, What fruit he had reaped of all his *ſtudies?* By them (ſaith he) I have learned, both to live, and diſcourſe with my ſelf.

XXXV.

A twofold way to Honor.

TO *true Honor* there is certainly but one right way, and that is by *Virtue* and *Juſtice*. But to that which the World calls *Honor*, which is *Command*, *Authority*, and *Power*, though there be a thouſand petty windings, yet all may be reduced in the main to two ways only. One when God calls: Another when man ſeeks it without the *Lords warrant*. He that goes the firſt, deſerves it, but ſeeks it not; when he is at the top, he muſt take no more than becomes an *Honeſt man*: and who then is it, that upon *ſerious Conſideration* will put himſelf into ſuch a *Condition* as very hardly *admits* him to be ſo without the *downfal* both of *him*, and *his?* The unreaſonableneſs of men will not be *ſatisfied* with all that *Reaſon* can be able to do. And therefore though the *Call* be *warrantable*, yet I find it hath ſomtimes been *waved* and *refuſed*: *Audentius* would not accept the *Empire*, though *choſen* to it upon *Baſſianus Caracall*'s death. And though our *Countryman Cardinal Pool* be by ſome *condemned*, as fooling himſelf out of the *Papacy* by a ſtrein of too much *Modeſty*, yet, take his *Reaſons candidly* according to his own expreſſion (which we ought to believe, if nothing be *diſcovered* to the *contrary*,) and the reaſon of his *non-acceptance* was *pious* and *prudent*. *Legitimate actions* can ſtay for the day and endure it. They are uſually *unwholſom Vapors* that riſe up in the *night* and *darkneſs*: and truly, to *ſteal* into ſuch a chair *obſcurely* while men are *aſleep*, though it may be *ſerious*, is not *ſeemly*. Even the *Dogs* will take him for a *Thief* and *bark* at him, that *ſculks* in the Night, although he be *Honeſt* and *True*. He pulls upon himſelf *ſuſpicion*, that hath not witneſſes of his *acting clearly* and *apertly*. But of all the *examples* of this *Nature*, that of *Frederic* Duke of *Saxony* is moſt to be *Honored*. His *Virtues* were ſo great that *unanimouſly* the *Electors* choſe him for *Emperor*, while he as earneſtly did refuſe: nor did they, like *tickly Italians*, pet at this and put another in his *room*: but, for the *reverence* they bore him, when he would not *accept* it himſelf, they would yet have one that he ſhould recommend, which was *Charles* the fifth: Who out of

of his *gratitude* for putting him to that place, ſent him a *Preſent* of 30000 *Florins*. But he, that could not be tempted by the *Imperial Crown*, ſtood proof againſt the *blaze* of *gold*: And when the *Embaſſadors* could faſten none upon him, they deſired but his permiſſion to leave 10000 among his ſervants: to which he anſwered, *They might take it if they would, but he that took but a piece from* Charles, *ſhould be ſure not to ſtay a day with* Frederic. A mind truly *heroic*, evidently *ſuperlative*, by deſpiſing what was greateſt; not temptable with either *Ambition*, or *Avarice*: far greater than an *Emperor*, by refuſing to be one. We read in the Scriptures of an *Olive*, a *Fig*, and a *Vine*, that would not leave their *enjoyments* to be *Kings*; but, here was a man that exampled both the *Teſtaments*: for *Adam* even in *Innocency* was *tempted*, as (he ſimply thought) to *eat*, and be like a *God*: and two of the *Apoſtles* the ſons of *Zebedee* aſpired to be *Lording* it; while a third for *mony*, *betray'd* not only his *Creating*, but *Redeeming God*: Doubtleſs, he that would be enabled to *Act*, muſt have *Commiſſion*, and be lawfully *Delegated*: Like *Cato's wiſe man*, he will *ſtay* till he be *called*; he will not underminingly *call* up himſelf, but will be really by others *ſought* for. They are *weeds* that grow up from the earth of themſelves, whereas wholſom *herbs* require a hand to plant them. If he be *good*, he will not by an *ill way* compaſs *Dominion*. From him men may hope for *juſtice* and *temperance*, who, to *gain* it, would never *tranſgreſs*. He is not likely to do *amiſs* in the *Throne*, when the *Throne* it ſelf could not *tempt* him before he had it: For, ſince *Ambition* is *cunctis affectibus flagrantior*, more inſtant and ſcorching than any other *paſſion* beſide; he hath ſhew'd a noble temper, that hath withſtood the *ſtimulations* that his Nature *goads* him with. He that would not do *wrong* to *get* it, 'tis not like he will afterward do *wrong* to *keep* it. *Fraud* may ſooner be legitimated in the *getting* of an *Empire*, than in the *exerciſe*. And perfect *Honor* like the *Diamond*, ſparkles brighteſt, when the light is moſt. So, that if there be any *freedom* for man upon Earth (which may be highly doubted of) 'tis when a *juſt man* juſtly gets and holds a *Government*.

And on the other ſide muſt neceſſarily be the contrary. Who unjuſtly ſeizeth a *Government*, tells us, that he can diſpenſe with any thing that he may obtain his *ends*. Such acquiſitions can never be either for the *Authors ſafety*, or the *Peoples benefit*: Not *ſafe* for the *Author*; his *ways* not being *warrantable*, he hath *abandoned* that which ſhould *protect* him: *Thieves* of *Honor* ſeldom find *joy* in their *purchaſes*, *ſtability* never. God cannot endure that *aſpiring ſpirit*, that *climbs* the *Hill* of *Preferment* without his leave. He intrudes himſelf into the *ſociety* of the *Gods*, that is not *good enough* to converſe with *men*. So, though he may be a *Typhon* for a while, and raiſe for himſelf a *Mountain* to *command* on: yet the *anger* of the *Gods* at laſt will throw ſome *Ætna* on him, to *conſume* him. Every *evil way* carries his own *curſe* along, and God hath pronounc't an *improſperity* to *wickedneſs*. *Ambition* is a *circumvention*, when men circle about by deceit to

to over-reach the reſt: and it argues their *ways* not *right*, when they are put to *work under-hand*; the *attainment* being *bad*, the ſame *Arts* muſt *keep* it, that did at firſt *procure* it. If it comes by *fraud*, it will not without *fraud* be preſerv'd. Who *draws* his *Sword* to get it, does ſeldom put it *up again*. And certainly, in *force* and *fraud*, there is equally *hazard* and *danger*; one deſign *failing*, the total Fabric *falls*. The *ſubſiſtence* of either of theſe is at beſt, but the *Game* of *Fortune*, wherein are more croſs *Cards*, than *Trumps* that can *command*. *Curtius*, from the very *Politics* of *Nature*, without the *Perſpective* of *Religion*, could eaſily find, and tell us; That *Nulla quæſita ſcelere Potentia diuturna eſt*; No *Power unjuſtly* gained, can be *permanent*. Whoever *wrongfully* aſcends a *Throne*, is neceſſitated to a *Government* ſuitable. *Injuſtice* ſpawns *Injuſtice*, and by *Injuſtice* muſt it be *defended*. *Right* can never keep up *wrong*. And this muſt needs be as *ill* for the *people*. The Hiſtorian gives it fully, *Nemo Imperium flagitio quæſitum bonis artibus exercuit*. Never expect that he ſhould *reign juſtly*, that did *unjuſtly* take the *reins* in his hand. *Good men* will *complain*; and then they muſt be *Enemies*: but, *bad*, by *complying*, ſhall be put into *Office*, and then, as *Government* ſettles, ſo does *Oppreſſion*; for the *heavieſt yoke* is the hardeſt to *caſt off*. And when once a *People* by their own *votes*, ſhall *lock* themſelves to the *poſt*, their *Beadle* may the more ſafely *whip* them when he pleaſeth. It cannot be but beſt on all hands, when a *Prince* is plac'd by a *lawful call*. His *Commiſſion* will *defend* him, and the *hand* that *promoted* him, will not only *protect*, but *furniſh* him with *parts* proportionable. If *Moſes* be *ſlow of ſpeech*, he ſhall have an *Aaron* given him. If the *Maſter* of the *Houſe* bring him in at the *door*; the *ſervants* will *reſpect* him; but, he that *breaks in* at the *window*, is like to be *caſt out* for a *Thief*.

XXXVI.

Of Superſtition.

THough *Profaneneſs* be much worſe in ſome reſpect than *Superſtition*, yet, this in divers perſons is a ſad *diſcompoſure* of that *life*, which without it might be *ſmooth* and *pleaſant*. He that is *profane*, ſets up a *God* to *abuſe* him: as *Dionyſius*, when he took away *Æſculapius* his *golden beard*, ſaid, *'Twas a ſhame to ſee the ſon ſo grave, when the Father was ever without one*. He ſeems to know there is a *God*, but diſclaims to pay him *homage* as he is one: Or, what he hath impropriated to *himſelf*, and *worſhip*, contemptuouſly he *debaſes* to *ſecular* and *common uſes*: and ſomtimes *mocks* at that, which for its relation to the *Deity*, and its ſervice, ſhould never but with *reverence* be look'd upon: ſo that, though both be *blameable*, yet, *Superſtition* is the leſs *complainable*. A *Religion miſguided* only in *ſome circumſtance*, is better

better far, than to have *none at all.* And a man ſhall leſs *offend* by fearing *God too much*, than wickedly to *jeſt* at, and *deſpiſe* him. An open *ſlighting* of ſo immenſe a *Goodneſs* and a *Greatneſs* as *God is*; is worſe than miſtaking him to be *too ſevere* and *ſtrict*. To exceed this way, produces ſomtimes a *good effect*; it makes a man *careful* not to *offend*: And if we *injure* not *God* by making him *ſeverer* than he is; or, by placing more in *Accidents*, and the *Creature*, than *Religion* allows that we ſhould *give*, we cannot be too wary in *offending*. Two things there are, which commonly abuſe men into *Superſtition*; *Fear* and *Ignorance*: *Fear* preſents as well *what is not*, as *what is*. *Terror* horrids the *apprehenſion*, and gives a *hideous vizard*, to a *handſom face*: It ſees, as did the new recover'd *blind man* in the *Goſpel*, That which is a *man*, appears a *tree*. It creates *evils* that never *were*, and thoſe that *be*, like the Magnifying-glaſs, when a *Face* is no bigger than an *Apple*, it ſhews it as large as a *Buſhel*. But that which is *good*, it dwindles to *nothing*: and believes, or ſuggeſts, that *God* cannot *help* at *need*; ſo diſhonors him into *imbecillity*, leſſening his *Goodneſs* and his *Power*, and aſperſing both with *defect*. And this for the moſt part, is begotten out of *guilt*: For, *Courage* and *Innocence* uſually dwell together.

Nor is *Ignorance* behind hand in helping to increaſe the ſcruple: Not ſeeing either the *Chain* of *Providence*, or the *Arm* of *Power*, we are apt to *faint*, and *accuſe* unjuſtly that which, if we *knew*, we ſhould *adore* and *reſt upon*. And as *fear* is begot out of *guilt*, ſo, is *ignorance* out of *ſloth*, and through the want of *induſtry*. And this ſurely, is the reaſon, why we find *Superſtition* more in *women* and *ſoft natures*, than in the more *audacious conſtitution* of *man*. And where we do find it in *men*, 'tis commonly in ſuch as are *low* in their *parts*, either *natural*, or through *neglect*. A memorable Example hereof, we find in the firſt of the *Annals*. When the three Legions in *Hungaria* and *Auſtria*, that were under *Junius Blæſus*, were in the *ruff* of their *mad mutiny*, had *menaced* the *Guards*, *ſtoned Lentulus*, and *upbraided Druſus* that was ſent from *Rome* by *Tiberius* to *appeaſe* them; on a ſodain, their *Superſtition* made them *tame*, and *creſt-fallen*: For, in a clear night, the *Moon* being *eclipſed*, and before the *Eclipſe* was fully ſpent, the *Sky* covered with *Clouds*; being *ignorant* of the *Natural cauſe*, and *ſuſpicious* of their own *miſ-behavior*, they thought the *Goddeſs frown'd* upon them for their *wickedneſs*, and that it preſaged their *troubles* ſhould never have *end*. By which *caſual accident* and *unskilful opinion*, they were again reduced to *Order* and the *Diſcipline* of *Arms*. What *conſternation* have I ſeen in ſome at *ſpilling* of the *Salt* againſt them? Their *blond* has deeper *dy'd* their *frighted face*; a *trembling fear* has ſtruck them through the *heart*, as if from ſome incens'd *Triumvir* they had receiv'd a *Proſcription*; all which, I take to be only *Ignorance* of what at firſt made it held to he *ominous*: and hath ſince by a long Succeſſion continued the *vanity* to us.

Salt

Salt among the *Antients* was accounted as the *Symbol* of *Friendſhip*, becauſe it both preſerves from *corrupting*, and unites into more *ſolidity*: and being uſed to *ſeaſon all things*, it was not only firſt *ſet* upon the *Table*; but was held a kind of *Conſecration* of it: *Sacras facite Menſas ſalinorum appoſitu*, Hallow the Tables with the *Salt* on them. And meerly from this eſtimation of *Salt*, it was held *ominous* if it ſhould be *ſpilt*; as if it had preſaged ſome *jar* or *breach* of *friendſhip* among ſome of the *gueſts* or *company*; ſo that, in truth, the *unluckineſs* of it, is but a *conſtruction* made by our ſelves without a *cauſe*. For, otherwiſe, ſeeing the old *Egyptians*, did ſo abominate it, that even in bread it was abandoned by them: For, they (affecting the *purity* of *living*) held it as the *Inciter* of *luſt*, and the *weakner* of *carnality*. Why then ſhould it not as well from this, be *avoided* as from the other find a *Sacration?* But, only blind *cuſtom*, as in other things, ſo in this, hath led us along in the *Error*. While the *Star-chamber* was in being, at a *Dinner* there, I remember, the *Sewer* overturned the *Salt*, againſt a Perſon of *Honor*, who *ſtartled*, *ſputter'd*, and *bluſht*, as if one had given him a *ſtab*, concluding it a *Prodigy*, and *Ominous*; to which *Edward* Earl of *Dorſet* (of a nobler frame and genius) handſomly replyed: *That for the Salt to be thrown down, was not ſtrange at all; but, if it ſhould not have faln, when it was thrown down, had been a Prodigy indeed.* To make Obſervation of *accidents* for our own inſtruction without either *diſhonor* to *God*, or *diſturbance* to our *ſelves*, I hold to be a wiſe mans part: But, to fear *danger* where none is; or to be *ſecure*, where *danger* may be, is to change properties with one of thoſe ſimple *Birds*, that either *ſtoop* at a *Barn-door*; or *thruſting* his *head* into a *hole*, thinks none of the reſt of his *body* can be *viſible*.

XXXVII.

Of Cowardice.

AS an *Eminency* of *Courage* makes the *owner grateful* to all *good company*: ſo the *defect* renders him the *diſdain* and *ſcorn* of all that but pretend to *honor*. There is nothing that *diſworths* a man like *Cowardice* and a baſe *fear* of *danger*. It makes the *ſmooth* way *difficult*, and the *difficult*, *inacceſſible*. 'Tis a *clog* upon *Induſtry*, and like *puddle water*, quenches the *fire* of all our *brave attempts*: The *Coward* is an *unfiniſht* man; or, one which *Nature* hath made leſs, than others: like *Salt* that hath loſt its *ſavor*, his *pertneſs* and his *guſt* is *gone*. As ſome great *Butt* or *Hogshead* full of *liquor*, he may carry a *bulk* and be *ponderous* like other men; but, if you come to *pierce* him, that which is within, is but the *vappa* of *Humanity*; 'tis *flat* and *dead*, and the *ſpirits* are *decay'd* and *loſt*. *Plutarch* compares him to the *Sword-fiſh*, that bears ſomthing like a *weapon*, but there wants a *heart*; yet could

he be content to *walk off quietly*, he might often pass *undiscovered*. But the misery is; for the most part, those that are *least* in *heart*, are *loudest* in *tongue*. And indeed, having nothing else to set them forth, they can *vapor higher*, than the *valiant man*. Like the *Drum*, they *roar*, and make a *noise*, but within are nothing but *air* and *emptiness*, being the worst *ware*, they require the greatest *trimming*, when once *unbrac'd*, their *sound* is *displeasing*: yet, lest they should be thought as they are, they oft *disguise* it with an *out-side braving*; which in the end brings them to *that* which they would *avoid*; and having the *misfortune*, by the vanity of their *boasting*, to stir up more *quarrels* than other men, they necessarily *fall* either into more *dangers*, or more *disgrace*. *Men* will *scorn* them, for that they *wear* their *shape*, but do not *own* their *courage*: and for *Women* to *avoid* them, is as natural, as in a *house* to run from a *rotten roof*, which would *crush* them to *destruction*, when it ought to be their *safe-guard* and *protection*. *Fear*, like a *whip*, will make this *Beast empty himself*, though he *kept* it in his very *bowels*. He is neither fit to be a *friend*, nor an *umpire* in any *affair*. A little *menacing* makes him *faulty* in both: He is not to be *trusted* with anothers *Reputation*, that hath not *courage* to *defend* his own: So, he is not more *unfortunate* to *others*, than to *himself*: his *danger* is more than other *mens*. The *Enemy* is *fiercest* to him that *flies away*. A *Cowards fear* can make a *Coward valiant*. Who dare not *fight* when he is *resisted*, will most *insult* when he sees another *fearful*; who *flies*, forsakes his *help*, and gives his *back* to *blows*, wherein he carries neither *eyes* nor *hands* to *defend* him. The *timorous Deer* will *push* the *feeble* from their *Herd*. Even *Hares* will have a conceit of *courage*, when they shall, for *fear* of them, see *Frogs leap* into *water*. So despicable a thing a *Coward* is, that *spoils* from *Cowards* won the *Spartans scorn'd* to *offer* to their *gods*.

Degeneres animos Timor arguit;
Fear shews a *worthless mind*.

was *Virgils* long ago. He owns not that *Melior Natura*, that does *incourage* man. And then how *low* a *thing* is he, when he has nothing but his own *dull Earth* about him? If it be but by *speech*, that *man* is to *act* his *part*, 'tis *fear* that puts an *Ague* in his *tongue*, and often leaves him either in an amazed *distraction*, or quite *elingued*. For, the too serious *apprehensions* of a *possible shame*, make him *forget* what should *help* him against it; I mean, a *valiant confidence* bequeathing a *dilated freedom* to all *faculties* and *senses*: which with *fear* are put into a *Trepidation*, that unlike a *quaver* on an *Instrument*, it is not there a *grace*, but a *jar* in *Music*. And this *Socrates* found in *Alcibiades*, when first he began to *declame*, which he cur'd with asking him, *If he fear'd a Cobler and a common Cryer, an Upholster, or, some other Tradesman?* for, of such he told him, the *Athenians*, to whom he spake, consisted. He that hath a *Coward* in his *bosom*, shall never do any thing *well*. *Mercury* and *Apollo* may be in his *matter*, but, the *Graces* will never be seen in the *manner*. If not thus: Out of too much

care

care to do *well*, it *drives* a man into *affectation*; and that, like *exotic* and *misshapen attire* does mar the *beauty* of a well limb'd *body*: *Nature*'s never *comely* when distorted with the *rack*; when she is set too *high*, she proves *untunable*, and instead of a *sweet close*, yields a *crack*; she ever goes *best* in her own *free pace*. *Knowledg*, *Innocence*, *Confidence*, and *Experience* constitute a *Valiant man*. When *fear* is beyond *circumspection*, it lays too much *hold* upon us. All *fear* is out of *defect*, and in somthing gives *suspicion* of *guilt*. I know not what *Divine* could have given us more, than the *almost Christian Seneca*; *Tutissima res est nil timere præter Deum*. *Timidum non facit animum, nisi reprehensibilis vitæ conscientia mala*. The *safest* of all, is to *fear* nothing but *God*. 'Tis only the *galling Conscience* of an *ill led life*, that can shake us into a *fear*. It is better in all *things*, but in *ill*, to be *confidently bold*, than *foolishly timerous*. He that in every thing *fears* to do *well*, will at length do *ill* in *all*.

XXXVIII.

Of History.

TO an *ingenuous spirit*, 'tis not easie to tell which is greater the *pleasure* or the *profit* of *Reading History*: For, besides the beguiling of *tedious hours*, and the *diversion* it gives from the *troublesome* and *vexatious affairs*, and the *preserving* the *frailty* of man from slipping into *vice* through *wantonness* with *leisure*, It enriches the *Mind* with *Observation*; and by setting us upon an *open* and *adjacent Scaffold*, it gives us a *view* of the *actions*, the *contrivances*, and the *over-ruling Providences* that have sway'd the *affairs* of the *World*. It is the *Resurrection* of the *Ages past*: It gives us the *Scenes* of *Human life*, that, by their *actings*, we may learn to *correct* and *improve*. What can be more *profitable* to *man*, than by an easie *charge*, and a delightful *entertainment*, to make himself *wise* by the imitation of *Heroic virtues*, or by the evitation of *detested vices*? Where the glorious *actions* of the worthiest *treaders* on the *Worlds Stage*, shall become our *guide* and *conduct*; and the *Errors* that the *weak* have *faln* into shall be mark'd out to us, as *Rocks* that we ought to *avoid*. 'Tis learning *wisdom* at the *cost* of others: and which is rare, it makes a man *better* by being *pleas'd*. In my opinion, among all the *Industries* of men, there is none that *merits* more *thanks*, than that which hath with *Prudence*, *Truth*, and *Impartiality* related those *Transactions*, which like main *Hinges* have *shut* and *opened* the *Gates* of the *World*. If *Moses* had not given us the *History* of the *Creation*, How *blindly* had we *walked* in the world? If the *Prophets* had not given us the *Stories* of the *Jews*, How much had we *wanted*, which now does lead us in the way of *uprightness*? Certainly, men owe their *Civility* as much to *History*, as *Education*. And we find neither *Greece* nor *Rome* were *civilized*, till they came to be *learn'd*.

And indeed in thoſe that ſhall rightly, and well, relate the *Occurrences* of *States* and *Kingdoms*; there is required much more than makes up an *ordinary man*: They ought to be ſuperlatively *Intelligent*, diligently *Induſtrious*, and uncorruptedly *Sincere*, neither driven by *fear*, nor led by *flattery*. Nor is it eaſie to have it *well done* by any, but by ſuch as have been *Actors* in the *affairs* themſelves; and have had ſome inſight to the *turnings* of the *inward wheels* of the *work*. He that writes by *Relation* and *Report*, may eaſily err, and often miſs the *Truth*. *Rumors* are but like *Thundrings* in the *Air*; we have a *confuſed noiſe*, but the particular cauſe that makes it, we do but gueſs at. Uncertain *Report* being certainly (as the Majeſty of *King James* obſerved) the *Author* of all *Lies*.

Who writes a *Hiſtory*, his principal aim ſhould be *Truth*, and to relate eſpecially the *extraordinaries* both of *good* and *ill*; Of *good*, that men, taken with the *Honor* they find done them in ſtory, they may be incouraged to *perform* the *like*; Of *ill*, that when men ſee the *Infamy* that they are branded with, they may leap from all that ſhould make them ſo *ſtigmatical*. To theſe; Obſervations that ſhall naturally ariſe from a *Rational Collection* are not to be denyed, as the *Imbelliſhment* of a *well-prais'd work*. He that *writes* things *falſe* tells a *Lie* in the face of the world: with which he does abuſe *Poſterity*. He is the worſt of *ill Limners*; for he *draws* the *mind amiſs*. Some interweave their *Relations* with Fancies of their own: but a *work* ſo furniſht, may be allowed a *Romance*, but not a *Hiſtory*. Yet let no man that *reads*, be too ſcrupulous in expecting always a *clear light* or a *full* and *perfect Narration*. For beſides that they are Men, that *write*; It is not poſſible that in all things the *Truth* of *Affairs* ſhould be ever arrived at. *Politicians* pretend one thing to the *People*, but reſerve the clean contrary in their hearts, and private *Intentions*. Their *poyſonings* are *Clandeſtine*, and the making away of *Enemies* and *Rivals* is oftentimes by *Bravo*'s hired in darkneſs: whoſe *deeds* are lockt up in *Eternal night*. So that none but an *Omniſcient God* is able in all to trace the winding of theſe *Serpents*. If *Hiſtory* be writ in the life-time of the *Actors*, It uſually over-rates *Virtues*, and daſhes out *vice*, or *palliates*. To *dream amiſs* of the *Prince*, hath been accounted *Treaſon*: to *write*, would be much *more*. *Princes* in their *diſpeaſure* being of the *Nature* both of *Nettles* and *Thorns*: If you but *touch* them they *ſting*, if you *compreſs* them they *pierce* unto *bloud*. If an *Hiſtory* be writ after *Death*; it may be more *impartial*, but leſs *True*: ſome things will be *forgot*, others covered with the *duſt* of *Time*, and either *ſpleen* or *favor* vary the *color* which naked *Nature* gave. And though he that *writes* be an *Actor* himſelf, yet we are very rarely to expect that all ſhould be *ſound* and *current*. He that is in *Battel* himſelf does oft not know the *turn* and *progreſs* of it. He can undertake but for *himſelf* and where he *is*, what is beſide him may be *unknown* or *diſguis'd*. Even *Princes* are *deceiv'd* by them they moſt do *truſt*: And if a man be known to be about ſuch a *work*, he ſhall ſooner be put to

to record things *Honorable* than *Juſt*. And though of all others he that *writes* out of his own *Knowledg* by imployment, may be nearer *Truth*; yet a Man will be nice in *blazing* his own *Errors*; and where he is concern'd, ſelf-love will incline to lean to *himſelf*. If he be *good*, he would appear *better*: If he be *Bad*, he will not be fond that the world ſhould *read* it in the *Monument* of *Story*, when he is gone. The dying *Spaniard* did but ſpeak *Humanity*; That *beg'd* he might not be *ſtript* when he was *dead*, though the *defect* were only that he *wanted* a *ſhirt*.

XXXIX.

Of free Diſpoſitions.

Diogenes ſpake to *Plato* for a *glaſs* of *Wine*; and he preſently ſent him a *Gallon*: when next *Diogenes* met him, his *thanks* were, *I asked you, how many was two and two*; *and you have anſwered, twenty*. There are indeed ſome of ſo *Noble* a *Diſpoſition*, that like *trees* of *ripe fruit*, by degrees they *drop away* all that they have, They would even *out-do* the *demands* of all their *friends*, and would *give*, as if they were *Gods* that could not be *exhauſted*; They look not ſo much either at the *Merit* of others, or their own *Ability*, as by their *Bounty* the ſatisfaction of themſelves. I find not a higher *Genius* this way than flowed in the Victorious *Alexander*. He *Warred* as if he *coveted all*; and *gave away*, as if he cared for *Nothing*; You would think he did not *Conquer* for *himſelf* but his *friends*, and that he *took* only that he might have wherewith to *give*. So that one might well conclude the *World* it ſelf was too *little* for either his *Ambition* or his *Bounty*. When *Perillus* beg'd that he would be pleaſed to give him a *portion* for his *Daughters*, he preſently commanded him *Fifty Talents*. The modeſt beggar told him, *Ten would be enough*. To which the Prince replies, *Though they might be enough for him to receive, yet they were not enough for himſelf to beſtow*.

Doubtleſs all will conclude, a *Mind*, ſo vaſt, is a *Nobleneſs* to be *ador'd* and *magnified*. Their *Bounty* falls like *Rain*, and *fertils* all that's under them. The *Vulgar*, (as to *Gods*) will *erect* them *Altars*, and they will have all the *Verbal plaudits* that are owing to the *largeſt Benefactors*.

Vivit extento Proculeius ævo,
Notus in fratres animi paterni;
Illum aget penna metuente ſolvi
——*Fama ſuperſtes*.

The *Noble Love* to *Brothers* ſhow'd
By *Proculeius*, ſhall ſound loud
In *Fames* ſhrill *Trump*; there mount ſo *high*
——That it ſhall never die.

All

All those *benefits* that a man does place upon others while he *lives* are as so many *Trophies*, raised to preserve his *Memory* when he is *dead*. Man's *lasting Marbles* are his own *good works*; and like a *living Monument* they are *rowl'd about* wherever Men have *Tongues*. Yet I often find the men that thus are *boundless* in their *Bounty*, and like the *Air* breath nothing but *freedom* upon all they meet with; though their *dispositions*, as the *Gods*, are *open*, and they best to others that have *front* to *grasp* at all that can be *gotten*: Yet being but *Men*, and so their *Materials limited*, they seldom prove but *unfortunate* to themselves. For being *exhausted* by the impudence and necessities of *others*, and their unnoble working on a *free Nature*; an *unwelcome want* at once *undoes* them, and the *goodness* of their *disposition*. Being easie to *good*, they will be so (much more) to ill, when they are press'd to't.

Every man we meet, may be made an *Object* either of *Charity* or *Bounty*: But they are very few, that will enable *us* to *maintain* wherewithal to *continue* them. When *Zenocrates* told *Alexander* he had no need of his *Fifty Talents*, he reply'd, though he had no need of them himself, yet he might have *occasion* for them for his *friends*: since sure he was, all the *Treasure* he had *Conquer'd* from *Darius*, would scarce *serve* him for his. Should *Neptunes Sea* be ever *flowing out*, he would want *Water* for his own *Inhabitants*. The *pool* whose *waste lets out more* than his *springs supply*; will soon be *shallow*, if not *wholly dry*. To *spend* like a *Prince*, and *receive* like a *private man*, must needs beget such a fit of *vomiting* or *looseness* as quickly will *impair* all *health*. And though they be best to *others*, yet it is but to such as are *grating* and given to *incroach*. For to the *generous mind* they are oftentimes *less acceptable*, than other more *reserved men*. He that would be *entire* to *himself*, cannot well *converse* with him, without being *fetter'd* by some *kindness*: so he loses his *Freedom*, which is the *Felicity* and *Glory* of his *Life*. Every extraordinary *Kindness* I receive, I look upon as a help to *pinion me*. It is Nobler to *deserve* a *favor* than *receive* it, and to keep *discreetly*, than to *lavish* and *want* all things but a vain and empty *Applause*. He that *loves* his *Neighbor* as *himself* is at the extent of the *Commandment*. He that does *more* breaks it. I would so *serve* others, as I might not *injure* my self: but so my *self*, as I might be *helpful* to *others*.

XL.

The danger of once admitting a Sin.

THough every thing we *know not*, be a *Riddle* at first: Yet once *untied*, there nothing is more *easie*. And as no *feat* of *Activity* is so difficult, but being *once done* a Man ventures on it more freely the *second time*: So there is no *sin* at first so *hateful*, but being once *committed willingly*, a man is made more prone to a *Re-iteration*. There is more

more desire of a *known pleasure*, than of that which our *ears* have only *heard Report of*. Even *Ignorance* is so far *good*, that in a *Calm* it keeps the *mind* from *Distraction*: And *Knowledg*, as it breeds *desire* in all things seemingly *Good*; So doth it serve us with beguiling Sin. He that acts an *offence*, not only *speaks*, but *recites* his own *foul Story*: And as it makes it more *legible* to others, so it deeper *sinks* in his own *mind*, and *memory*, for the being *Charactred* by his displaying *hand*. It *lies* within him like a *Rak'd-up fire*, which, but *uncover'd*, glows it self into a lively *heat*. The *Glass* that once is *crackt*, with every little *shake* is apt to *fall* in *pieces*. He breaks his *Hedge* of Grace that admits of a *scandalous sin*. When once a weighty *sin* hath trod down the *Fence*, each *petty Vice* will easily then *step over*. A breach once made, the *City* is in danger to be *lost*. To think we shall be *wiser* by being *wickeder*, is the simple *mistake* of man. Ignorance herein is better than Knowledg, and 'tis far better to want *discourse* than *guilt*. Alas we know not what rich *Joys* we *lose* when first we *lash* into a *new offence*. The World cannot *re-purchase* us our pristine clear *Integrity*. The *Maiden-head* of the *Soul* is *gone*. *Dishonor* stains us into *discontent*, we thereby slip our *hold* of *Grace*, which without many tears we never can recover. Perhaps we itch but once to try how pleasing *sin* will be: But at *Adam's price* we buy this *painted Apple*. And thereby chiefly we discover but our own *Want* and *Nakedness*: and lose the *Paradise* of *Innocence*, that before this *Act* we enjoy'd. The chiefest *Knowledg* that we *get*, is that of our thereby *guilt* and *misery*. Nor let any man vainly believe he shall be *less actuated* by the importunity of a *scandalous sin*, for having once *committed* it: For though it may seem as *poyson cold*, before we come to *tast it*; yet, once let in, it *boils* us up to *scalding* all our *Senses*. That which we thought was *milk* to *quench*, proves *oil* to *inflame*. The *palate* of the *Soul*, by *tasting* then is *vitiated*: and that which before was *Curiosity*, does now turn into *Concupiscence* and the *impetuous* longing after practis'd *pleasures*. Surely he that would be *pleasedly innocent*, must refrain from the *tast* of *offence*. Though the imperious *Tribunes* condemned the *Triumvirs*, only because they came not soon enough to *quench* the *fire*, broke out in the *Via Sacra*. Yet doubtless every *active sin*, is a *flame* to burn up *Piety*: which we ought if we can to *prevent*; if not, to make haste to *extinguish*, lest it quite *consume* our *Religion*. To death did the *Lacedemonians* censure that *Souldier*, that, meerly out of a boyish vanity, bore but a little *scarlet-fansie* in his *shield*; lest it should tempt the *Army* to a forein *Luxury*.

Even small *offences*, are but the *little Thieves*, that (*entred*) let in *greater*: But where they are *scandalous*, the *Dominion* totally is given up into their *hands*. I would not purchase *Knowledg* by buying *Slavery* and *Contamination*. An *innocent Ignorance* is to be preferred before a *nocent Knowledg*. Let me rather have others think me *defective*, than that I should know my self to be *lewd*.

XLI.

Of Gratitude, and Gods accepting the Will for the Deed.

IN *Love* and *Thanks* there is no man neceſſitated to become a *Bankrupt*. For both are things wherein 'tis in a *Mans* own *power* to be *expreſſible*: And there is no man ſo *poorly provided* for, but he may eaſily find he hath many things for which he ought to be *thankful*. Either he enjoys *Benefits* that he could not *challenge* as of *debt*, (even a *Being*, *Life*, *Humanity*, the *apprehenſion* and *expectation* of *felicity* and *eternity*, are no way of our *own*, but *Gods*; they are *bleſſings* that we never could have given our ſelves:) Or elſe, he is *exempted* from many hard *Calamities*, that might have *befallen* him, if he were not *daily guarded* by a *Gracious Providence*. To requite ſo great *Benefits* as man does daily *receive* from the *goodneſs* of *God*, 'tis no way in the power of *frail Mortality*; but to be ever thankful, is the beſt *ſupply* for that defect of *Power*: A *grateful mind* is the beſt *Repoſitory* wherein to lay up *Benefits*: like *Abſalom's pillar* it keeps alive the *memory* of the *Donor*, and like a mirror aptly plac'd preſents the *view* of all that is *behind* you. *Gratitude* does guild the Soul, and if the *Iron* of it be but *ſmooth* and *filed*, though it be not *Gold*, it ſhews it as if it were; and even in the *ſight* of *God* 'tis *beautiful*. And if man lives no day without a *renewed favor*, 'tis the leaſt he can do, daily to *renew* his *Thanks*. Nor would this be any thing if we had not a God of ſuch *vaſt goodneſs*, that, by accepting for the *Deed* the *Will*, did dignifie our *Intentions* by being pleaſed with them: And as the *Reaſon* of Gods beſtowing his *Benefits* is not the *Merit* or *Deſert* of Man; but the *infinite goodneſs* of his *excellent eſſence*, that takes delight in doing good and obliging: So the *efficacy* of our *thanks* could nothing *profit* either him or us, but that he is pleas'd for our *avail* to ſet a *value* on them, and by accepting the *meaning* for the *Act* reward us as if we *requited* him. Doubtleſs then the beſt way of *Retribution* that is in man, is to ſhew his *thanks* by confeſſing the *Receipt* and *Favour*. He that is a *thankful Debtor* not only acknowledges his Bond and Want, but declareth what he would do, if he were able. Since then all I have is *Bounty*, let my endeavor be to be always *thankful*. Though I cannot expreſs that, without a *grace* to make me ſo; yet that is more mine than any thing elſe beſide.

Receive favors, I ever muſt: Requite them, I never can: To remember them I always ought. In a *better ſenſe*, let me ſay with the *Poet*;

Semper inoblitâ repetam tua munera mente;
Et mea me tellus audiet eſſe tuum.
Thy Mercies always, through my *Heart* ſhall *ſhine*;
And all the *Earth ſhall know* that I am *thine*.

XLII.

Of Diſtruſt and Credulity.

TO *diſtruſt* all, and *believe* all, is equally bad and erroneous: of the two the ſafeſt is, to *diſtruſt*. For *Fear*, if it be not *immoderate*, puts a *Guard* about us that does *watch* and *defend us*. But *Credulity* keeps us *naked*, and *lays* us open to all the ſly aſſaults of ill *intending* men: It was a Virtue when Man was in his *Innocence*: but ſince his *fall*, it abuſes thoſe that own it. Yet too much *diffidence* as it argues, if not always *guilt*, yet for the moſt part *defect*: So it begets us *Enemies* that without it had not been ſo. Cauſeleſs *ſuſpition* not only *injures* others by a *miſ-apprehenſion*, but it puts our ſelves into *trouble*, we have *fear* and *diſturbance* that we need not. 'Tis the *Jaundice* of the *Mind*, that is not only *yellow* it ſelf, but makes every thing elſe *appear* ſo. It turns *Virtue* into *Vice*, and many times prompts the *Innocent* to become indeed what he wrongfully was *ſuſpected* for. Surely it was a *precept* from a *perfidious mind* at firſt, that bids us think all *Knaves* we deal with. I am ſure it is againſt the Rule of *Royal Charity*, which in all doubtful *ſenſes*; lays hold on that which is the *beſt*, and ſhews men to be *good* in *themſelves*, whereby they are induced to think ſo *well* of *others*. Whereas *Suſpition* is as oft *begot* out of *conſciouſneſs* in our *ſelves* either of what we have *done* or would *practiſe*, as it is from the *ſenſe* of *other* mens *failings*. If we know men *ſpotted* with *deceit* or *crimes* to others, then indeed, not to *miſtruſt* is a breach of *Charity*: we are not *careful* for our ſelves, where it behoves our *care* to begin. He that deals with a *Fox*, may be held very ſimple, if he expect not his *vafrous tricks*. We truſt not a *Horſe* without a *Bitt* to *guide* him, but the well-train'd *Spaniel* we let range at pleaſure, becauſe we know we have him train'd to command. *Phocion* told the *Athenians*, They ought not to blame the *Byzantians*, for *miſtruſting* their Captain *Chares*; but, their Captains that gave them cauſe to be *miſtruſted*. He throws his *Intereſt* into a *Gulph*, that *truſts* it in ſuch *hands* as have been formerly the *Shipwrack* of others.

Infelix, quem non aliena pericula cautum.

When the *deceitful* man hath ſhew'd to others what he *is*, Why ſhould I take him for *other*, than what his *actions* have declared him? If he ſhews himſelf to be *ill*, I do him then no *injury*, to *judg* him what he *is*. He firſt does *judg* himſelf, and teaches me how to *judg* him. If I run upon a known *Bog*, and yet will take it for *firm ground*, my *falling* in may beget *laughter*, but never *pity* with impartial people. With known *diſſemblers*, Poets will not *trade*, and *Martial* is the Inſtance.

Decipies alios verbis, vultuq; benigno:
Nam mihi jam notus Diſſimulator eris.

Go *cheat* elſewhere with *words*, and *ſmiling eyes*:
I know th' art *falſe*, and all thy *Arts deſpiſe*.

Indeed, where too much *Profeſſion* is, there is cauſe to *ſuſpect*. *Reality* cares not to be *trickt up* with too taking an *out-ſide*; and *Deceit*, where ſhe intends to *coſen*, ſtudies *diſguiſe*. *Birds* of *prey* diſcover not their *tallons*, while they fly and ſeek about for *food*. He *ſtalks* behind the *Horſe*, that means to *ſhoot* and *kill*. The *weeping Crocodile* firſt humbles his ſurpriſe in *tears*. And leaſt of all ſhould we be taken with *ſwearing aſſeverations*. *Truth* needs not the varniſh of an *Oath* to make her plainneſs *credited*. When among the *Romans*, upon *Averment*, men uſed to *ſwear*, or *avouch* with *Execrations*; they preſently *ſwore* that they would not believe them. But, where there is no former *brand*, to ſhew he hath been *criminal*, 'tis breach of *Charity*, to conclude, that he will be *falſe*. I will rather think all *honeſt* if *ſtrangers*, for ſo I am ſure they ſhould be; only, let me remember, that they are but *men*: ſo, not always proof againſt the *aſſaults* of *frailty* and *corruption*; otherwiſe, though they want *Religion*, *Nature* implants a *Moral Juſtice*, which, *unperverted*, will deal *ſquare*. 'Tis obſervable, that before our *Saviour* gave the *Rule*, even *Cicero* had preached the ſame to the world. *Quod tibi fieri non vis, alteri ne feceris. Do unto others, as you would they ſhould do unto you*: Certainly, ſo I expreſs a *charity* to my ſelf, by providing, that I be not at the *mercy* of an other's *undoing* me; I can never be too *charitable* in my *opinion* and *belief* of others.

XLIII.

Concealed Grudges, the Deſtruction of Friendſhip.

WIth ſome *diſpoſitions* nothing can *preſerve* a man ſafe. *Jealouſie miſcolours* thoſe *actions* which in themſelves are not capable of *ſtain*. Not having the perſpicacity and clearneſs of *Reaſon*, what is done in *ſincerity* is *miſconſtrued* to *craft*, *neglect*, or ſome other *ſiniſter end*. But, among uncaptious and candid *Natures*, *plainneſs* and *freedom* are the *preſerves* of *amity*; they not only take away preſent *miſapprehenſions*, but they lay a *foundation* of *confidence*, that renders us more *ſecure* in *futurity*; whereas *Reſervation* gives cauſe of *fear*, by putting us into a *cloud*, which may as well harbor a *ſtorm* or *tempeſt*, as a *gentle* and *refreſhing ſhower*. There is nothing eats out *friendſhip* ſooner, than *concealed grudges*. When miſ-guided *Reaſon* hath once produced *Opinion*, even *Opinion* then doth ſoon ſeduce our *Reaſon*. *Conceits* of *unkindneſs*, harbor'd, and believed, will work off even a long *grown love*. The *Egg* of prejudice once *laid*, the cloſe *ſitting* hatches it into *life*; and, the *ſhell* once *broke*, it *flies* about, or, like the *Lapwing*, *runs*, not *eaſie* to be *ſeized* on. *Reſerved diſpoſitions*, though they may be apt to retain *ſecrets*; yet, they are not ſo fit to produce *love*.

love. The free and open *breſt*, both propagates, and continues *affection* beſt. *Philip* of *Macedon* ſet a Priſoner at *liberty*, becauſe he did but tell him that his *Garment* hung a little *uncomely*. It was a *freedom* in a *Captive*, which his *Courtiers* durſt not venture to tell him of. Between entireſt *friends*, it cannot be but ſomtimes little *peeks* of *coldneſs* may appear; though not intended by a willing *commiſſion*, yet, perhaps ſo taken by a wrong *ſuſpect*. And theſe ſmother'd in *ſilence*, grow and breed to a greater *diſtaſt*. But, *revealed* once in a *friendly manner*, they oft meet with that *ſatisfaction*, which does in the *diſcloſure* baniſh them. *Regret* is a *Serpent* that, warm'd in the *boſom*, *ſtings*. *Unkindneſs* like a *tumor* in the fleſh, does *rage* and *ſhoot* with *heat*, and making much of; but, once let *out*, both *eaſe* and *health* do follow. 'Tis a *ſulphurous vapor* in a *cloud* impriſon'd, that *roars* and *rumbles* while it is ſhut up: But, if at firſt, by *Lightning* it *flies* out, the *noiſe* is prevented, and the *Air* is thereby clarified. And indeed, how can we make a *judgment*, when we do not ſee the *bottom*? Somtimes *ill tongues* by *falſe tales* ſow *diſcord* between two *Lovers*; ſomtimes *miſtakes* ſet the *mind* in a *falſe apprehenſion*; ſomtimes *jealouſies*, that like *dregs* ariſe from even *boyling love*, imprint *ſuſpition* in the *thoughts*. All which, may find eaſe in the *uttering*, ſo their *diſcovery* be in *mildneſs*: otherwiſe, *Choler dims* the minds *bright eye*, and when it might ſee *clear*, it *miſts* it with aſcending *fumes*. *Paſſionate Natures*, like *flints*, may be quiet alone; but when they knock together, *fire* it ſelf breaks from them; whereas calm diſcuſſions do ſo card *affections* into one another, that many times they never after can be *parted* or *pulled* aſunder.

If, between *friends*, there muſt *unkindneſs* ſpring, 'tis beſt preſently to *tell*, and *reconcile*. Perhaps, the *ſuſpected*, that appear'd a little *ſmutted* on his *out-ſide*, unfolded, may be *clear within*; and then having more *integrity*, he will draw more *love*. If he ſhould be *guilty*, he may *repent*, and by his *error*, become warned to *prevention*, and for that he hath *offended*, he ſhall be more *obſequious*. *Piſiſtratus* did not ill, when ſome *friends* had *forſaken* him, to follow and catch up their *cloaks*: who demanding his intention, he tells them, *It was, if he could, to perſuade them to return; if not, 'twas reſolv'd, that he would abide with them*. However, let them that deſire to continue *friends*, be ſure to *part* ſo: a *jar* at *farewel* is a *contradiction*. They that part in *unkindneſs*, ſeldom meet in *love*. The laſt *draught* leaves the *relliſh*, which, after it is paſt, does *dwell* upon the *Palate*, while the *guſt* of the former with this is *waſh'd away*. Therefore we ought to provide that this may be *pleaſant*: nor ought we to *ſtart aſide* at every *ſtone* that ſhall be *caſt* in our *way*. To paſs by *offences*, is *wiſdom*; but to *fall* from a *friendſhip*, *levity*: Even in thoſe that have been *ill contracted*, *Cato's* advice is good, They are rather to be *unſewed* than *cut*.

XLIV.

'Tis neither a great Eſtate, nor great Honors that can make a man truly Happy.

I Have ſomtime had the vanity to think, a vaſt *Eſtate*, and ſome high ſeat of *Honor*, to be a gay and glorious thing. And indeed, to look upon the ſuperficies of it at the firſt glance of the catching *Fancy*, there may be perhaps a pleaſing and enticing ſplendor. Man has naturally ſo much of the *Deity* within him, that he loves to be *ador'd* and *magnified*. Among the *Romans*, *Triumphs* were ſo coveted, that the refuſal of them to aſpiring *Cæſar*, begot the change and ruin of the preſent *State*. Though to have the reeling *multitude* (like a *Pool* of *Reeds*, waved with the wandring wind) bowing up and down in *adoration* of the *Conqueror*, does heave and lift up tumors and exalting *minds*, and ſuch as have the *Mercury* of youth about them: yet, when the grave *Veſpaſian* came to ſnail it, and be leaver'd in the throngs ſlow march, he began to chide himſelf, as being juſtly puniſh't, at his years, for admitting ſuch *popular Applauſe*, and *Pageantry*. And certainly, if we examine the true and moſt eſſential *felicities* of man, we ſhall find that 'tis not *Wealth* or *Power*, not a *great Eſtate*, nor *great Command*, that can render us in our ſelves more *happy* than other men: All that really man is here made capable of, muſt be either benefits to his mind, or to his body. For the mind; ſurely, *Kings* never found ſo *great contents* as have liv'd with mean *Philoſophers*. A *Crown* of *gold*'s too heavy to be worn with eaſe. Their fears, their hopes, their joys, their griefs, their loves, their hates, with all their train of Paſſions are more phantaſtic, more diſtracted, and more torturing, than thoſe that wait upon an *obſcurer man*, who like a *Cat*, without making a noiſe, can ſteal unheeded through the *worlds confuſion*. Without a *guard*, they cannot ſleep; and with one, they do not. A *Martial watch* diſſects the night with noiſes; a *mid-night Council* ſtarts their broken reſt; and *meals* are ſtuff'd with frights, or with ſuſpicion. He that *commands* the moſt, *enjoys* himſelf the leaſt: His *Inclination* is turmoil'd and fretted; thruſt one way, pulled another; haled on this ſide, forc'd on that; driven and ſtroak't together. Who is't can gueſs at thoſe *inceſſant cares*, that go to bed with *Princes* but to keep them *waking*? *Enemies* abroad, *Treacheries* at home, *Emulations* at neighbors, *diſſatisfaction* of friends, *jealouſie* of moſt, and *fear* of all. A buſineſs ſo troubleſom, that *Otho* (though he were ſo *beloved* of his Souldiers, that many of them did put themſelves to *death*, becauſe he would not *live*) choſe rather to *kill* himſelf than endure it, and to hazard ſo many of his Noble dependences. His *Title* ſure was as good as that of *Vitellius*: yet where there hath been none, we have liv'd to ſee, there hath been alſo no ſuch

ſuch conſideration. And, which is more in *Great Perſons*, their *delicacy*, and *tenderneſs*, like nice *plants*, make them more ſubject to deſtruction, more ſenſible of affronts, more impatient of labor and care, than ſuch as, through habituated cuſtom, are hardned to endure the *froſt*, the *heat*, and the *wind* of *affairs*. Plainly it appears, He is more in the way to be *happy*, that lives in a kind of *retreat* from the world. In whom all men have an *intereſt*, he ſurely has leaſt in himſelf. And, if *retiredneſs* be not more delicious than *affluence* and *popularity*, How comes it, that men of *great imploiment* do ſo often *lock* up themſelves from the croud and flux of *affairs*. As the *happieſt* part of their *life*, they ſteal themſelves into a *Calm*, and rejoyce that they can cozen their importuning *Clients*: do they not hereby ſeem to tell us, that they can never enjoy themſelves, and ſtand at eaſe, or cool, but when they have laid by the *Pendants* and *Capariſons* of *State*, which heat, and load, and weary more than all the *pleaſure* that they bring compenſates? True *wiſdom*, which proceeds from *Piety* and *Innocence*, they have not leiſure as they ſhould, to proſecute. The *thorns* of *Authority* hinder the *ſeeds* of the other from proſpering. In ſo much, that ſome have held it for no Paradox, That a *Prince* who grows in *goodneſs*, will come to deſcend in his *State*? Examples hereof, are not hard to find, where, by the vices and inſultation of others, the *Innocent* and *Charitable* have fared worſe, than the not extremely *harſh* and *tyrannical*. Certainly, the *greateſt pleaſure* that the *mind* is capable of in this life, is in the contemplation of *God* and *Nature*, the experimental ſweetneſſes of *Philoſophy*, and the diſcourſiveneſs of *Reaſon*. And all theſe have their *pleaſure* in retiredneſs, and uncrouded from the ſtings of *buſineſs*. Nay, admit an *affluency* of all things were, indeed, better than the *moderate* uſe of the *pleaſures* of this life: Yet, with perpetual uſe the ſenſe of the *pleaſure* is loſt. Whoſe every *meal* is *banquet*, has not any. Continual *feaſts* are burthenſom, beyond the intermediate pleaſingneſs of a craving *appetite*. He knows not the dear *delight* of *life* in any kind, that never liv'd but in the *fulneſs* of *all*. 'Tis *watching* and *labor*, that voluptuates *repoſe* and *ſleep*. As he that is ever taking *Tobacco*, loſes that Phyſical uſe on't, which others find, that do but ſeldom uſe it; ſo, he loſes the *guſt* of what ſhould be *delightful*, that ſo perpetually does cloy himſelf, that he leaves not ſpace to meet his *food* with *deſire*. One *wholſom diſh* with *hunger* for the *ſawce*, with purer health, with greater eaſe, with as much pleaſure may be had and taſted, as all thoſe coſtly *viands Riot* and *Prodigality* invented for either the *Table* of *Vitellius*, or the *Kitchin* of *Lucullus*. Nay, *Pleaſures* are not truly *taſtable*, but in the ſober tracts of *Temperance*; they then have that clear *reliſh* that *Nature* firſt indued them with: which certainly, is *ſweeter* than what is ſtrain'd and forc'd by *Art*. When the *thirſt* is quench'd, the pleaſure is not then ſo much in *drink*, as *company*. Nor can the full-cram'd perſon have his *Senſes* and *Intellectuals* clear. Where there is much *Proviſion* dreſs'd, the *Kitchin* will

will be black't and darkned with *ſmoke* and *reek*. The empty *morning*, and the waſted *night* ſees further into *knowledg*, than the *midday Sun*, when unctuous *meals* ſhall tumult all the *ſenſes*. Nor can the like *health* attend the abounding *Board*, that does the temperate and convenient Table.

——Vides, ut pallidus omnis
Cœna deſurgat dubia; quin corpus onuſtum
Heſternis vitiis, animum quoq; prægravat unà,
Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ.
——See but how pale they *reel*,
From their deſtructive *Suppers*, how they *feel*
Their late ta'n *Surfeits*, which weigh down the *Soul*,
And to dull *Earth*, pins the *Cœleſtial Pole*.

Like *Bottles* fill'd with *Wine*, that is not fin'd, their own Fumes *crack* them till they flie in *pieces*. He only finds the *clean* and *politer* pleaſure, that feeds, as *Nature* breeds, *ſound men*; where there is *Temperamentum ad pondus*. Like Fiſh in Cryſtal ſtreams, untainted with diſeaſe, they *ſmoothly glide* through all the ſoft *Currents* of *Life*. *Epicurus* was not far from right, to make pleaſure even the *Summum Bonum*. But hé meant it of the *mind* which was *terſe* and *clean*, what is it that we can ſay more? Or how can we imagine greater, than to be *participant* and *enjoying* of the *Divine Nature*; of the *Great* and *Immaculate* God? Doubtleſs in a great Eſtate, 'tis very hard to find time for theſe *Seclusions*. The Relation of *Acquaintance*, and *Friends*, and *Alliances*; The Avocation of *Buſineſs*, both *Contingent* and *Neceſſary*; The Application of others not to be *avoided*; The incitation to *pleaſures* that more moderate Fortunes *want*, with the *Army* of *temptations* that abundance offers, may inſtruct us neither to *envy* thoſe that ſail in ſuch full Seas, nor yet to be *ſagaciouſly licoriſh* after theſe more *palatable* than *wholſom ſweet meats*. A great Eſtate without a mind that is greater than it, is a *Snare*: Nor are there examples wanting of many that have *depoſited* their *ſpacious* Fortunes, to take up mean Convenience. *Attilius* deſcended from the *Triumph* to the *Plough*: and we need not doubt but *Menenius Agrippa* liv'd both pleas'd and honor'd, though he left not *Caſh* to diſcharge his *Funeral*. The mind of a middle fortun'd man, is as much at *Liberty* as his that is compaſs'd round with *plenty*; and the body of this latter is not capable of more than the other can afford to his. Three *Ells* of *Holland* he can uſe for a ſhirt, and more a *Prince* cannot put in without trouble: perhaps a mean man has not a *Garment* with ſo long a Train, but then he can conveniently carry it *himſelf*, and needeth not the cumber or the charge to have one bear it after him.

XLV.

Of Neglect.

THere is the same difference between *Diligence* and *Neglect*, that there is between a *Garden* curiously kept, and the *Sluggards field*, that fell under *Solomon's* prospect, when it was all over-grown with *Nettles* and *Thorns*. The one is cloth'd with *Beauty*, and the gracious amiableness of *Content*, and cheering *Lovelines*! While the other hath nothing but either little *smarting pungencies*, or else such *transpiercings* as rankle the *flesh* within: *Negligence* is the *Rust* of the Soul, that corrodes through all her massiest Resolutions; and, with *admittance* only, flakes away more of it's *steel* and *hardness*, than all the hackings of a violent hand can perform. The excretions of the *Body* grow but *insensibly*; yet, unless they be daily taken away, they *disguise* a *man* to a *monster:* as *Nebuchadnezzar's* hairs were like *Eagles* feathers, and his *Nails* like *Birds* claws, in his seven years *bestiality*. What Nature made for *Use*, for *Strength*, for *Ornament*; Neglect alone converts to *trouble*, *weakness* and to *loath'd Deformity*. We need no more but sit still, and *diseases* will arise only for want of *Exercise*.

How *fair* and *fresh* soever the Soul be, yet in our *flesh* it lives in *smoak*, and *dust*; and if it daily be not brusht, and cleans'd, by *Care*, and *Penitence*, it quickly *discolors*, and *soils*. Take the *Weeders* from the *Floralium*, and a very little time will change it to a *Wilderness*. And then 'tis an *Habitation* for *Vermine*, that was before a *Recreation* for *Men*. Our *Life* is a *warfare*, and men use not in it to sleep without a *Centinel*, nor march without a *Scout*; he that wanteth either of *these*, exposes himself to surprize and the becoming a *prey* to the *diligence* and *laboriousness* of his *Adversary*. We have known many that have *wasted goodly patrimonies*, who have been handsomly *natur'd* and free from *vices* of any signal remark at all, for which we could give no other *Reason* but only a general *incuriousness* and neglect of timely *inspection* into their own affairs. Thus *Honorius* passed away his *Empire* to his Sister *Placidia:* And *Nero's* other vices were not more contributing to his *Ruin*, than his *supine neglect* when the Legions began to rise. The mounds of *Life* and *Virtue*, as well as those of pastures, will decay, 'tis but forbearing to repair them, that all the *Beasts* of the *field* may enter and *tear* up whatsoever is *good* in us and *grows*. Certainly Religion teaches, to be *exact* and *curious*. The Law is such a *Rule* as every aberration from it, is an *eye-sore*. We see somtimes how small a scruple can disturb the minds fair *peace*. *Macarius* gave himself *pennance* for but killing a *Gnat* in *Anger:* Like the *Jewish* touch of things *unclean*, the meanest *miscarriage* requires a *Purification*. Who does not therefore guard himself, neglects his *greatest Enemy*. Man is like a *Watch*; If evening and morning he be not

not wound up with *Prayer* and *Circumſpection*, he either is unprofitable, or falſe: He either goes not to direct, or ſerves to miſlead. And as the ſlendereſt hair, the leaſt grain of ſand, or the minuteſt Atom, makes it either a *trouble*, or *deceit*: ſo the leaſt *neglect* does ſteal us into *improficiency* and *offence*: which degreeingly will weigh us down to *extremity*. If the *Inſtrument* of *Living* be not truly *ſet*, all that we *play* upon't will be harſh and out of tune. The *diapaſon* dies, where every *ſtring* does not confer its *part*. Surely, without an *union* to *God*, we cannot be *ſecure*, or *well*. Can he be *happy*, that from *happineſs* is divided? And *God* is ſo exact, ſo ſmooth, ſo ſtraight, ſo perfectly perfect in *all*, that 'tis not poſſible for *man* to be join'd to him, unleſs *proportionably* he be ſo too. The ſmooth and rugged, never made good *joint*; the ſtraight and crooked will never be brought to *cloſe*: Unleſs our *knots* and *excreſcencies* be taken off, and ſhot into *directneſs*, they hinder *union*, and thruſt us off from *Deity*. No glew will hold us cloſe, when we ſhall ſwell into unevenneſs, by the *neglect* of not plaining our ſelves into *Virtue* and *Piety*. *Diligence* alone is a good *Patrimony*, but *neglect* waſtes a fair *Fortune*: one preſerves and gathers; the other, like *Death*, is the diſſolution of all. The *Induſtrious Bee* by her ſedulity in Summer, dwells in, and lives on *Hony* all the Winter. But, the *Drone* (which, according to *Pliny*, is an imperfect *Bee*, and begot in *decay*, when the *Bee* is waſted and paſt labor,) is not only caſt out, but beaten and puniſh'd.

XLVI.

Of Injury.

INjury is properly the willing doing of *Injuſtice* to him that is unwilling to receive it. And 'tis as well by charging *falſly*, as detracting *unduly*. He that accuſes me of the *Ill* I did not, and he that allows me not the *good* I have done: who puts *ſtoln goods* upon me, and who *ſteals* away what is truly mine, hath very little *Heraldry* to diſtinguiſh the *wrong* he does. Only, in the firſt he begins with *Murther*: and ends with *Theft*: In the later, he begins with *Theft*, and ends with *Murther*. One *bites* before he *barks*; the other *barks* firſt, and *bites* afterward. Certainly, all the miſchief in the world proceeds either from the actings, or the apprehending of *wrong*, from men originally *unjuſt*, or ignorantly *ſuſpicious*. Were *Right* and *Juſtice* preſerv'd in exactneſs, *Earth* would be a *Heaven* to live in, and the *life* of *Men* would be like that of *Angels*, where *Majores ſine elatione præſunt, & minores ſine vitio ſubſunt*. *Felicity* would dwell with men, which now like *Aſtræa*, is fled from the *Region* of *Earth*. How many Attendances, how many Journeys, how much Treaſure might be ſaved? No *crowded throngs* need fill our *Law-tribunals*; nor *armed Troops*

Troops ungraze our *fruitful fields*. Every *Injury* is a petty war, and a breach at leaſt of a pair of God's grand Commandments; *Killing*, and *Stealing*. And, though perhaps it may ſeem to *proſper* a little while, till the wheel of *Providence* walks its round; yet, doubtleſs, 'tis ſhort-*liv'd*, and drags with it an *Infection*, that does taint the *ſpirits*, and confound the *ſenſes*. *Injuſtos ſequitur ultor à tergò Deus.* 'Tis one of Gods peculiar Attributes, That he is an *Avenger* of *Wrong*. There are but two parts of a Chriſtian mans life: To abſtain from doing *wrong*, and to endeavor to do *good*. And though the firſt in a bad world, be a good *progreſs* in a Chriſtians voyage to *Heaven*; yet, it is in truth, but a dead and torpid *Virtue*. A negative *Piety*, that indeed, reaches not to the civility of *neighborhood*. Neither the *Prieſt*, nor the *Levite* were *Neighbors* to him that fell among *Thieves*; yet, neither of them did him any *Injury*. And 'tis not unworthy our Obſervation, That of all Profeſſions of men, it fell out, that it was a *Prieſt*, and a *Levite*, that were thus nothing concern'd with the *wounded's calamity*. They, that like *Bellows*, could inkindle the *fire* of *Charity* in others, had nothing in themſelves, but a *ſterile cooling breath*, derived from the common and tranſient *Air*. They, who to others ſeemed *flagrant* in their *tongues*, had *Ice* congealed in their *frozen hearts*: which need not put us to the wonder, when we find their *practic zeal* fall many degrees below their *flaming harangues*. Though we are commanded to be *inoffenſive*; yet, that is not all we are commanded unto. Things ſenſeleſs and inanimate, forbear the doing *Injury*: but, the activeneſs in *good*; is that which promotes to *felicity*. *Eſchew evil, and do good*, is but one conjunctive Precept. He is but the leſſer part of his way, that forbears the doing *injury*: yet, even this is a myſtery, that, but very few attain unto. Either we miſ-apprehend it; or, blinded with belief of our own *perfections*, we ſlide over this, and yet pretend to be *pious*. But I can never think him *good*, that is but *temporally good* to himſelf. How can he have a *good conſcience* either *towards God*, or *towards man*, that either *fraudulently*, or *violently* takes away what is anothers *juſt propriety*, I am yet to underſtand. Some Callings are ſuch, as 'tis hard to be *juſt*, and hold them. And we may obſerve our Saviour was ſo far from allowing not only *wrong*, but *force* even in Souldiers and Merchants, (who yet, if any, are diſpenſed with) that he binds up their Profeſſion in ſuch limits, as 'tis hardly poſſible to be a *Souldier*, and a *Chriſtian*; we tranſlate it, *Offer violence to no man*. And is not *Plunder* ſuch, or *taking away* any thing that is anothers? Which being never ſo clandeſtinely done, without either noiſe, or the owners knowledg, under the covert of *darkneſs*, or the ſilence of the *grave*: yet, by the Law, 'tis taken to be acted *vi & armis*. If *force* can give a Title, all that I can *catch* and *keep*, is mine. If *Juſtice* and *Propriety* be not preſerved, no man hath more than what he can *keep* by his own *craft*, or anothers *courteſie*. It was St. *Auſtin* that ſtarted the queſtion; *Remota Juſtitia, quid ſunt Regna niſi magna Latrocinia?*

Take *Justice* hence, and what are *Kingdoms* else, but fields of *war* and *rapine?* But the word is properly, *Terrifie no man*; which intimates, they ought not to come so near taking away any mans *right*, as to put them into a *fear*. What *Law* and *Civil Right* does give a man just Title to, I ought not to *deprive* him of. They are *Beasts* and *Birds* of *prey*, or else *voracious fishes* in the wilder *Ocean*, that live and batten on the *spoils* of others.

Man by all the Laws of *Creation*, *Policy*, and *Religion* is tyed up, with his own fair *Industry* to live on what is *justly his*; and then he hath a promise of a *blessing* with it. But, he that *rowls* and *ruffles* in his *Neighbors hold*, hath no *protection* but his own frail arm, or else his fraudulent head; against which the Prophet hath pronounc'd a *woe*. Even a natural light will shew us the *blackness* of *wrong*, and then (what ever men pretend,) certainly, *Religion* shines but very *dimly*, where that can be digested and not *seen*. The Offices of the Orator will tell us; *Qui non defendit, nec obsistit si potest injuriæ, tam est in vitio quàm si Parentes, aut Patriam, aut Socios deserat.* He that does not hinder, or defend a *wrong* when 'tis in his *power*, is in the same rank of *ill*, with those that basely shall desert their *Country*, their *Parents*, or their near *Associates*. Surely, right-born *Nature* is nobler than a bastard *Piety*. He was not a *Jew*, but a *Samaritan* that parted with his *Oyl* and *Wine*, and left *provision* for his *cure*, that, in the fore-mentioned Parable, *fell among Thieves*, which we cannot think to be other, than the *Jews*, for he went but down the Hill from *Jerusalem* to *Jericho*, when he was set upon. They wound *Religion* to the *inmost heart*, that shew her to the world with such *wild gashes*, and *adulterate spots*, as are, the offering, or incouraging of *wrong*. The *Pagan Tribune* is to be preferr'd before some *Christian Conventions*, that have appear'd in the world.

Cn. Domitius, the Tribune, summon'd Prince *Scaurus* before the Peoples Tribunal, *Scaurus* his servant, hearing of it, repairs to *Domitius*, and informs him, that, if he wanted *matter*, he could furnish him with sufficient for his *Lords Condemnation*: For which the Noble *Tribune* well *rewarded* him; but, 'twas by *cropping* off his *Ears*, *sealing up* his *lips*, and sending him so to his *Lord*. I think, it needs no Grand Inquest to find in what Region the *Nobler Religion* did dwell; whether with them that punish *Treachery*, *Perfidiousness*, and *Hericide* with smart and ignominy: or, such as draw it out with *Oaths*, invite it with *preferments*, and appoint to *Slaves* and *Villains* the *rewards* that are due to the only *brave* and *honest*. Doubtless, to a very Enemy, a Christian dares not offer *wrong*. *Religion* from above, is *pure* and *peaceable*; but *wrong*, is the fewel of *war*; and, by doing that, we help our *Adversary*, and *war* against our *selves*. We engage *God* on his *party*, and by our *injustice* disadvantage our *cause*: Nor may we do it, that good may come of it: *Justice*, needs not *Injury* to help it to a *Victory*. Though in the way of *Hostility* the practice is far more *common* than *commendable*; yet, by *just* and *gallant persons*, it hath ever

ever been *disdain'd* and *abhorr'd*. And those that have so contemned it, have for it by all succeeding times, been seated with such as have ascended to the *highest Towers* in the stately *Palace* of *Fame*. *Themistocles* advised to fire the *Spartans Navy* privately, as it lay in the Harbor. *Aristides* did confess it *profitable*; but, because he could not be satisfied, that it was *just*, or *honorable*; the project was decryed, and *Themistocles* enjoyn'd to desist. And when *Alphonsus* was offered by some, that they would entrap and cut off his *Enemy*, the Duke of *Anjou*: He protested, if they did any such thing, he would proceed against them, as he would against a *pack* of *Parricides*, declaring to all; That the *War* he undertook, consisted not of *Fraud* and *Treachery*, but, of *Virtue*, of *Valor*, and of noble *Fortitude*. He that can allow himself to do *Injury*, makes his *favors* to be suspected as *snares*. He is so far from being a *Propitious Star*, that the *malevolence* of *Comets* harbors in him. He is much distanc'd from doing *good*, that is not principle'd to forbear a *wrong*. He is next to *Charity*, that abstains from *Injury*: but he is at *Oppressions threshold*, that can dispense with it. Let no man think, he can purchase *favor* with either *God* or *Men*, by the formality or exteriours of *Religion*, if he lets himself loose unto *injury*. One *unjust* and *unworthy action* hurts not alone the man that does it: but, it transfers the *scandal* to the *Religion* he professes, which for his sake groans, and grows suspected, if not contemned. Of the two, my opinion is with *Socrates*, 'Tis better to suffer *wrong*, than do it. He may be *good*, that *suffers* it; he must be *bad*, that *offers* it. An *Innocent* may be *killed*; but, he that *murthers*, cannot be *innocent*, either in present, or the sequel. For usually, the first *commitment* of a *wrong*, puts a man upon a *thousand wrongs*, perhaps, to maintain that *one*: And, 'tis more than probable, the *sufferer* will decline into *wrong* at last. *Injury* with *injury* is defended; and with committing *greater*, we are drawn to keep up the *less*. A *lye* begets a *lye*, till they come to *generations*. Who is once a *Rebel*, hardens his own *heart*, engageth his *friends*, oppresses his *fellows*, involves his *relations*, murthers the *loyal*; and like a *Torrent*, lets in all that can tend to *confusion*. As the *Powder* once would have done the *two Houses*; so, he at once *blows* up both the *Tables*. By loosing from *ground*, he lanches into the *Sea* that hath no bottom, being thereby enforced to the *breach* of the *whole Decalogue*, both in *bulk* and *branches*, by *himself* and his *guilty Adherents*.

XLVII.

Of Faith and good Works.

I Find not a greater seeming *Contradiction* in the whole *Gospel*, than that which relates to *Faith* and *Works*: The Apostle St. *Paul* argues high for *Faith*, and St. *James* as high for *Works*. One says *Abraham* and *Rahab* were *justified* by *Faith*. The other, that *Abraham* and *Rahab* were *justified* by *Works*. One says, By the *works of the Law*, *shall no flesh living be justified*. The other says, That *ye see then how that by works a man is justified, and not by Faith only*. Nay, St. *Paul* may seem to contradict himself, when in one place he says, *The doers of the Law shall be justified*. And in another, That *we know a man is not justified by the works of the Law. And that no man is justified by the Law in the sight of God*, it is evident. Surely, though these seem to be *Contradictions*, yet rightly *understood*, they are not so. For, to leave the *Niceties* of those sharp *disputes* that are on either side; I look upon it as a *Rule*, That where the Scripture seems to run into *Contrarieties*, there certainly is a *middle way* between both, which we ought to *seek out* and *follow*; and that the *extremes* on either side are forbidden, and the *Union* and *Inseparability* of both are enjoyned. I do therefore humbly conceive, That the insisting upon *Justification* by works, and the *insisting* upon *Justification* by Faith alone, might, with much more profit to the Church of God, be left to be so strenuously tugg'd for, by the differing *Parties*. It would more safely be evinced from these two seeming *discrepancies*, That no Man can be *justified* without degrees of both; and that to depend solely upon *one* is dangerous, for doubtless *both* are meant. And therefore when at one time the people came to our *Saviour* and asked him, *What shall we do, That we might work the works of God?* He answered, *This is the work of God that ye believe on him whom he hath sent*. Declaring thereby, *Faith* to be even the whole *work* of the *Evangelical Law*. And when the young man in the *Gospel* asked him at another time, what he should do to inherit Eternal Life? His answer to him was, *That he should keep the Commandments*. Neither of which are to be taken exclusively, but both *Commanded*: so, both to be equally *practised*. Works without Faith, are at best but *Arrows* shot at *Random*: No man can assure that they shall ever *hit* the *mark*. And for Faith, St. *James* tells us, that without *works* it is *dead*. And then, what is it that the *dead* can *do?* Faith indeed glorifies God in *private*, between *himself* and our *Souls*. 'Tis the Monastic part of *Religion*, which acts all within the *Cell* of our own bosoms. But Works glorifie him before the *World* and *Men*. Faith without Works is but a *wither'd tree*, there wants both *leaves* and *fruit*. And Works without Faith, is one that hath no *Root* to give it sap and verdure. Faith is as the *meaning*, and Works are the *expression* of the *mind*. Faith is the

pin

pin that *fastens* the *Soul* to the Chariot of Eternity, while Works are as the *Harness* and the *Trappings* whereby it is drawn along, and without which all her operations else are useless. Works without Faith are like a *Salamander* without *Fire*, or a *Fish* without *Water*; The Element which they should live in, is not there: and though there may seem to be some quick *Actions* of life and symptoms of *Agility*; Yet they are indeed but fore-runners of their end, and the very presages of *Death*. Faith again without works is like a *Bird* without *wings*, who though she may hop with her Companions here upon Earth, yet if she lives till the Worlds end, she'l hardly ever *fly* to *Heaven*, because she wants her *Feathers*. But when both are join'd together, then does the *soul* mount to the *Hill* of *eternal rest*. These conjoin'd can bravely raise her to her highest *Zenith*: and by a Noble *Elevation* fix her there for ever; taking away both the *will* that did betray her, and the *possibility* that might. The former without the latter, is self *cozenage*; the last, without the former, is meer *Hypocrisie*: together, the excellency of *Religion*. Faith is the *Rock*, while every good action is as a stone laid. One is the *Foundation*, the other is the *Structure*. The foundation without the walls is of *slender value*: The *building* without the *Basis* cannot stand. They are so inseparable, as their conjunction makes them good: whosoever does *believe* in God *aright*, believes him to be a *Rewarder* of *good*, a God that requires what is *just* and *equal*, that loves to *magnifie* himself in his mercy, in his doing good to his Creatures, and in his *infinite* and *unbounded Beneficence*; And that he is a punisher of evil, a detester of *Injustice*, yet one that delights not in afflicting to their *Torment* the works of his *hands*. Therefore such as would persuade us these *believe*, and practise the *Contrary* of these; these Christians are of such a *New Edition* as nothing of them can be found in *Scripture* or *Antiquity*. They are but *infidel-Christians*, whose Faith and Works are at war against each other. Faith that is right, can no more forbear *good works*, that can the Sun to shed abroad his *glorious beams*; or a Body of perfumes to disperse a *grateful Odour*: Works may be without Faith, they may rise from other ends, and 'tis no news to see *Hypocrisie* decking her self with *fringes* and *purls* of the *truest Religion*. But faith will not be satisfied, if she have not *Works* attending *her*. A *Solifidean-Christian* is a *Nullifidean-Pagan*, and confutes his *tongue* with his *hand*. I will first labor for a *good Foundation*, saving Faith: And equally will I seek for *strong Walls*, good Works. For as man judgeth the House by the *Edifice* more than by the *Foundation*: so not according to his *Faith*, but according to his *Works*, shall God judg man: Nor is it unworthy of our *Observation*, That when St. *James* parallels *Faith* and *Works* to the *Body* and *Soul*; He compares *Faith* but to the *Body*, while *Works* he likens to the *Soul*, that gives it *motion*, *life*, and *animation*. I shall forbear to make the *Inference*, but leave it to the Readers *sober Consideration*. See *James* ii. 26.

XLVIII.

Of the danger of a fruitleſs Hearer.

THough *Preaching* in it's elocutive part be but the *conception* of *Man*, and differs as the *gifts* and *abilities* of men give it luſtre or depreſſion; and many *Hearers* for their knowledg are able to *inſtruct* their *Teachers*: Yet, as it puts us in mind of our duties, that may perhaps be out our *thoughts*; and as it is the Ordinance of God, and may quicken and enliven our *Converſation*, we owe it both our *Reverence* and *Attention*. And though we may think our *education* and *parts* have ſet us in a higher form than it hath done him that does aſcend the *Pulpit*; yet without a *derogation* to our own *Endowments* (as in other *Arts* ſo in that of *Divinity*) we may well conceive, He that makes it his *trade* and *calling* ſhould better underſtand it, and is likely to be more perfect in it, than he that hath *inſpection* therein but by the *by* and *obviouſly*. Arts, perfect are by *exerciſe* and *induſtry*. As man is born a *Child*, and does by tendence and improving time, creep up to *full Maturity*; So *Arts* at firſt are infant-things, till *fil'd*, and *garniſht*, they burniſh out in *perfection*. Even in matter of fact; they have *eaſier* and *nearer ways* to do things, who with aſſiduity and practice are ſtill *intent* upon them; than can by thoſe be thought on, that are *ſtrangers* to the *profeſſion*. And theſe *Conſiderations* may certainly content us to *hear* ſomtimes the meaner-parted *preach*. The Apoſtle allows it the fooliſhneſs of *preaching*, yet it was the way that *peopled* all the world with *Chriſtianity*.* It bruiſed the *ſtanch Philoſopher*, and brought the *wilful Pagan* off from all his *Idols*. It topp'd the ſoaring *Eagle* with the *Croſs*, and bowed the *lofty Conqueror* to his *knee* and *Tears*. And, what know we but ſomtimes our Corruptions may be let out by a poor braſs pin, as well as by the *dextrous hand* that guides a *ſilver Launcet*? He that is our ſpiritual *Phyſicina* is not confin'd to any certain inſtrument that he will uſe to *cure* us with. And if we out of *Copper*, *Lead*, or *Pewter-preaching*, can extract pure *Gold*, I take 'tis no *impeachment* to our *wiſe Philoſophy*. Surely they are not right, that becauſe they can not hear ſuch as they would, will therefore come *at none*. I will *hear* a good one, if I *can*; but rather *hear* an *eaſie* one than not *to hear at all*. He *abandons* his cure, that refuſes to come at his *Chirurgeon*.

That Cloth can never be *White* that lies where *dews* do never fall upon it. I obſerve thoſe that leave the Church-*aſſemblies* (ſo they be not *Heretical*) do grow at laſt to leave *Religion* too. The *Righteous man*, by the unwiſe *actions* of others, does grow *wiſer*. Even out of *weakneſs* he can gather *ſtrength*. Now the great *King* of *Heaven* entertains not *fools* for his followers: If they be not wiſe before they *come*, yet they are wiſe in *coming*; and then, for that he

he makes them so for ever after. 'Tis a *prerogative* belongs to his *Servants*; those that pay him their *obedience*, he does reward with *Wisdom* and *Understanding*. It was by keeping his *Commandments* that *Davids wisdom* did exceed his *Teachers*. He that hath *wisdom* to be truly *Religious*, cannot be *condemnedly a Fool*. Every precept of *Christianity*, is a Maxim of *profoundest prudence*. 'Tis the *Gospels work* to reduce man to the *principles* of his *first Creation*; that is, to be both *good* and *wise*. Our *Ancestors* it seems were clear of this *Opinion*. He that was *pious* and *just* was reckoned a *righteous man*. *Godliness* and *Integrity* was call'd and counted *Righteousness*. And in their old *Saxon English*, *Righteous was Rightwise, and Righteousness was originally Right-wiseness*. *'Tis the fear of God that is the beginning of Wisdom: And all that seek it have a good understanding.* It is to be presum'd, the Merchant that sold all to buy the *Pearl*, was as well *Wise* as *Rich*. Those therefore that withdraw from the *means* altogether, (which, in *ordinary*, is *preaching*) or are long *livers* under it *unprofitably*, by degrees grow *strangers* to it, and *dislike* it. 'Tis an *Aphorism* in Physic, That they who in the beginning of *diseases* eat much and *mend* not, fall at last to a general *loathing of Food*. The *Moral* is as true in *Divinity*. He that hath a *sick Conscience* and lives a *Hearer* under a *fruitful Ministry*, if he grows not *sound* he will learn to *despise* the *Word*. When *food* converts not into *Nourishment*, 'twill not be long before the *Body languisheth*. Blessings neglected in the *Van* do *troop* in curses in the *Rear* and *sequel*; but, when contemned, *Vengeance*. Who neglects the *good* he may *have*, shall find the *evil* that he would *avoid*. Justly he sits in *darkness*, that would not light his *Taper* when the Fire burn'd clearly. *Offers* of *Mercy* slighted, prepare the *way* for *Judgments*. We deeper charge our selves. Yet are we more *uncapable* of clearing our *accounts*. He that needs *Counsel* and will not deign to lend a *listning ear*, destines himself to misery, and is the willing *Author* of his own *sad woe*. Continue at a stay we cannot: Corruption neither mends it self, nor leaves to be so till it bring destruction. The fire followed *Lots* neglected *preaching*. *Capernaums* fate was heavier for her miracles. Desperate is his estate, that hates the thing should help him. If ever you see a *drowning man* refuse *help*, conclude him a *wilful Murtherer*. When God offers more than he's oblig'd to, we ought by all the ways we can to meet so *glorious Mercies*. To the burying of such Treasure, there belongs a *Curse*; To their mispending, *Punishment* and *Confusion*.

XLIX. *Of*

XLIX.

Of Solitarineſs and Companionſhip.

THe *Bat* and the *Owl* are both *Recluſes*: Yet they are not counted in the *Number* of the wiſeſt *Birds*. Retirement from the world is propereſt when it is in a *Tempeſt*: but if it ſhall be in our power to *allay* it, we ought even then to *immerſe* our *private* in the *public ſafety*. He may indeed be *wiſe* to himſelf, that can ſleep away a *ſtorm* in a *Cabbin*. 'Tis a kind of *honeſt cheating* of an Agues *fit*, by *Repoſe*, Moſt men will deſire to be *houſed* when *Lightning* and *Thunder* fly and rowl abroad. Otherwiſe, for a man to *turn* ſhell-fiſh and crawl but in his own *dark houſe*, ſhews him but a dull and *earthy thing*. They are *Beaſts* of *Rapine*, or of extreme *timidity*, that hide themſelves in *Dens*, and lurk out day in *Thickets*. Whereas thoſe that are *Creatures* of ſervice are *tame*, *ſociable*, and do not fly from *Company*: I deny not but a man may be good in *Retirement*; eſpecially when the *World* ſo ſwarms with *Vice*. One would not *travel* but upon *Neceſſity*, when he muſt be either wetted with the rain of *ſlander*, or batter'd with the hail of *Injury*. It were too great *uncharitableneſs* to condemn in general all the *Monaſtics* that have cloyſter'd up themſelves from the World: Nor indeed are they purely to be reckon'd among ſuch as are ſhut out from *Commerce*: They are not alone that have *Books* and *Company* within their own *Walls*. He is properly and *pittiedly* to be counted *alone* that is illiterate, and *unactively* lives *hamletted* in ſome *untravelled village* of the duller *Country*. Yet we ſee in the *general election* of *men*, a *Companionable Life* is preferr'd before thoſe *Cells* that give them *eaſe* and *leiſure*. It is not one of *millions* that *habits* himſelf for a *Monk* out of choice and natural liking; and if we look at thoſe that do it, upon an eaſie *ſcrutiny*, we ſhall find 'tis not ſo much *Election*, that hath bowed them againſt the *grain* they *grew to*: Either *want* or *vexation*, *croſſes* or *contingencies*, ſend them unto places *Nature* never meant them born unto. The *Soul* of Man is as well *Active*, as *Contemplative*. The Divine *Nature* reſts not only in the *ſpeculation* of his great *Creations*: But is ever buſie in *preſerving*, in *ordering*, in *governing* and *diſpoſing* by *providence* the various and infinite *Affairs* of the *World*. For man to give himſelf to *eaſe* and *uſeleſs leiſure*, is to contract a *ruſt* by *lying* ſtill. To be *becalm'd* is worſe, than ſomtimes toſſing with a *ſtirring gale*. Certainly, an *operative reſt* is acceptable to a mans *ſelf* and *others*: But, an ineffectual *lazineſs* is the ſeminary both of *Vice* and *Infamy*: It clouds the metal'd *mind*, it miſts the *wit*, and choaks up all the *Sciences*: and, at laſt, tranſmits a man to the *darkneſs* and *oblivion* of the *grave*. When *Domitian* was *alone*, he catch'd but *Flies*. But, of *Auguſtus* (a wiſe and prudent Prince) we have it recorded that he *ſlept* but *little*, and was ſo far from loving to be *alone*, that he had *alternate watches* to

to *discourse* him in the night when he waked. Was not *Scipio* more glorious, fighting in *Africa*, than *Servilius Vacia* sleeping in his noiseless Country? Certainly, the *Inculture* of the *World* would perish it into a *Wilderness*, should not the *activeness* of *Commerce* make it an universal *City*. *Solitude* indeed may keep a mind in *temper*, as not being tempted with the frequencies of *Vice*, or, the splendor of *Wealth* and *Greatness*. And 'tis true, the with-drawn from *society*, may have more leisure to study *Virtue*, and to think on *Heaven*. But, when Man shall be over-swayed by the pondure of his own corruptions, may not time administer thoughts that are *evil*, as soon as those that be *good?* The caution sure was seasonable, that *Cleanthes* gave to him, that he found *alone*, and talking to himself: *Take heed* (says he) *you speak not with an evil man*. No man hath commended *Timon*, for that he hated *company*. He may laugh *alone*, and that, because he is *alone*: But, it hath not so pleas'd others, as that they have approv'd on't. And having at his death left his own mad Epitaph, you will not think him mended by his *solitude*.

Hic sum post vitam miseramque inopemque sepultus:
Nomen non quæras; Dii, Lector, te male perdant.
Life wretched, poor: this *Earth* doth now surround me.
Ne're ask my *Name*: Reader, The *Gods* confound thee.

There is this to be said against *solitude*; *Temptations* may approach more freely to him that is *alone*, and he that thus is *tempted*, may more freely *sin*. He hath not the benefit of a *companion* that may give him *check*, or by his *presence* loose him from off the *hook* he hangs upon. Whereas in *company*, if a man will do *good*, he shall be *incourag'd*; if *bad*, he may be *hindred*. We are not sure the *Serpent* had prevail'd upon *Eve*, if he had not catch'd her *alone*, and straggling from her *Husband*. A man had need be a great master of his *affections*, that will live *sequestred* from the *world* and *company*. Neither *Fools* nor *Mad men* are ever to be *left* to themselves. And albeit, a man may upon *retiredness* make good use of his *leisure*: yet, surely, those that being *abroad* communicate a *general good*, do purchase to themselves a *nobler Palm*, than can grow up out of *private recess*. If a man be *good*, he ought not to *obscure* himself. The world hath a share in him, as well as he in himself. He robs his *Friends* and *Country*, that, being of *use* to both, doth *steal* himself out of the *world*. And if he be *bad*, he will hardly *mend* by being *alone*. The *Mastiff* grows more *fierce* by being *shut up*, or *tyed*; and *Horses* grow more *wild* by their not seeing *company*: That *Actor* hath too much *trouble*, that is never off the *Stage*; and he's as little *acceptable*, that does never quit the *Tiring-room*. But he that can help, when need requires, in the *Senate*, or the *Field*; and, when he hath *leisure*, can make a happy *use* on't, and give himself imployment to his *benefit*; hath doubtless, the greatest pleasure, and husbands his *life* to the best of *uses*. For, by being *abroad*, he suffers others to *reap* the advantage of his *parts* and *piety*: And, by looking sometimes *inward*, he enjoys himself with *ease* and *contentment*.

L.

Of the use of Pleasure.

WHo admires not the wisdom of *Demosthenes*, in the answer he returned to the *Corinthian Lais: Pœnitere tanti non emo*, He would not *buy Repentance* at so dear a *rate?* Surely, *Pleasure* is lawful, and God at first did ordain it for use: and if we take it as it was at first provided for us, we take it without a *sting*. But, when in the measure or the manner we *exceed*, we pollute the *purer stream*; or else, like Beasts in *heat*, we drink to our *destruction*; and the best we can expect, is, either to be *sick*, or *vomit*. And if it be but *vomiting*, which, like *Repentance*; brings it *up again*, even that is a sickness too. All our *dishonest actions* are but *earnests* laid down for *grief*. *Vice* is an infallible fore-runner of *wretchedness*: on the best conditions it brings *repentance*; but, without *repentance*, *torment* and *repentance* too. I like those *pleasures* well, that are on all sides *legitimated* by the bounty of *Heaven*: after which no private gripe, nor fancyed Goblin comes to upbraid my sense for using them: But, such as may with equal *pleasure* be again dream'd over, and not disturb my sleep. This is to take off the *parchings* of the *Summer Sun*, by bathing in a *pure* and *Crystal Fountain*. But, he that plunges himself in a *puddle*, does but ingage himself to an *after-washing* to get his *filth* away: And, who would *feast* with that, which he knows will make him *sick* if he *eats* it? Unlawful *pleasures*, though they be a differing *Pass-over* from that which *Moses* instituted, yet, they never can be *eaten* without *sower herbs* attending them. Like the worser sort of *Mushromes*, though from the *Sulphur* of an *Earthy mind*, they *shut up* in a *night*, and look both *white* and *fair* to the eye; yet, give them what *gust* you can, there will still a *venemous quality* stay with them, to be rid of which, if you but *taste*, you must either *purge*, or be *poysoned*. Certainly, the counsel of the *Preacher* is the best rule for all the *pleasures* we enjoy in this life, Eccles. xi. 9. *Rejoyce, O young man in thy youth, and let thy heart chear thee in the days of youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: But, know that for all these things, God will bring thee to judgment.* Which by some, I find to be taken for serious, and not an Irony, as most do interpret it: And, I hope, I shall not offend, if I incline to their opinion that so think it, and for which I shall presume to give my reasons.

First, it suits with several places before in the same Book. *Chap.* ii. 10. when *Solomon* had given himself a latitude in his desires: he tells us, *His heart rejoyced in all his labours, and it was his portion*; nor do we find his youth reprehended for them, his failing being rather in his age, than it. And in the 24. verse of the same Chapter, he says, *There is nothing better for a man, than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labor*; and this he saw, that it

was

was from the hand of God. Chap. iii. 22. *He perceives that there is nothing better, than that a man ſhould rejoyce in his own works, for that is his portion.* Chap. v. 18. he repeats it with a remark, *Behold that which I have ſeen, It is good and comely for one to eat, and to drink, and to enjoy the good of all his labor, that he taketh under the Sun all the days of his life which God giveth him: for it is his portion.* And in Chap. ix. 9. he exhorts again to *joyful living*: and the reaſon that he gives for it, is, *Becauſe it is his portion in this life*: So that, one place expounding another, and being alike, either all may be thought Ironical, or none. The former places I find not ſo interpreted by any, and this by ſome, otherwiſe, that is, to be ſerious; as if he ſhould ſay, *Rejoyce* and *chear* thy ſelf in all that God gives thee for *pleaſure*; but yet do it with that *moderation*, with that *prudence*, and that *warrantableneſs*, that thou mayſt be able to give an *account* to thy *God*, that in *bounty* hath given them to thee, whenſoever thou ſhalt be called to *judgment*, as doubtleſs, thou ſhalt be for all that paſſes thy hand. Suitable to this, *Lorinus*, that cites the ſeveral Interpretations of this place, ſays, *Vel amara Ironia contra voluptuoſum, vel eſt mitius conſilium. Sic hilarè fruatur præſentibus bonis, ut meminerit reddendæ rationis Deo.* Either a Sarcaſmus againſt the *voluptuous*; or elſe, 'tis a milder counſel, That we ſo enjoy the preſent *good*, that we may remember to give account to God for uſing it. That we ſhould laxe our ſelves in all the corrupt and miſtaken *pleaſures* of life, was never licenſed by any of the wiſer Heathen. *Pleaſure* that impairs our abilities, that brings detriment, or ſorrow afterward, was laughed at by *Epicurus* himſelf: but a lawful *pleaſure*, lawfully uſed, doubtleſs, is an Emanation of the *goodneſs* of the *Deity* to Man.

A ſecond Reaſon I take to be this; The whole Book of *Eccleſiaſtes*, is a ſerious Tract, a kind of Penitential Deſcant and Judgment given of all that does belong to Man, a ſober Collection of what his wiſdom had obſerved from all thoſe various paths of worldly affairs, that he had trod, in the courſe of his life. And in the whole ſtream, I find not any thing that bears the aſpect of being light and Ironical: Some will have it, *Solomons Repentance*; and argument the writing of it, to be the proof of his *Salvation*, as if, being darkned with ſmoke and blackneſs, while he wandred and tumbled in *pleaſure*, he now, by the light of *Divine Grace*, ſaw through thoſe clouds did before enwrap him, and wind him off from that great *wiſdom* that at firſt was given him. And ſure, if this Text be Ironical, it differs from the ſcope of all the Text beſide, there being not one place more, that I find to be commented with the like ſenſe.

A third Reaſon is, That God would never have inſtincted the appetition of *pleaſure*, and the faculties of enjoying it, ſo ſtrongly in the compoſure of Man, if he had not meant, that in *decency* he ſhould make uſe of them: Moſt *natural actions* in themſelves, are not *unlawful*, but as they are circumſcrib'd and hedg'd about by circumſtance. The Apoſtle ſays, *All things were lawful for him, but all things were not*

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expedient: That is, *all things* that in themſelves were purely as *natural acts*, and were meerly *Adiaphora*, indifferent, neither *good* nor *bad* in themſelves, but as they were attended by other adventitious, that fall in with their uſe. Theſe in themſelves were *lawful*, but being chaſed about, and pounc'd with the ſettings off, and powderings of *ſin*, they were not *expedient* for him. And this he ſeems to explain in the laſt part of the verſe, 1 Cor. vi. 12. *All things are lawful for me; but, I will not be brought under the power of any*; That is, All the acts of men as natural, are *lawful* for me to do: But, ſeeing there is ſo much corruption adhering to their uſe, by my exceeding the meaſure, miſtaking the manner, miſplacing, or miſ-timing them (In any of which, if I err the leaſt, I come under the guilt and bondage of them:) Therefore, though they be *lawful for me* in themſelves: yet, I hold them, if circumſtanc'd amiſs, not to be *expedient for me*; nor will I put my ſelf under the power of any; that is, to be *condemned* for them, when I ſhall be called to account for *uſing* them. 'Tis neither a *ſin*, to be honeſtly *rich*; nor a *vice*, chaſtly to enjoy the *Rites* of *Marriage*. Unlicenſed *pleaſures*, are thoſe that leave a *ſmart*. The *drinking water* ſomtimes is a *Julip*; but to take it in a *Fever*, is *deſtructive*.

A fourth Reaſon is, From the ſeveral varieties of *delight* and *complacency*, which God created in the world: which ſurely, he would not have done; if it wholly had been *unlawful* for man to *uſe* them. All the ſeveral *taſtes* of *food*, were meant to *pleaſe* the *palate*, as well as meerly to *content* our *hunger*. Of all the *Fruits* and *beauties* plac'd in *Paradiſe*, there was but one *Tree* only that was then *forbidden* him. If God had not intended *delight*, as well as bare *ſupply*; ſure, one kind only, might in every ſenſe, have terminated *appetite*.

I conceive therefore, I ſhall not be far from Truth, If I think with *Solomon*, for man to enjoy himſelf in thoſe *felicities* of *mind* and *body*, (which God out of his Immenſe Liberality hath given him,) be his *portion*. Only we ought ſo to *uſe* them, as we may not be *inthralled* in their *guilt*; but, may be able to acquit our ſelves upon *account* for *uſing* them. Though queſtionleſs, if *Solomon*, who had a particular ſpirit, and a far larger meaſure of wiſdom given him, than we can ere pretend to, or promiſe to our ſelves, could not eſcape being foyled by them; we ought much more to beware in their *uſe*. A wiſe man will not venture on that for a little preſent *pleaſure*, which muſt involve him into *future danger*; no way compenſable by the ſhort *delight* he takes. Whatever we do, we ought before we act, to examine the ſequel: If that be clear, the preſent enjoyment will be *eaſe* and *content*. But, to ruſh inconſiderately upon *pleaſure*, that muſt end in *ſadneſs*, ſutes not with the prudence we ought to be indued withal. 'Tis a folly of a bigger bulk than ordinary, that makes a man over-rate his *pleaſure*, and under-value his *vexation*. They are Beaſts, that will be catch'd in a *ſnare* by their *appetite*. I will endeavor to be content, to *want* that *willingly*, which I cannot *enjoy* without a future *diſtaſte*.

LI.

Of Libelling.

IT ſeems *Vice* is ſo naturally *hated* of all, that every mans finger itches to be giving of it a *blow*. So though they be tyed up by *Fear*, by *Power*, and *Reflections* upon their own particular *intereſt*, while the *offender* keeps in *Command*, and hath the *Faces* at his diſpoſe; yet, as ſoon as ever he is uncoller'd from theſe chains, or the latter be laid by, and the hand of *protection* taken off: As at a *Fox* that is courſed through a ſtreet, every thing that can but *bark*, will be opening upon him: And though they never loſt a *Lamb* themſelves, or had a feather of their *Poultry* ruffled, yet, like whelps ſet on by the *bawling* of others, they are as fierce againſt them, as if their *Families* had been *ruin'd* by them: when, it may be, all that they charge him with, is, that he hath *merited* more than others; or, out of duty, hath become the *skreen* for keeping off the *vulgar heats* from ſcorching of his *Prince* or *Patron*. Indeed 'tis hard in changes to eſcape the *flying Paſquil*. And 'tis as hard to avoid a *change*. For the *Humors* of men are *variable*; and *Diſpleaſure*, as often riſes out of *Fancy*, as upon *juſt cauſe*. And though a man by all the Innocence, he can *muſter* up in his whole Life, cannot promiſe himſelf to be ever out of the *reach* of this *winged Dragon*: Yet, there is no doubt, but a *prudent integrity* is the readieſt way to it. *Virtue* does but rarely bear thoſe *ſtroaks* that are due to the *back* of *Vice*. The Furies ſeldom laſh but *guilty ſouls*. For the moſt part, they are *dunghils* where theſe *Scarabees* do both *breed* and *light*. An infamous life makes work for a *gauling pen*. Yea, a *Libeller*, is but the *beadle* of *Fame*; or the iron that brands him for his *Vice*, and *Roguery*: and though he writes *Truth*, he hath but an *Executioners office*, and after the man is *condemned*, is but the *Hang-mans hook* to drag him to the *Gemoniæ*. *Libels* are uſually compoſed of the *deepeſt*, and the *blueſt gall*; being like fire pent, when they get a vent, they break forth far more eagerly; than being *regiſtred* by the *pen* and *print*, like ſtrokes in *Oil*, they hardly are waſh't off, with the *greateſt* and moſt painful *rubbing* you can uſe. Like the *French Punaiſe*, if you let them live, they *ſting*; if you kill them, yet they *ſtink*. You may heal the *ſore*, but not the *ſcar*: And though perhaps there may be *wit* in ſome of them; yet, is that put off with ſo much Spleen and Cowardize, that duly examin'd, they *over-ſhadow* all the ſhine that's in them. The *wiſer Governments* have ever been *ſevere* againſt them. *Ulpian* tells us of a Law, that makes the Perſon convict of *libelling* to be *Inteſtabilis*; that is, he ſhall neither be capable of making a *Will* himſelf, or of being witneſs of any made by others. And *Tacitus* relates, that *Libelling* (by *Auguſtus*) was brought within the compaſs of the Law againſt *Treaſon*. Certainly, 'tis an ungenerous thing, to *publiſh* that to *all*,

all, that we dare not own to *any*: 'Tis an unnoble *Cowardice*, that *ſtrikes* a man in the *dark*, and like a *Serpent* bites him by the *heel*, and then glides into his *hole*, for want of *courage* to abet his *actions*: Be it true, or falſe, no man gets reputation by compoſing a *Libel*; for it tends to *diſgrace*, enkindles *malice*, uſhers in *revenge*, and diſcloſeth *ſpleen*. The moſt generous, I obſerve, are the leaſt concerned at them. Why ſhould any man keep himſelf *awake*, that he may *hear* theſe *Night-Birds call?* It is not for a wiſe man to be *troubled* at that, which no body living will *own*. A *Libel*, is *Filius Populi*, that having no certain *Father*, ought not to inherit *belief*. As 'tis hard, to find any man free from all that may merit *reproof*; ſo, 'tis as eaſie, in the beſt, to find ſomthing that we may *reprehend*. Yet, ſure I am, *Charity* will rather abate the *ſcore*, than inflame the *reckoning*. He that *Libels*, tranſgreſſes againſt the common rule of *Morality* and *Religion*: he does not *do*, as he would be *done* by. We ought rather to *bemone* the *unfortunate*, than unworthily to *inſult* againſt him, that is not now in a *condition* for his own *vindication*. 'Tis a diſpoſition quite *unchriſtian*, that we ſhew in ſuch *bad actions*, being wholly contrary to that intermutual *amity* and *friendlineſs* that ſhould be in the *world*. We rejoyce in others *croſſes*, as if they were *bleſſings* to us. And 'tis all one, as if we were ſo prepoſterous, as to be *dancing* and *frolic* at *Funerals*. If men were *heavenly*, they would be enkindled with a warming fire of *love* and *charity* to *condole* dyſaſters, or offences, if but *human*; yet *Nature*, never meant to *Man* a mind ſo cruel, as to add *weight* to an *overcharged beam*. He that *falls* into a *public diſgrace*, hath enough to *bear* of his own, there will be no need of anothers *hand* to *load* him. To *envenom* a Name by *Libels*, that already is openly *tainted*, is to add *ſtripes* with an *Iron rod*, to him who before is *broke*, or *fley'd* with *whipping*: and is, ſure, in a mind well temper'd, look'd upon with *diſdain* and *abhorrency*.

LII.

Of Apparel.

THough we hear not of it, till *ſin* ſent *man* to ſeek for't: yet, ſince it is a *covering* for *ſhame*, there is ſomthing of decency in it, it being *begot* like *good Laws* out of *evil* and *corrupted Manners*; and ſurely, rightly conſidered, we thereby do declare our *guilt*, and the ſlender *eſteem* that is to be ſet upon us, when we chuſe rather to appear in the *ſpoils* and *excretions* of other inferior *creatures*, than to ſhew our limbs and parts as *Nature* hath beſtow'd and furniſht them. It may, indeed, be thought a *modeſty* in *Nature*, to *cover* thoſe excrementive parts, which, left *uncover'd*, perhaps might offer *offence*. In *Birds*, they are wholly *conceal'd* by their *feathers*, In *Beaſts*, by the *tail* they are produced with. 'Tis generally ſuppoſed, if *Adam* had not

faln,

faln, he had had no need of *Garments*: his *Innocence* was his *clothing*; and for *covering* of his *ſhame*, he then, indeed, had needed none. But, why *man* (indued with ſo many *Prerogatives*, above all other Creatures) ſhould be expoſed to more *inconveniences* than any that were elſe in the world; either we muſt think him *worſe* provided for by his *Maker*, or elſe, that *Paradiſe* ſhould have ever been in ſuch a *Cœleſtial ſerenity*, that there would have been no need of any thing to defend him againſt the hard and ſharp, the heat and cold, of the *Air* and changing *Seaſon*. It is not probable, when all *Creatures* elſe have either *Shells*, or *Scales*, *Hair*, *Wool*, or *Fur*, or ſome kind or other of *Natural Tegument* to guard them againſt outward *injuries*, that *Man* alone without a *fence* ſhould be expoſed *naked* to all thoſe *adventitious aſſaults* that are incident, to gall and vex ſuch *weakneſs*. As it is my belief, that *Man* was created *mortal* before he *ſinned*; ſo, I could incline to believe, he might have come to *Garments*, although he had not *faln*. It's true, it was after his *fall*, but before he was turn'd out of *Paradiſe*, that he made himſelf his *Fig-leaf-Circumplexion*: which, being rough and fretting, was but a kind of gentler *Curricomb*. And whether lighted on by accident, as next and readieſt; or, taken for a preſent neceſſity, not knowing better; or, deſign'd ſo out of choice, as a *Hair-ſhirt* to *pennance* him for his *folly* in *offending*, I ſhall not diſpute: but, ſurely, God himſelf ſaw that ſo uneaſie and unfitting, that out of pitty to his *creature*, he put him into *pelts*, a gentler, eaſie, more ſoft and pliable, more durable, more warm, and more defenſive *clothing* than that his own *new-wretchedneſs* had *lighted on*. *Lucretius* would have us think, it was after ſome tract of time, that he arrived at his *clothing* in *skins*: but the Text is a teſtimony againſt him. Though it may be from *Adam's hiding* himſelf among the *Trees* of the *Garden*, he might be glimpſed to relate, as we find in the Poem of his 5. *Epicuri*.

Necdum res igni ſcibant tractare, neque uti
Pellibus, & ſpoliis corpus veſtire ferarum;
Sed nemora, atque cavos montes, ſylvaſque colebant,
Et frutices inter condebant ſqualida membra,
Verbera ventorum vitare, imbreſque coacti.
When firſt men knew not how to *work* with *Fire*,
Nor in *Beaſts skins*, or *ſpoils* themſelves t' *attire*;
For *Woods* and *Groves*, and hollow *Rocks* th' inquire,
And forc'd 'mong *leaves*, their *ſluttiſh limbs* they 'ſtow,
T' avoid the *rain*, and *raging winds* that blow.

Certain it is; Mans own invention, went but to the *Fig-tree-leaves*: perhaps, his freſh born *ignorance* could not on the ſodain find out other: Or, having found ſo ſad an effect of tranſgreſſing *one Command*, he durſt not preſently ruſh upon the *violation* of an *other*. His limit for *diet* was, to *Fruits* and *Herbs*. Not being commiſſion'd to feed on *Fleſh*, he could not come at the *skin*, till his compaſſionate *Maker* licens'd him to kill the *carcaſe* for the *caſe* alone. For, we do find

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not find in the Text, that he had any commission to *eat flesh*, till after the world had been *wash't* with the *Floud*. But, to wear *Apparel*, we find it natural; there being no Nation, or People, so deeply savage, but, that their *verenda* at least, have been *shaded* by them. Nor can, in reason, the greatest *Critic*, complain of *Providence*, for sending man *naked* into the world: For, seeing he was *Lord* of *all*, and had wit to make *use* of *all*; there was no need of inducing him *clothed* upon the Stage of the World, as other creatures, who had no *ability* to help themselves, beyond those *Veils* that *Primitive Nature* gave them. The *Universe* to *Man*; was a larger *furnish't shop*; every fit material was his *stuff* and *trimming*, produc'd and laid before him for his *Garment*. He was only left to be his own poor *Taylor*, to make them *up* and *dress* himself as he thought most convenient: And therefore, *Fashion*, which is left at liberty; among wise men is not to be tax'd, unless it be *inconvenient*, or *ridiculous*. Every mans *palate* may as well be confin'd to one kind of *Cookery*, as his *fancy* pegg'd up to one kind of *fashion*. It is not only lawful for a man to vary, but even to please himself in that *variety*, since in it self one is as lawful as the other; a *little skirt* is as legitimate as a *great one*; and comparatively, as *color*, one is not worse than another. The *Athenian Magistrate* reproved *Crates*, for wearing a fine *linen Garment*, who to justifie himself, told him, he could shew him that great Philosopher *Theophrastus clothed* in the same; and, to prove it, carries him to the *Barbers*, where *Theophrastus* sate to be trimm'd with the like *cloth* cast about him: *Now* (says he) *you see how impertinently scrupulous you are*; *for, were it ill in it self, it were not in shops to be used.* The sober *Scipio* was statued in the Capitol in an Exotic *Habit*: And *Sylla* being *Emperor*, confin'd not always to the *Roman Gravity*. We read, how God himself commanded his High-Priests *Garments*, that they should be *glorious* and *beautiful*, not only rich in *stuff*, and curious in *workmanship*, but orient in *colors*, and refulgent with *Jewels*. And whether by this, it were learned from the *Jews*, or, was naturally seeded among the *Heathen*, sure it is, their *Priests* and *Flamens* were more resplendent in their *robes*, than others of a larger cense: which may lesson us to this, That even to *Heaven* it self, good *clothes* are not displeasing. We find not fault with the *Peacocks shining train*, though other *Birds* be not so *gay* as he. As a *Saddle* and *Trappings* to a *Horse*, is *Apparel* to a *Man*; though a badg of *servitude*, yet withal an *Ornament*: And as a poor one disgraces a *well-shap'd Courser*, so a rich one is sutable to the *Beast* that is *stately* and *handsom*. Nevertheless, in *Apparel*, especially, for constant use, the Positive is the best degree: *Good* is better than the *Best*. He is not right, that is in them either *poor*, or *gaudy*; the one argues *sordidness*, *singularity*, or *avarice*; the other, *pride* and *levity*: yet, as the world is, a man loses not by being rather *above* his rank, than *under* it. It is as old as St. *James*, That a *gold Ring* and *sumptuous Apparel* had more respect, than the man that was *meanly arrayed*.

If

If we be to set a *Jewel*, we give it the *best advantage* we can think on; and the *richer* 'tis, the more care we take to *grace* it in the *lustre*. Though *Virtue* be a *Diamond* so pretious, that 'tis *richest* when *plain set*; yet, we think not either the *cut*, or the *water*, can make it *sparkle* too much. Certainly, it is necessarily convenient, that upon occasion, we be somtimes *braver* than *ordinary*; at great *Solemnities*, upon approach to *Persons* of extraordinary *Honor*, upon causes of *common Rejoycings*, and *Festivities*. *Socrates* himself, when he went to a *Feast*, was content be smug'd up and essenc'd in his *Pantophles*: And being demanded, how he came to be so *fine*? his answer was, *Ut Pulcher eam ad Pulchrum*; That he might appear *handsom* to those that were so. Though *Joseph* were sent for in hast out of *Prison*, so as the Text says, he was forced to *run*; yet he *shav'd himself*, and *changed his rayment*, before he would appear before *Pharaoh*. It is an incongruity to mingle *Rags* and *Silk*. Though all be *Pearls*; we match not *round* and *orient*, with those that are *discolor'd* and *uneven*. A man ought in his *clothes* to *conform* somthing to those that he *converses* with; to the *custom* of the *Nation*, and the *fashion* that is decent and general, to the *occasion*, and his own *condition*: For, that is best, that best suits with ones *Calling*, and that *rank* he lives in. And seeing all men are not *Oedipusses* to read the riddle of another mans inside; and most men judg by *Apparencies*; It behoves a man to barter for a good esteem even from his clothes and outside. We gues the goodnes of the pasture by the mantle that we see it wears. The bellic *Cæsar*, as *Suetonius* tells us, was noted for singularity in his *Apparel*, and did not content himself without adding somthing to his *Senators Purple Robe*. If there were not a *Decorum* and a *Latitude* according to mens ranks, and qualities, what use would be of *silk* and softer *Rayment*? In vain had *Tyrian seas* their greedy *purples bred*. The *Assyrian worm* should waste her self in vain. The costly fur, the finer flax, would all let go their values, and instead of *benefit* become a *Burthen* to the full-stor'd *World*. Attalic *Garments* have their proper use. The Pontic *Bever* and *Calabrian wooll*, the brighter *Ermine* and the darker *Sables*, find justly *wearers* whom they well *becom*. Yet in *Apparel*, a manly careles nes is beyond a *feminine Art*; Too great a tricking tells the World we dwell too much on *outsides*. There are three good uses we may lawfully make of *Apparel*, to hide *shame*, to preserve from *cold*, and to *adorn* the *body*; the worst task we can put it to, is to *engender Pride*; when we think the *Log* is precious, because the bark is *Aromatic* and *perfum'd*. When *Demonax* saw the Fool in *fine apparel*, and by reason thereof to wear as well as it an outward *insolence*, he hearks him in the Ear with this; That fine-wrought *wool* that you (Sir) are so proud of, was worn by a *Beast* before 'twas worn by you: And yet that *Beast* doth still a *beast* continue. I do not see in the general but that the man becomes the *Apparel* rather than the *Apparel* the man; for some are of so homely a *garb*, that no clothing can hide them from the *Fool*

or *Clown*: While others give a grace to any thing is caſt upon them. And that may ſettle us in this *Reſolution*, that comely *Apparel* is better far than either *coſtly*, or *conceited*. He that is *phantaſtic* in his clothes hangs them on as a Sign to tell the World that a *Puppet* dwels within. When *Caligula's pride* and *folly* rendred him ſo *ridiculous*, that he would cry up himſelf to be ſomtimes *Jupiter*, ſomtimes *Juno*, otherwhile *Diana*, often *Venus*; and ſo change his *Habit*, ſutable to thoſe various ſhapes the fabling *Poets* had beſtowed upon thoſe foppiſh *Deities*; *Dion* hath this Note upon him, *Quidvis potius quam homo videri cupiens*; He had rather ſeem any thing than what he was or ſhould be, A man. He that will be ſingular in his *Apparel* had need have ſomthing ſuperlative to balance that affectation. As *Elias*, *John* the *Baptiſt*, and *Dion Pruſius*, who had been a ſtrange ſight appearing mantled in a *Lions skin*, if his parts had not advanced him to the *Chariot* of the *Emperor Trajan*. Commonly that is moſt comly that moſt like of, and is liked by ones ſelf: A man may have Liberty to pleaſe his *Fancy* in his *Habit*, ſo it does not diſparage his *Judgment*.

LIII.

The good uſe of an Enemy.

THE Skilful *Phyſician*, out of noyſom plants and poyſonous beaſts, can ſomtimes gather and confect his cure for foul *diſeaſes*. As briars and thorns, though they be pungent and *untractable*: yet in a fence they hold the Beaſt from *wandring* into wider danger: ſo though an *Enemy* be no way grateful to the common ſenſe of *Humanity*, yet ſurely by the *prudent* he may be made a *Mithridate*; and, as a guard upon our *Actions*, to keep them that they ſtray not beyond *Diſcretion* and *Convenience*. It was the opinion of *Diogenes*, That our life had need of either faithful friends, or *ſharp* and ſevere *Enemies*; And many times our *Enemies* do us more good than thoſe we eſteem our friends. For whereas a *Friend* will often paſs over ordinary *failings* and out of *Reſpect*, *Connivence*, *Relation*, or *ſelf-intereſt*, ſpeak only what ſhall be either *grateful* or not *diſpleaſing*. An Enemy will catch at every *Error*, and ſets himſelf as a *ſpy* upon all our *Actions*, whereby as by a *Tyrant*-Governor we are kept *impaled* within the bounds of *Virtue* and *Prudence*, beyond whoſe limits if we dare to wander, by him we preſently are *whipt* into the *circle* of *Diſcretion*. Like the *Serjeant* of a band in *Armies*, if we be out of rank he checks us again into the *place* and *file* appointed us. To a fool he is the Bellows of *paſſion*, but to a Wiſe man he may be made a *Schoolmaſter* of *Virtue*. The greateſt glory *Rome* did e're *arrive* at, in part did from her potent *Enemies* riſe. They taught her all the arts of *War* and *Government*, till ſhe mounted to a *Fame* whoſe ſplendor was ſo bright that like the *Sun* it deaded all the leſſer fires before or ſince

in

in the *World*. Was she not beholden to her *Enemies* for all her three hundred and fifty several Triumphs and in them for her Conquerors impalmed *Purples*, and their *laurel'd Temples* in their *Turricular Chariots*? And certainly as her *glory* was the highest, so those *Triumphs* were the highest pieces of *magnificence* and *splendor* that the *Sun* e're gaz'd on. For therein were the *Arms*, the *Wealth*, the *Garments*, *Gems*, and *pretious Utensils* of all the several *Nations* of the *Earth*; and, in Effigy, *Towers*, *Cities*, *Forts*, and *Battels* as they won them. All *rarities* of creatures extant through the world. Whole droves of *Oxen* for the *Altar* dress'd with *guilded Horns*, and *flowry Garlands* crown'd, with their *Ministers* in shining *Silks*, with *Golden Vessels* for their use in *Sacrifice*; *Music*, *Perfumes*, *Feasts*, and the summ'd up *Excellencies* of all that could be thought on; and (after all these stately sights, and the robed *Senate* coming out to meet them) *Kings*, *Princes*, *Dukes*, their *Wives*, their *Kindred*, *Children*, and *Allyes*, the *captiv'd Souldier*, and the *tam'd Commander*, with hands behind them bound, sadly and slowly moving to usher the approach of the *Victor*'s leisurely proceeding *Chariot*. Certainly, the highest *Virtues*, the greated *Fortitude*, the *Dominion* and *wealth* of the *world* they got by having *Enemies*. And at last, with their *Enemies*, they conquer'd their own *Virtues* too: For, no sooner were they freed from those, but the ease and rust of *Peace* did Canker all their *brightness*. *Metellus* profess'd he knew not, whether his *Victory* did *Rome* more *harm*, or *good*. And when one was applauding the *happiness* and *security* of *Rome*, having *awed Greece*, and *subdued* the *Carthaginians*; the wise *Scipio* conceived her most in *danger*, while she had none to *fear*, and keep up in her the growth of *fortitude*, and *diligence*. A man with an *Enemy*, is like a *City besieged*: While *Hannibal* is at the *gate*, it is not for him to *be careless* and *licentious*. For *Enemies* like *Ravens*, though they *smell* not the *sound*; yet, they can *sent corrupted manners* presently. So, that as *Appius Claudius* observed of *Rome*, and we may find it confirmed in our Neighbors of the lower *Germany*, their *Enemies* have added to their *Fame* and *Industry*. From them we often find more *truth* than shines among *familiars*; they boldly speak their undisguis'd *opinion*; they prevent our running into *Vice* and *Error*; and if any act, mis-beseeming *Virtue*, shall but unawares escape us, they will be sure to *single* it out of the *Coppice* wherein 'twas *lodged*, into the open *Plain*, by every under *Wood-man*, to be *beset* and *shot* at. So, that if a man by his *Friends* cannot know wherein he *offends*; his *Enemies* in that will put on *Friendships* office, and shew him where he *fails*. And, so I know the *thing*, what matter is it, whether it be *blown* me in a *petty whirlwind*, or *whisper'd* in a *calmer oir*? By either, if I please, I may take occasion to *mend*. The *Air*, we see, is *cleansed* as oft by ruffling *Winds*: as by the gentle and more grateful rays of the warming *Sun*. Nor does an *Enemy* only hinder the growth and progress of our *Vices*: But he enkindles, *exercises*, and exalts our *Virtues*. Our *Patience* is improved by bearing calmly the *Indignities* he strives to load us with. Our *Charity* enflamed by

doing *good* for *ill*, by taking the better handle of his *actions*, by pardoning and forgiving the *injuries* he does us. Our *Prudence* is increased by wisely managing our selves in our *demeanors*, lest weakly *ordered*, we give him opportunity to *wound* us. Our *Fortitude* is strengthened by a stout *repelling* of *scorns*, and an *undaunted courage* shew'd in all our *actions*. Our *Industry* is ripened and habituated by watching all his *Onsets*, and his *Mines*; and by best contriving how we may *acquit* us in all our *contestations*. And, questionless, sometimes we ought to be thankful for an *Enemy*. He gives us occasion to shew the world our *Parts*, and *Piety*, which else perhaps in our dark *Graves* would sleep and moulder with us quite unknown; or, could not otherwise well be seen without the vanity of a light and an ostentous mind. *Miltiades* had miss'd his *Trophy*, if he had miss'd an *Enemy* in the *Marathonian* Fields. *Horatius Cocles*, and *Mutius Scævola* had never gain'd such *fame*, by either of them surmounting the opposition of an *Element*, the last of *Fire*, and the first of *Water*, if they had not both been put to it by the *Etrurian Porsena*. And though the last line alone of *Martial's Epigram* might prove this, yet, because he hath so elegantly, in little, limb'd in the Story of the latter, I have presum'd to give you the whole.

Dum peteret Regem, decepta Satellite, dextra,
Injecit sacris se peritura focis:
Sed tam sæva pius miracula non tulit hostis;
Et raptum flammis jussit abire virum.
Urere quam potuit contempto Mutius igne,
Hanc spectare manum Porsena non potuit.
Major deceptæ fama est & gloria dextræ;
Si non errâsset, fecerat illa minus.

When his *right hand* mistook the *King* (his *Prize*)
Inrag'd to th' *fire* he gave't for *Sacrifice*.
But the *soft King* amaz'd at such fell *sights*,
Snatches it thence, and so the Man *acquites*.
That hand which (scorning *flames*) stout *Mutius burn'd*,
Porsena durst not *see*, but from it *turn'd*.
Mistake became his glorious *Fames excess*;
Without *mistaking*, he had *acted less*.

And, after all this, we may be *deceived* by our *friends*, and we may *deceive* our *selves*. But, an *Enemy* cannot be *unfaithful*, or *deceive* us; because we know him so well, that we do not come to *trust* him, but keep him out at a *distance*, and clearly out of the capacity of *Cozening*; so that, though a *friend* may *please* more, yet an *Enemy* may *profit* as much. The Consideration whereof may very well facilitate unto us those seeming hard Commandments of our Saviour and Christianity; To *forgive* our *Enemies*, to *pray* for them that *persecute* us, to do *good* to them that *hurt* us, and even to love our *Enemies*: For albeit, they love not us; yet, since they are occasion of so much *benefit* to us, as to promote our *Virtues*, and repress our *Errors*; if we can be but wise for our selves, we shall find it but an *Act* of *Reason* and exactest *Justice*,

ſtice, to afford them our *Affections*; not only as they are our *Brethren*, and pieces of the ſame *Imagery* with our ſelves, but even out of the Rules of *Civility* and *Nature*. If, but by *accident*, though unwillingly, a man do us a *curteſie*, yet we uſe, and it becomes us, to be *thankful*, becauſe, without him we had not been ſo *happy*; every *Inſtrument* that brings us *good*, we are *beholden* to. And certainly, as we ought to be *thankful* to *God* for our *afflictions*, that are ſent by him to *amend* us, ſo our *Enemies* are to be reckon'd in the number of thoſe by which we may be *refined*, if we will. As the *hardeſt ſtone* is propereſt for a *Baſis*; ſo, there is not a better *Pedeſtal* to raiſe a *Trophy* of our *Virtues* upon, than an *outward Enemy*, if we can but keep our ſelves from *inward Enemies*, our *vices*, our *weakneſſes*, and our *own diſarayments*.

LIV.

Of Gifts and their Power.

WHere *Love* and *Gratitude grow* in the *heart*, it will not only *bloſſom* in the *tongue*, but alſo *fructifie* in the *hand* by *action* and *expreſſion*. And indeed, to expect or receive *favors*, and not to think of *requital*, is, like the *Beaſt*, to take *bread* from the *hand*, and then gallop away for *fear* of being made to do *ſervice*. Certainly, there is a greater *force* in *gifts*, than uſually men think of; they *conquer* both the wiſe and fooliſh. With *gifts* both *Gods* and *Men* are taken, and prevail'd with. From *Hell* to *Heaven*, the order is in all to *offer*: With a *ſop* even *Cerberus* is quieted. And, in regard his *gifts* becalm'd ſo much their minds, 'twas ſaid of *Philip*, that his *Gold*, and not his *Iron*, all *Græcia* had *ſubdued*. And when the *Gods* were either begg'd to, for beſtowing *favors*, or ſought to for their *Angers* being *appeas'd*, the *Altars* ſmoak'd with *Offerings*, as being believ'd the way the ſooner to incline them to *Beneficence*. He that hath *buſineſs*, and ſpares his hand in *preſenting*, *angles* without a *bait*; and oftentimes renders him that he would have his *Friend*, his *Enemy*. A *kindneſs unrewarded*, turns into *neglect*, as if we ſlighted both the *man* and the *matter*. 'Tis true, in *Adminiſtrations* of *Juſtice*, where men like *Gods* ought uncorruptedly to adorn their *high Tribunals*, where the *public* is concern'd, and men, beſides *Conſcience*, are bound up by the ſolemneſs of *Oaths*, It is a Sin to *accept*; and, doubtleſs, no Virtue for any at all to *offer*: As 'tis the *modeſt Virgins*, ſo 'tis the *Magiſtrates* part, when *tempted*, to *refuſe*: And, as 'tis falſly ſaid, 'tis the mans part to *offer*, ſo queſtionleſs, he cannot be *free* from *corruption*, that would lay any thing that ſhould look like a *lure* before the *eyes* of *Juſtice*. 'Tis like ſome *Dalilahs wanton eye*; though it makes no *bargain*, yet it *tempts*. A *gift* thus offer'd, is no other than an illegitimate *philtre*, endeavoring to adulterate *Affection* from that *Bride* to whom they ſtand already betrothed; and, though we *contract* not, is not better in

in the aim than a *bribe*. In which, I see not, why the *offerer* should not be as highly *punishable* as the *receiver*. I do not think the *Devil* was better than *Eve*. The *Author* of the *mischief* is more *criminal*, than he that weakly is *seduc'd* to follow him: who lays a *snare* to *take* me, though I *scape* it, is not wholly *Innocent*. What can be said in excuse, is chiefly this, The *Client* is not sworn, not to *offer*; but the *Judg* is bound, not to *take*. Certainly, who ever *offers* it out of *sinister ends* to himself, with but the least thought of *perverting Justice*, and, who ever *takes* it out of the desire of *gain*, intending thereby to be partial, come both within the guilt of *bribery*; which, as *Job* tells us, will beget a *fire* that shall consume their *Tabernacle*. And 'tis from the greatness of the influence that *Gifts* have upon men, that the Laws have been so severe against them. Indeed, it is not fit a corrupt man, should ever come to know the *power* that *gifts* carry over minds: They gently bow them from their own intention from the grounds of *right* and *justice*. They bring a *stranger* into *affinity*, an *Enemy* into a *Friend*. They are *charms* upon the *disposition*; and, like the *blandishments* of the *strange women*, they *kiss* men into *kindness* they intended not. Besides the *blinding* of the *eyes* of the *wise*, *Solomon* tells us, A *gift* is a *beloved Jewel*, a *Stone* of *Grace*, (as the Original hath it) and it prospers whithersoever it turns. It *blunts* the *keen edg'd Sword*, and breaks the *brazen Wall*, *A mans gift makes room for him*, it throws open doors, puts out the Watch-mans light, *and brings him to the Great mans presence*, Prov. xvii. 8. & xviii. 16. 'Tis the *Absalom* of *Israel* that steals away the *heart* from *Justice*, that is and should be *King*. And bate them but this Felony, and doubtless, then a wise man will not be wanting in them. Before *favours* received, they seem to speak *affection* and *regard*; afterwards, *gratitude* and *acknowledgment*. It is not good to be constant in *gifts* at set and fixed times; for *Custom*, as in other things, so in this, does usually run into *Law*. *Expectation* will diminish the value of a *Free-will-offering*, and it will quickly become as an obliged *Sacrifice*; and, if we omit, we displease. This was seen in *New years gifts*, which being at first only auspicious and honorary, grew to that pass in the time of *Augustus*, that every man brought them to the Capitol, and there left them, though *Augustus* was not there: And *Caligula* by an Edict ordered them then to be brought him. 'Tis best when we *give*, to do it so as it may be sure to shew either love, respect, or thankfulness. And great *Presents* are not so much to be commended, as those that take the fancy, that square with a present occasion, and may be of often use in the Eye, whereby we may be retain'd in remembrance. The *Bottle* of *foul water* which *Peribarzanes* had from the Country fellow, was so grateful to *Artaxerxes*, when he was thirsty, that he protested he never drank of a pleasanter *Wine* in his life-time; and the *Peasant* it was had from, he would not suffer to depart, till he had lifted him from his *Poverty*, to be a person of *Wealth*. A Noble heart wears fetters when he is beholden, and somtimes rather than be

be overcome, will wane himself to less in his *Estate*; as chusing rather to be less, than lagging to requite a *benefit*. Among the *Romans*, *Donations* of Estates between marryed couples were forbidden, unless to purchase Honor with: perhaps, because they would have *Love* so pure and natural between them, as that nothing of *Art* should intervene: That *Love* might have no other ground but *Love* and genuine liking. Otherwise, between remoter Relations, they held them as the Cement of affection and friendship. And they had their Customary Seasons for such Intermutual expressions of regard by *Presents*, as on the first of *December* at their *Saturnalian Feasts*; on the first of *January* for their *New-years-gifts*; on their *Birth-days*; and on the *Calends* of *March*, in memory of the service done by the *Sabine* women, the green *Umbrella* and fat *Amber* were to women sent. And, in all times, such *Gifts* as were meerly out of affection and benignity, that were amiable and honorary, were never at all forbidden: for, having no ends but these, they were reprehendable, if not done; but, much commended, if they were performed. Mendicatory or fishing *Gifts* that like lines are cast into the water, baited with a small Fry, in hope to catch a Fish of a greater growth, the generous have ever disdained. 'Tis but a begging out of the compass of the Statute; which, though it be more safe, I scarce hold so ingenuous, as a down right craving of *Alms*. A man may *give* for Love, for Merit, for Gratitude, for Honor, to engage a lawful favor, or prevent a menacing storm: but never to betray, to entice to injustice, or to make a gain, by begging with a little, greater. For, though the pretense be *Love* and *Honor*, the aim is *Interest* and *Lucre*. And if it be a *Bribe*, it never hath a prevalency, but, when two *Knaves* meet, and agree to cosen a third, that both of them have cause to think honester than themselves.

LV.

Of the inconvenience of neglecting Prayer.

THis *Conversation* chiefly that begets both *Faith* and *Love*. *Affection* cannot but *covet* to have the *object* that it *loves* be near. He that never comes at me, allows me not much of his kindness: If my *friend* withdraws himself from my *Company*, I may justly suspect I am *waning* in his wonted *esteem*. For, *absence* is a wind that by degrees blows off those *fruits* that grow upon the *Tree* of *Friendship*. It disrobes her of all those pleasing Ornaments and Contentments that are by *Familiarity* and *Conversation* enjoyed. And as it fareth between two that have been *antiently Familiar*, yet dwelling asunder, the *inferior* out of a *careless neglect* omits or minds not his usual *duty* of *visitation*; and this so long, that at the last he forbears to go at all: So, their *Loves* that by frequent *Intercourses* were heatful and alive between

between them, by *discontinuance* only, drop into *decay* and shrink away to *nothing*. There needeth nothing more but a *lingring desistence* to divest him of all those solaces and comforts that usually enrich the noble and contentful *Region* of *Friendship*. By lying still he lazes out his interest, and dis-arrays himself into an unacquainted *stranger*: That, at last, if he would *return*, shame and the sense of his *neglect*, forbids or hinders his reverting to his former *intimacy*. As water set abroad, it airs away to nothing by only standing still.

And 'tis not otherwise between the *Soul* and *God*: Not to *pray*, not to *meditate*, not to have him in our *thoughts*, dis-wonteth us, and estranges him. And when in sudain plunges we more particularly shall come to *need him*, our shame does then enervate our weak *Faith*, and with *despair* does send our *burning blushes* down into our *Bosom*. With what confidence can we run to him in *need*, whom in our plenty we have quite *neglected*? How can we beg as *Friends*, as *Children*, as *Beloved*, when we have made our selves as *strange* as *Renegadoes*? 'Tis a most unhappy state to be at a *distance* with *God*; Man needs no greater *Infelicity* than to be left by him to himself. A *breach* once made by *Negligence*, like that by water worn, though it be by so soft an Element, yet by time it breaks it self into a Sea. Though *France* and *Britain* supposedly once were *one*, yet we see the *tracts* of Age have made them *several Regions*. 'Tis far from *prudent policy* to admit of *Interposures*. If we would be *prevalent* and esteemable, we ought with all our care to preserve that *interest*, which never can, but by our own neglect, be *lost*. Though Princes be just, yet they are not familiar with subjects at a distance. They are Privadoes that have daily recourse to Majesty, that have power by their nearness to help themselves and others. Those birds we breed up tame, that follow us with their spreading wings, that often chirp their pretty confidences to us, that pearch upon our shoulders, and *nestle* in our warmer *Bosoms*; To these we daily do distribute food, and with our tender *care* provide them still protection. But those that wildly fly about and shun us, we never are *solicitous* to care for. The advice was divine in the every way accomplisht *Xenophon*, That we should in *Prosperity* be sure frequently to *worship* and *adore* the *Gods*; that whensoever we had a more peculiar *need* of their *assistance*, we might with greater confidence approach them at their *Altars*. He that would keep his friend must make him often *visits*, and ever and anon have somthing in a readiness to exercise his stock of *love*, and keep *affection flaming*. And surely, 'tis from hence the *Apostle* bids us pray without *intermission*, for it keeps us mindful of our own *inherent duty*, and God is always put in mind of us; and, to incourage our *Addresses*, blesses us. When a man neglects his praying and his praising of his *Maker*, it makes a *Chasm* betwixt him and his own felicity. If he does see God at all, 'tis but as *Dives* after death saw *Lazarus*, a great way off, with a large *gulf* fixt between. And though it is not required that we should be always tedder'd to a formal solemn praying;

ing; yet by our *mental meditations* and our *ejaculatory emiſſions* of the *heart* and *mind* we may go far to the compleating the Apoſtles counſel. There is in the lives of the *Fathers* a ſtory of one *Abbot Lucius*, that being viſited by ſome young *Probationers*, he demanded of them, if they did not imploy themſelves in the practice of ſome manual labor? They told him, No, they ſpent there time according to the precept perpetually in praying. He asked them then, If they did not *eat* and *ſleep?* They ſaid, both theſe they did. Then ſays the Father who prays for you the while; But they not knowing what well to reply to this, he thus returneth to them: Well (ſays he) I perceive you do not do, as you ſay: But I can tell you how you may pray continually. I am not aſhamed to labor with my hands. Of the *Date-tree leaves* at times of leiſure I make up little lines, or perhaps ſome other matters. And while I work, I ſend forth ſtill between, ſome ſhort petitions to my *gracious God*. When I have ſome little quantity of finiſht *work* I ſell it perhaps for ten pence or a ſhilling, about a third thereof I give away to the poor: the reſt I ſpend my ſelf. So that when I eat or ſleep, theſe poor men *praying* for me, they perform my part, and ſo I *pray perpetually*. Certainly the breathing and effuſions of a *devout Soul* turn *prayer* into a chain, that linking ſtill together ties us *faſt* to *God*: But intermiſſion breaks it, and when we are ſo looſe, with every rub we eaſily are *overthrown*, And doubtleſs we ſhall find it far leſs *difficult* to preſerve a Friend once made, than 'tis to recover him when once he ſhall be loſt.

LVI.

Of Envy.

TIS a *vice* would poſe a man to tell, what it ſhould be liked for. Other *vices* we aſſume, for that we falſely ſuppoſe they bring us either *Pleaſure*, *Profit*, or *Honor*. But, out of *Envy*, who is it can find any of theſe? In ſtead of *pleaſure*, we *vex* and *gall* our ſelves. Like cankerd Braſs it only eats it ſelf; nay, diſcolors and renders it *noiſom*. When ſome told *Agis*, That thoſe of his *neighbors family* did *envy* him; Why then, ſays he, they have a *double vexation*: *One*, with their own *evil*; the *other*, at my *proſperity*. Like a *Corroding Plaſter*, it lies gnawing at the *heart*; and, indeed, is founded in *grief*; That being the *object* of it, either in himſelf, or others, through all the *conditions* that are. Either he *grieves* in himſelf, when another is *happy*; or elſe, if ever he does *rejoyce*, 'tis certainly becauſe another does *ſuffer*. So *calamity* ſeems the *center* that he points unto. As a Deſert-beaſt, the days brightneſs drives him to the dulneſs of a melancholy Cave, while darkneſs only preſents him with the prey that pleaſes him: As a *Negro* born of *white* Parents; 'Tis a *ſordid ſadneſs*, begot at another mans *joy*. And becauſe he hath no *infelicity* of his own, as is brought,

and is concomitaneous, with moſt of other *vices*; the *envious* man creates his own *diſturbance*, from the proſperous ſucceſſes of others. *Socrates* call'd it, the *ſaw* of the *ſoul*, that pricks and cuts the *vital bloud*, and tears the fleſh but into larger *atoms*. *Bion*, ſeeing a *ſpiteful* fellow look *ſad*, was not able to ſay, whether ſome *diſaſter* had befallen *himſelf*, or ſome *good luck* ſome *other*. He is a man of a ſtrange *conſtitution*, whoſe *ſickneſs* is *bred* of anothers *health*; and ſeems never in *health*, but when ſome other is *ſick*; as if *nature* had fram'd him an Antipathite to Virtue: And ſo indeed 'tis equal, that he does become at length his own ſad *ſcourge* and *beadle*.

Juſtius invidiâ nihil eſt, quæ protinus ipſum
Authorem rodit excruciatq; ſuum.
No *vice* ſo juſt as *envy*, that alone
Doth *gall* and *vex* the mind that doth it own.

Profit can never by this be *acquired*: for, he is an enemy to him that is able to help him; and, him that is miſerable and cannot, he delights in. The Swine is pleaſed with wallowing in his mire; the Dog, by tumbling in his loathſom carrion; but *envy* is not pleaſure, but the maceration of the body. It ſowrs the *countenance*, gives the *lips* a *trembling*, the *eyes* an unceleſtial and declining *look*, and all the *face* a meager waſting *paleneſs*. 'Tis the *green ſickneſs* of the *ſoul*, that feeding upon coals and puling rubbiſh, impallids all the body to an *Hectic leanneſs*. There is no pleaſantneſs in his converſation, that ſhould invite us to affect his company: Nor is his honeſty ſuch, as to make us covetous of ſo crabbed a Companion, whereby we ſhould be drawn to confer *favor*, or beſtow *rewards*. *Flattery* is often recompenced with *bounty*; *Injuſtice* finds a bribe; *Prodigality* obligeth many; *Avarice* accumulates all: but who did ever give to one for being *Envious*? or what is it but *outward hate*, or *inward torment*, that the *envious* gets?

Honor by it, I'me ſure, can nere be compaſs'd. For tis ſo perpetually found in weak minds, that it ſtamps the *Fool* upon the Maſter for troubling himſelf, not only with things without him, and that concern not his own *well* or *ill Being*; but that he reſolves to be *miſerable*, as long as he ſees another man to be *happy*. 'Twas a handſom wiſh of *Seneca*, That the eyes of the *envious* might behold all the felicities of every ſeveral Citizen: for their own *vexations* would riſe and ſwell, according to the floud of *joys* that appeared in other perſons. It proclaims us further to be low and inferior to others, for we never *envy* him that is *beneath* us; ſo that it cheats our own intention. Him, whom we would blaſt with the dark vapor of *diſgrace* and *obloquy*, by our *envying* of him, we point out for *excellent*, and ſtick a *ray* of *glory* upon his *deſerving forehead*, that all the world may note him. It taints the bloud, and does infect the ſpirits. And if it be true, that Philoſophy would inform us of, it turns a man into a Witch, and leaves him not, till it leads him into the very condition of Devils, to be detruded Heaven for his meerly *pride* and *malice*. The *aſpect* of his

his eye alone, does ſomtimes become not only vulnerary, but mortal. They prove a *faſcination* by the eye, when the ſpirits are corrupted; from the experience of a Looking-glaſs, that at certain ſeaſons, by ſome bodies gazed on, becomes *ſpotted* and *ſtained* from their only *intuition*; for they ſay, Certain ſpirits virulented from the inward *humor*, darted on the object, convey a Venom where they point and fix: and thoſe noyſom vapors centred on the eye, which is much more impreſſible than the hardned glaſs, they are taken by the eye of the aſpected, and through it ſtrike the very heart and intrails. Nor is it to be wondred at, ſince we daily find, in way of *love*, the *eye* can with an amorous glance bewitch the *heart*, and fire the *ſpirits* till they burn our *boſom*. If one way the *eye* can at a diſtance *charm*, then why not by another? Invenom'd ſpirits throw their flames about; and doubtleſs, wound the unprepar'd they light on. Excited poyſon, riſes into ſpreading and diſperſed *infection*. The air becomes infected by the noyſom breath, and he that comes within the dint on't, dies. The very Shepherd could conceive that pointed *malice* wrought upon his flock,

Neſcio quis teneros oculus mihi faſcinat Agnos!
Some ſpiteful eye ſure has my Lambs bewitcht.

It may be tis from hence, as well as from the *implacability* of the *vice*, that *Solomon* tells us, *Anger is cruel, and Wrath is raging, but who can ſtand before Envy?* Yea, hence tis, not unlikely, that twice the Apoſtle joyns it with *Murther*, Rom. i. 29. & Gal. v. 21. as if he that *converſed* with the *envious*, went in danger of his life; as indeed he does, being ſubject to all the diſadvantages that unfortunate man can live under: whatſoever he does *well*, is preſently detracted from, till it be *leſſened* and *ſynaleph'd* into *nothing*.

At a Feaſt in *Spain*, the meritorious Diſcovery of *America* by *Columbus* was diſcourſed on; the *honeſter* ſort did highly praiſe the *Enterpriſe*; but, ſome haughty *Spaniards*, *envious* at ſo great a *glory*, ſlightingly ſaid, The thing was no ſuch wonder, ſince a plain Navigation could not well avoid it; and doubtleſs there were many *Spaniards* that could have diſcovered thoſe, and other unknown Lands, without the help or aſſiſtance of an *Italian*. *Columbus* was by, and ſilently heard the paſſage, whereupon he leaves the Room, and immediately returns with an Egg in his hand, and to this effect beſpeaks them; Gentlemen, Which of you can make this Egg ſtand upright upon one end? they try'd, and could not, ſo concluded it was not to be done: But, *Columbus* ſhaking it, and giving it a gentle crack, ſtraight way ſet it up in their ſight: At this they jeer'd as a thing ſo trivial, that it was no Myſtery, but this way it might be done by any body: Yet, replies *Columbus*, none of you could do it till firſt I ſhew'd you the way. And ſuch was my Diſcovery of the *Weſt-Indies*, till I had made it, none of you could do it: and now I have don't, you boaſt how eaſily you could find out that, which I have found out for you.

Of all the *ſpies* that are, *Envy* is the moſt *obſervant* and *prying*. When the Phyſicians to *Frederic* were relating what moſt would ſharpen the ſight, and ſome were for Fennel, and ſome for Glaſſes, and others for other matters; the Noble *Actius* did aſſure them, there was nothing that would do it like *Envy*. Whatſoever a man does *ill*, by it is *magnified*, and *multiplied*; his *failings* all are watcht, drawn out, and blaz'd to the World, and under the pretence of *good*, he oft is led to the extremeſt iſſue of *evil*. Like Oil that's pour'd upon the roots of Trees, which ſoftens it, deſtroys, and withers all the branches. And being once catched, with *ſcorn* he is inſulted on. For, *Envy* is ſo unnoble a Devil, that it ever tyrannizeth moſt upon a ſlip or low proſtration, at which time *gallant minds* do moſt *diſdain* to *triumph*.

The *Envious* is more unhappy than the *Serpent*: for though he hath poiſon within him, and can caſt it upon others; yet to his proper boſom 'tis not burdenſom, as is the *Rancor* that the *envious* keeps: but this moſt plainly is the *Plague*, as it infects others, ſo it fevers him that hath it, till he dies. Nor is it more noxious to the owner than *fatal* and *detrimental* to all the world beſide. 'Twas *envy* firſt unmade the *Angels* and created *Devils*. 'Twas *Envy* firſt that *turn'd* man out of *Paradiſe* and with the bloud of the innocent firſt died the *untainted earth*. 'Twas *Envy* ſold chaſt *Joſeph* as a *Bondman*, and unto *Crucifixion* gave the only Son of God. He walks among *burning coals* that converſes with thoſe that are *envious*. He that would avoid it in himſelf muſt have worth enough to be *humble* and *beneficent*. But he that would avoid the danger of it from others muſt *abandon* their *company*. We are forbidden to eat with him that hath an evil eye, leſt we vomit up the morſels we have eaten and loſe our ſweet words; That is, leſt we get a *ſickneſs* inſtead of *nutriment*, and have to do with thoſe that, like *Enchanters*, with ſmooth language will charm us to *deſtruction*.

LVII.

Why men chuſe honeſt Adverſity before undue Proſperity.

SInce *Pleaſure* and *Complacency*, with *Glory* and *Applauſe* either true, or miſtaken, is the general aim of Man: and the avoiding *Pain*, *Diſgrace*, and *Trouble*, the Shelf that we would not touch at; It is to be conſidered, from whence it comes to paſs, that wiſe men, and moſtly ſuch, ſhould chuſe *Goodneſs* and *Virtue* with *affliction*, and the burthens of unpleaſing accidents; rather than *Vice* garlanded with all the ſoft demulſions of a preſent *contentment*. Even among the *Ægyptians*, the Midwives would rather incur the danger of *Pharaoh*'s angry and armed power, than commit thoſe murthers that would have brought them preferment. *Moſes* when he was grown up, that is, was full forty years old, (the time of Judgment's ripeneſs) He

choſe *adverſity* and *affliction*, which he might have avoided, before the *pomp* and *ſplendor* of *Pharaoh*'s Court, and the Son-ſhip of the Princeſs his Daughter. *Socrates* being committed by Public Authority (though unjuſtly,) would neither break his Priſon, nor violate Juſtice, to purchaſe Life and Liberty. Hath not our own Age ſeen Him who hath abandon'd both his Life and Crown, rather than betray his Honor, and his Peoples Liberties; returning to the Offer (as my Author ſays) this Heroical and truly Regal anſwer, *Mille mortes mihi ſubire potius erit, quam ſic meum Honorem, ſic Populi Libertates proſtituere*, I ſhall ſooner undergo a *Thouſand deaths*, than ſo my *Honor*, ſo my Peoples *Freedoms* proſtitute! Certainly the Appetition of *Happineſs*, and that (*Primus omnium Motor*) *Love* and *Care* of our ſelves, even in this ſeeming contrariety of choice, holds ſtill, and leads us to this bold Election. Elſe Man, in the moſt ſerious Exigents of his life, were his own falſe cheat, and led by a *Genius* that in his moſt extremity would cozen him. It would caſt *deceit* upon *Providence*, that if we did not do for the beſt in chuſing theſe *Indurances*, would delude us with vain beliefs, and running into *Nothings*. *Seeming* would be better than *Being*, and *Falſhood* ſhould be preferr'd before *Truth*; which being contrary to Reaſon, and Nature, cannot be admitted by Man. If therefore we did not believe, *Truth* and *Honor* and *Juſtice* were to be preferr'd before this *preſent life*, and all thoſe clincant ſparklings, that dance and dangle in the Rays and Jubilations of it, ſure we ſhould not be ſo ſottiſh, as to chuſe the firſt, and let the latter ſlip away diſdained. Among ſome other leſs weighty, theſe following reaſons may for this be given; one is the *Majeſty* and *Excellency* that *Virtue* hath in herſelf; which is not only *Beautiful*, but *Eternal*; ſo, that there is a power in her to attract our adherence to her before all the tranſient and skin-deep *pleaſures* that we fondly ſmack after in this poſtage of life in this world. The Philoſopher ſaid, and truly too, That *Virtue* was the *beauty* of the *Soul*, *Vice* the *deformity*. *Virtue* hath a flavor, that, when the draught is paſt, leaves a grateful *guſt* and *fume*, which makes us love and covet after more. *Socrates* taught every where, that the *juſt man* and the *happy* were all one. The *Soul* of Man like a tree in a fruitful ſoyl at firſt, was planted in the Element of *Virtue*, and while 'tis nouriſht by it, it ſpreads and thrives with fruit and fair viridity. But every *Vice* is a Worm, or froſt, or blaſt, that checks the ſap, that nips the tender branches, and cankers the whole body it ſelf.

A ſecond Reaſon is, becauſe the *Soul* is *Immortal*, of which this to me appears a potent argument. If it were not to be any more, why ſhould it not prefer *fruition*, and the *exerciſes* of *life*, before a *diſſolution* and *privation*? Were a man ſure, that all would end with *life*, we ſhould be ſimple to provide beyond it: But, becauſe it does not, *Providence*, which in the general, leaves none unfurniſht with that which is fit for him, hath given him this proſpect and apprehenſion of futurity, and out-living *life*, and his journying through this world.

Socrates

Socrates when he was condemned, told his Judges, that *Melitus* and *Anytus* might cauſe him to *die*, but they could not do him *miſchief* or *incommode* him.

A third Reaſon is, That doubtleſs, there is an *Eternal Juſtice*, of which God gives us both the ſenſe and notion, that when hereafter Man ſhall find a *puniſhment* for his *ſins* and *vices*, he cannot plead the want of Proclamation, ſince 'tis more than whiſper'd to his Spirit within him, and ſo charactered in his Soul, that 'tis one of the diſtinctive properties of Man from Beaſt, that he can reflect upon himſelf, and apprehend *Eternity*: which as it will juſtly *condemn* us, ſo it will leave our great *Creator* without *blame*, and our ſelves without *excuſe*. It is the opinion of *Plato* in his *Phædon*, that the *Souls* of *good men* are after *death* in a *happy* condition, united unto God in ſome place *Inacceſſible*: but thoſe of *bad*, in ſome convenient room condignly ſuffer *puniſhment*. Beſides theſe, there is ſo much *good* in *affliction*, and the conſequents of it, That, as the wiſe Creator knows it the Phyſic of our frailty; ſo wiſe men are the leaſt offended at it. He that by the Oracle was approved for the *wiſeſt*, confeſſed, though he knew before he married her, that his *Xantippe* was a ſcold unſufferable; yet, he wittingly did marry her, to exerciſe his *patience*, that by the practice of enduring her ſhrewiſh heats, he might be able to brook all companies; the brawls, the ſcorns, the ſophiſms, and the petulancies of rude and unskilful men; and frettings, the thwartings, and the excruciations of life; and ſo go out a more perfect and an exact Philoſopher. *Virtue* is not learned perfectly, without a ſeverer Tutor, That by the *Rod* of *Diſcipline*, and the *Fire* of *Affliction*, can ſcour us from our *droſs*, and burn off all our *ruſt*. A *good man* like an *Asbeſtine Garment*, as well as a *Tobacco-pipe*, when *foul*, is clenſed by *burning*. The faithful hereby learn all their excellent virtues, *Patience*, *Charity*, *Temperance*, *Fortitude*, *Humility*, and *Contentment*, with the whole Train of other glorious graces that crown the moſt deſerving. By this, God forms his ſervants into ſplendor: He bruſhes off their duſt, waſhes away their ſtains, conſumes their dregs, and builds them up into Saints. Nor is it to be doubted, but it is a Mark of favor to be bred up thus like *Princes*, under the Tuition of ſo grave an Inſtructor, in the rudiments of *Piety* and *Goodneſs*. The Apoſtle *Baſtardizeth* thoſe that *ſuffer not*. It is a ſign of *Sonſhip*, to be *chaſtiz'd*. We are the objects of our Heavenly *Father's* care, while we are leſſon'd in the *Arts* of *Virtue*, while we are check'd and bounded and impal'd from offence. It therefore is no wonder, that the devout *Climachus* ſhould perſuade men, That perſevering under *ſcorns* and *reproaches*, they ſhould drink them off. As they would do Milk and Hony. The Souldier is not expert, without paſſing through ſeveral perils. Iron is but a dull thing, till it be forg'd and anvil'd, vic'd and filed, into ſhape and brightneſs; but then, and not before 'tis fit to take its guilding. We moſt approve that Horſe, that hath beſt been manag'd to the Bit and Spur, without which he were an untameable

danger.

danger. The workman boyls his ſilver, before it can be ready for burniſhing. Without quarrelling *Rome*, we can allow this *Purgatory*, to purifie and cleanſe us, that we may be the better candidated for the Court of *Heaven* and *Glory*. He that is ſo head-ſtrong as to caſt away *Diſcipline*, is in danger, to have the next thing he throws away to be *Virtue*: we correct where we would amend; where there is no hope, we do not trouble our ſelves ſo much as to reprehend. Nor does Correction ſo much reſpect what is paſt, as that which is to come. *Nemo prudens punit, quia peccatum eſt, ſed ne peccetur*; A wiſe man does not puniſh ſo much the ill we have done, as to prevent, that we may do none hereafter. 'Tis *Seneca*'s, and may inſtruct us to believe, That though we be not at eaſe, yet we may not be unfortunate. As bodies that are crooked, diſdain not to be brac'd in ſteel, that they may become ſtraight: So the *Mind* that is warping to *Vice*, ſhould not think much to be kept upright by the *curbings* and the *ſtroaks* of *Adverſity*.

LVIII.

Of Play and Gaming.

THe *Olympic* and the reſt of the *Games* of *Greece*, were inſtituted firſt meerly for Honor and Exerciſe: and though they wanted not Wealth, yet their rewards were not in Mony and Treaſures, but only in Wreaths and Garlands, of ſuch ſlight Plants as were eaſie to come by, and common among them. Chiefly, they had but four kinds of *Plays*; for being *Victors* in which, they were.

With *Pine*, with *Apple*, *Olive*, *Parſley* crown'd.
Serta quibus, Pinus, Malus, Oliva, Apium.

As *Auſonius* informs us. Though afterwards with higher Plaudits and Acclamations, they came to have Penſions and Proviſions from the Public for life. But theſe, and ſuch like, are not much to be faulted: For, their Inſtitution was handſom, and their end and aim was good. The *Play* that's moſt complainable, is the inordinate *Gaming* for *Mony*; which he that firſt invented, was certainly, either very idle, or elſe extremely covetous. Albeit in the ſequel it cheats the *Intention* in both: for, who ſo buſie as they that are intent at *Dice*? Their *ſoul* and *ſenſes* run along with them, and ſeldom 'tis, that they give men leave to be moderate. And inſtead of *gaining* it waſtes even what we had without it. Some inform us, they were firſt invented by *Palamedes* in the *Trojan* War, in that ten years Siege to keep his Souldiers from idleneſs: And the truth is, it may ſute better with their Calling, than with that of other mens. He that makes it his Trade to kill, will blanch but little at ſtealing; and whatſoever he comes by, if the War be not highly juſt, he hath as good a plea to, as to that he gains by *dicing*. He was not much out of the way that being asked what difference

difference there was between *Aleator*, and *Tesserarum Lusor?* answered readily, The same that there is betwixt *Fur* and *Latro*. And indeed to *play* for gain, and by unlawful means to draw away *mony* from another, to his *detriment*; in the opinion of Divines is but permitted Thievery, worsened with commixtion of *Murther*. And to see some men, when they have plaid their *mony*, their *watches*, their *horses* and *clothes*, would one judg less than that they had fallen among *Thieves*, and had been plundered of all that they had? Nay, they are not only rob'd themselves, but they themselves rob others: for his dependents and friends have interest in what he hath. How often does the *lavish Gamester* squander away a large left *Patrimony*; and, instead of *Plenty*, entails a want and beggery to his Issue? I do not remember that we read the name of either *Dice* or *Gaming* in the tract of either *Scripture*, to shew us the profaneness of the Trade is such that it comes not at all so much as under a *Text*. By the Laws *Cornelia* and *Titia*, It was among the *Romans* punishable. In the 79 Canon of the *Provincial Council* held at *Eliberis*, *Dicing* was forbidden to the Faithful under the penalty of being kept from the Communion a year if he did not give over. But in the 50 of the General Council at *Constantinople* under *Justinian*, it was forbidden to all, and punished with Excommunication. Certainly there was cause, why so grave Assemblies did so severely punish it. And indeed if we examine, we shall find it not only as a Serpent in it self, but *waited* on by a troop of other *Scorpions*, that *bite* and *sting* with equal *poison* and *venom*. Two things are most *pretious* here to the *Life* and *Well-being* of *Man*, *Time* and *Treasure*: and of both these, does the following of *Gaming* rob us. They that are bewitched with an humor of *play* cannot be quiet without it; 'Tis a *malus genius* that eggs and urges them to their own *destruction*. 'Tis in many men as *importunate* as *Fate*, that affords neither *rest* nor *resistence*; but with a pleas'd *Avidity* hurries them on to that which in the end they would not find. He that is a lover of *play*, like the lover of a *Harlot*, he does *mind* that so much, that he *neglects* all other *occasions*. *Businesses*, *Friends*, *Reproof*, *Religion*, and *Relations*, are all laid by when once he is set upon *play*. Night is by *flaming tapers* turn'd to day, and day worn out within the pen of walls, as if *confin'd* or *Prisoner* to his *sports*. As the *Romans* did with *drink*; we do with *play*; We play down the *evening star* and play up the *morning star:* The *Sun* may round the World before one *Room* can be *relinquisht* by us. One would think, some new *Philosophy* had found out for Gamesters this unknown *Summum bonum*, which exacting all their time makes Nature more beholden to *necessity* than *inclination*, for either *sleep* or *food*. Surely a gamester can never expect to be knowing, or approv'd for either his *own*, his *friends*, or his *Countries service*. The time he should lay out in fitting of himself for these, runs *waste* at this Brack of *play*, which arts him in nothing but how to deceive and gain: though well weigh'd even in *gaining* he comes to be *deceiv'd* at last. If he does win, it wantons him with

with *over-plus*, and enters him into new ways of *expence*; which habits him at last to *lavishness*, and that delivers over to an *aged poverty*. Besides, he cannot be quiet with his *purchase*; they that he won it from, will *study* and *contrive Revenge*. And he is not suffer'd to be at *peace* in *Victory*; for the most part, whatsoever is gotten by *play* is either vainly wasted, or but *borrowed* to *repay* with *Interest*. It leads men to *excess*, that without it would be quite *avoided*. If they win, they spare no *cost*, but *luxuriate* into *Riot*. If they lose, they must be *at it*, to keep up their *gauled* and their *vexed spirits:* in both, a man is exposed as a *prey* to *Rooks* and *Daws*, *impudent* and *indigent companies* that *flatter*, *suck*, and perpetually *pillage* from him. 'Tis the Mine that carryed close in *dark* and *private trenches* through hollow and crooked *caverns*, blows up at once his *Fotrune*, *Family*, *Fame* and *Contentment*, and in the end through *disorder* and *surfeits* leaves him to go off a *Sot:* Certainly it cannot be the pleasure of the *action* that so strongly can *inchant men*. What pleasure can it be, out of a *dead Box* to tumble *Bones* as *dead*; to see a square *run round*; or to see his *Estate* reduc'd into a *Lottery*, to try whether he shall hold it any longer or no? Surely, it must be *Covetousness* and the inordinate desire of getting, which prevailing once upon us, we become *possess'd*, and by it are carried as well to the *Grave* and *Sepulchres* of the *dead* as the *Cities* of the *living* by this ill spirit leading us. I cannot conceive how it should *suit* with a *Noble mind*, to play either *much* or *deep*. It *defrauds* him of his *better imployment*, and sinks him into less than he is. If he wins, he knows not whether the other may *spare* it or no. If he cannot, the generous will scorn to take from him that wants, and hates to make another suffer *meerly* for his *sake*. If he can spare it, he will yet *disdain* to be supply'd by the *bounty* of him that is his *equal* or *inferior*. If he loseth and cannot spare it himself, it proclaims him to be *unwise* to put himself upon *exigents* for *will* and *humor*; and not *honest*, for he injures all about him. He that plays for more than he can spare, makes up his stake of his *Heart* and *Patrimony*, his *Peace*, his *Priviledg*, his *bosom'd Wife* and his *extended Son*; even the *Earth* he holds floats from him with this *ebbing tide*. Be he *rich* or *poor*, he cannot play his own. He holds not *Wealth* to waste it thus in *wantonness* where there is *plenty*; besides a mans Relations, the *Commonwealth* and *Poor* have some share due to them. And he cannot but yet acknowledg he might have *imploy'd* it better. It gains him neither *honor* nor *thanks*, but under the others Cloak perhaps is closely *laugh'd* at, as *easie* and *unskilful Thales*, having put *Solon* into a passion for the supposed *death* of his *Son*, said, it was for *that* and such like *Inconveniences* he thought not fit to *marry*. And he that sees into what *heats*, what *fears*, what *distempers* and *disorders*, what *madness* and *vexations*, a cross-hand at play *implunges* some men in, will never hazard his own *peace* of *mind*, with bidding by play for such *Phrenzies*, such *Bedlam fits* and *distortions* of the whole *frame* of *man*, which somtime never leave their *Patients*, till they drive them into *Despair* and a *Halter*.

What is it provokes to *Anger*, like it? And *Anger* uſhers in black *Oaths*, *prodigious Curſes*, *ſenſleſs Imprecations*, *horrid Rage*, and *blacker Blaſphemy*, with *quarrels*, *injuries*, *reproaches*, *wounds*, and *death*. And which is not the meaneſt of the ills attending gaming: He that is addicted to play and loves it, is ſo limed by cuſtom to it, that if he would ſtir his *wings* to fly away, he cannot. Therefore *Plato* was in the right when he *ſharply reprov'd* the *Boy* he found at play, and the *Boy* told him he wondred how he could be ſo *angry* for ſo ſmall a *matter*, *Plato* reply'd again, that cuſtom was no ſmall *matter*. 'Tis not denyed, but *labors* and *cares* may have their *Relaxes* and *Recreations*. Though *Memmius* objected to *Cato* his nightly *Play* and *Jollity*, yet *Cicero* excuſed it with Inſtancing his perpetual *daily toil* for the public. But we muſt beware leſt we make a *trade* of *ſport*, and never to play for more than we may *loſe* with *content*, and without the *prejudice* of our ſelves or others.

LIX.

Prayer moſt needful in the Morning.

THere is no doubt but *Prayer* is needful daily, ever profitable, and at all times commendable. If it be for our ſelves alone, 'tis neceſſary: and 'tis charitable, when it is for others. At night it is our Covering; In the morning it is our Armor: ſo at all times it *defends* us from the malice of *Satan*, our own ſubordinations and betrayings, the unequal weather, that the world aſſaults us with, and preſerves us in the *favor* and *eſteem* of *Heaven*: We are dependents upon the *Court*, while we are but *Petitioners* there; ſo till we be *denyed* and *diſmiſs'd*, we have the protection thereof: which certainly is a priviledg that a *ſtranger* cannot claim. And albeit *prayer* ſhould be the key of the day, and the lock of the night; yet I hold it of the two more needful in the *morning*, than when in the evening we commit our ſelves to *Repoſe*. 'Tis true we have enough to induce us to it then: the day could not but preſent us with ſomthing either worthy our thanks, or that needed our *begging* and *pardon*, for removing or continuing ſomthing: and though we be immur'd with walls, and darkneſs, yet are we not exempted ſo from *Perils*, but that without our Gods aſſiſtance, we are left a Prey to all that is at *enmity* with *man*. Beſides, Sleep is the *image* or *ſhadow* of *Death*, and when the *ſhadow* is ſo near, the *ſubſtance* cannot be far *remote*. The dying *Gorgias* being in a ſlumber, and asked by a friend how he did? He anſwered *Pretty well*; only *Sleep* is recommending me up to his *Brother*. Some, we know, in *health* have gone to *reſt eternal*: and without thinking of the other world, have ta'n their leave of this; not knowing themſelves that they were on their way, till they had fully diſpatched their Journy. But notwithſtanding all this, a man at reſt in his

his Chamber (like a ſheep impenn'd in the fold) is ſubject only to unuſual events, and ſuch as rarely happen; to the emiſſions of the more immediate, and unavoidable *hand* of *God*. Danger ſeems ſhut out of doors; we are ſecured from the injury of the Elements, and guarded with a fence of Iron, againſt the force of ſuch as would *invade*. We are remov'd from the worlds buſtle, and the *croud* of occaſions that juſtle againſt us as we walk *abroad*. He that is *barr'd* up in his houſe, is in his *Garriſon* with his *Guard* about him, and not ſo ſoon attacked by his *Enemy*, as he that roaves in the open and unſhelter'd field. Who knows not, the Ship to be *ſafer* in the *Bay* or *Harbor*, than toſs'd and beaten in the *boiling Ocean*? *Retiredneſs* is more ſafe than *buſineſs*. We are withdrawn when the vail of night and reſt enwraps us in their *dark* and *ſilent Cabinet*. But with the *Sun*, we do diſcloſe and are diſcovered to our *prying Enemies*: We go abroad to meet, what at home does not look after us. He that walks through a *Fair* of *Beaſts* is in hazard to be *gor'd*, or *kickt*, or *bruis'd*, or *beaten*: We paſs through *Briars* and *Thorns* and *Nettles*, that will *prick* and *ſcratch* and *ſting*. We are in the day as *traveling* through a *Wilderneſs*, where wild and ſavage Creatures are, as well as *tamer Animals*. All the world is *Africa*; where *heat* and *drought*, *venom*, or ſomthing new, does ſtill *diſturb* us. The *air*, the *fire*, the *earth*, and *water*, are apter all to wound us. The frays, the trains, the incitements, the opportunity, the occaſions of offence, the lures and temptings from abroad, and the buſineſſes and accidents of *Life*, deny us any *ſafety*, but what we have from the favor of *protective Providence*. Beſides, *Prayer* does ſacre all our *Actions*. 'Tis the priming of the *Soul*, that laying us in the *Oil* of *Grace*, preſerves us from the *Worm* and *Weather*. When the mind in the *morning* opens to God as the eye to the Suns clear light, by the *Radiance* of the *divine beams* we become enlightned inwardly all the day. He is *liſted* in *Gods ſervice* and *protection*, that makes it his firſt work to be inrolled by *prayer* under the ſtandard of the *Almighty*. It was from hence ſure, that *Devotion* ſprung of Chriſtians croſſing themſelves at their entring upon buſineſs. All thriving States have ever ſought the Gods in their firſt infancy. The morning to the day is as youth to the life of a Man: If that be well ſeaſon'd, 'tis likely that his *Age* may anſwer it, and be *progreſſive* in the path of *Virtue*: To live well every day is the *greateſt* and moſt *important buſineſs* of man, and being unable for it of himſelf alone, he needs the more to gain *Divine aſſiſtence*. In works of moment, even *Heathen* never ventur'd without their ſeeking firſt ſuch *Deities* as they believ'd might help them.

——Nothing's well done
But what at firſt is with the Gods begun.

He carries an aſſiſtant Angel with him for his help that begs his Benediction from above; and, without it, he is lame and unarmed. We do not find that *Saul's* devotion ever was ſuperlative; yet, he was troubled for fear the *Philiſtims* ſhould catch him before he had ſaid

his *prayers*, 1 Sam. xiii. 12. And becauſe he had neglected this he ſtumbled up an *offering*, thinking that way to ſupply it. He that *commences* with *heaven*, goes out in all a *cataphract*. But if any thing happen ill, he walks upon his own hearts check, if God were not taken along.

LX.

To beware of being ſurprized.

AS *ſodain Paſſions* are moſt *violent*; ſo *ſodain occaſions of ſin*, are moſt *dangerous*. They are *traps* that catch us while we think w'are *ſecure*; while we think we are born aloft, and apprehend no hazzard, the failing floor ſinks under us, and with it we deſcend to ruin. There is a *proſternation* in *aſſaults* unlookt for. When *Cæſars* friends were ſtabbing him, his Robe did hide his face, while he lay down to die. Amazement quails the heart, till it becomes with the preſs of its own vitals, drown'd; when the *ſenſes* are ſet upon by *unthought-of objects*, *Reaſon* wants time to call a *council* to determine how to reſiſt the *aſſault*. He that thinks not of a buſineſs, and is o'th' ſodain call'd upon, is as to that aſleep, and at firſt waking ſtarts, but knows not where, nor yet with whom, he is. Surely he is a *wiſe man* that is not *caught* by the *ſodainneſs* of *unlookt* for *accidents*. Like darted lights that ſwiftly break upon us, they *blind* our *weakned ſight*, and at beſt they leave us but to *chance*, whether we ſhall come off with *glory* or with *ſhame*. *Alexander* clouded his three great *Victories*, with the raſh and violent ruin of his three chief friends. *Ulyſſes* had the reputation of being *crafty* as well as *wiſe*; yet, by the *ſudainneſs* of *Palamedes* laying his Son in the furrow, where he was madly ſowing Salt, he diſcovered himſelf to be *ſober*, that would have appear'd *diſtracted*. And he that could ſmooth over the croſſeſt chances of Humanity, and bear them with a Noble Fortitude, and by the ſleekneſs of his temper, wind himſelf beyond the common reach; was yet by the unexpected death of a Dog that he lov'd, put to more *trouble*, and ſhewed more *weakneſs*, that either other weightier matters could impoſe, or than befitted a wiſe man to be taken with. Like Gunpowder in a lock, it blows open all our wards, it raſhes ope the curtain of the mind. As a fir'd *Petarr* when the City is walled about, this gives an entrance through the ſhatter'd gates. When *Phryne* knew not how to be ſure of *Praxiteles* his beſt piece of Limning, which he (in Love) had promiſed her; ſhe makes one, breathleſs, to bring him news that with a ſodain violent fire, his houſe was almoſt burn'd down. At which he cries out preſently, Is *Cupid* and the *Satyre* ſav'd? by which ſhe knew, that was the beſt, then told him, all was well, but *Cupid* and the *Satyre* hers. We ſee, *Love* that is kindled at *firſt ſight*, hath oft an *eager fierceneſs* with it; beyond that which is leiſurely *built up* by *time* and

conver-

converſation. 'Tis Lightning melts the Sword, which elſe is proof 'gainſt all the ſtroaks of the hand upon the Anvil. Surely *Job* conſidered how apt he might be to be *ſurpris'd*, when he made that *Covenant* with his *eyes* againſt *beauty*. For want of which, *David* was *catch'd* by the *accidental* ſeeing of but *Bathſheba* bathe at a diſtance. 'Tis oft the *booty* that makes the *un-intending thief*; for that firſt *ſteals* the man, before the man *ſteals* it. Opportunity creates a ſinner; at leaſt, it calls him out to act; and, like the warming Sun, invites the ſleeping Serpent from his holes. We are like Flax that's dreſs'd, and dry'd, and kemb'd; if the leaſt ſpark but fall upon us, we cannot chuſe but burn. And though the *Pelagians* of old, would underſtand our *praying againſt temptation*, but a *deſire* to be *protected* from the *accidents* and *chances* of *human life*; yet, doubtleſs, our Saviour knowing the *proneneſs* of our *nature* to *ſin*, and how eaſily we were to be *ſurpriſed*, and how hardly we could *eſcape*, if once *temptations* did but *glance* upon us; taught us to pray, *that we might not come into temptation*; leſt by it, we ſhould be overcome and periſh. Who commits himſelf to the Sea, is every minute waving towards *death*; and *ſodain guſts* indanger more the Veſſel, than the *conſtant gale* that drives the Bark before it. Like Acute diſeaſes, they ſooner deſtroy life, than the leiſurely progreſſions of a long collecting ſickneſs. It is one of the weightieſt, and moſt material parts of *Prudence*, to prepare and arm our ſelves to encounter *Accidents*. *Wit* as well as *Wiſdom* is required to this buſineſs; for, a man *ſurpriſed*, is even in *reaſon* more than *half beaten*; being taken at a *diſadvantage*, from which hath no way to *extricate* himſelf, but by the *dextrouſneſs* of his *ingenuity*. 'Tis a fright that ſhrinks the ſoul into a corner, out of which it dares not peep to look abroad for help; ſo in ſtead of a Remedy it runs to deſpair. The unexpected ſight of *Thysbe*'s garments, without examining, parted both the Lovers to act their own ſad Tragedies. Had not the richneſs of the *Babyloniſh* garment, and the weighty wedg of gold tempted the inclining *Achan*, he had not been ſeduced to trouble *Iſrael*. 'Twas *Dinah*'s itch to ſee new faſhions, that expoſed her to a Raviſhment. To *avoid occaſions*, and to be *above accidents*, is one of the greateſt maſteries of Man. How like naked beggars we ſee the weak ſoul skip under the laſh of every ſodain dyſaſter; while the magnanimous and compoſed mind, by preparing and forethinking, meets nothing new to bring him to amazement? He that foreſees an Inconvenience, though he cannot always avoid it; yet he may be ever fitted to bear it better. If we caſt before hand, we may avoid being put to the after-Game. And the edge of the evil is abated, if we but ſee the Bow that is bent againſt us.

LXI. *Of*

LXI.

Of Improving by good Examples.

THere is no man, but for his *own intereſt*, hath an *obligation* to be *Honeſt*. There may be ſomtimes temptations to be otherwiſe; but, all Cards caſt up, he ſhall find it the greateſt eaſe, the higheſt profit, the beſt pleaſure, the moſt ſafety, and the Nobleſt Fame, to hold the horns of this Altar, which, in all aſſays, can in himſelf protect him. And though in the march of human life, over the Stage of this world, a man ſhall find preſented ſomtimes *examples* of *thriving* Vice, and ſeveral opportunities to invite him upon a ſeeming *advantage* to cloſe with unhandſome practices: yet, every man ought ſo to improve his *progreſs* in what is *juſt* and *right*, as to be able to diſcern the *fraud* and *fained pleaſurableneſs* of the *bad*, and to chuſe and follow what is *good* and *warrantable*. If any man ſhall object, that the world is far more *bad* than *good*, ſo that the *good* man ſhall be ſure to be over-powred by the *evil*: the caſe is long ſince reſolved by *Antiſthenes*, That 'tis better with a *few good men*, to fight againſt an *Army* of *bad*; than with *ſwarms* and *ſhoals* of *bad men*, to have a *few good men* his Enemies. And ſurely this was it which raiſed up *David* to that *bravery* of *ſpirit* which made him profeſs, *That though an Hoſt were pitched againſt him, yet ſhould not his heart be afraid.* He that is *intirely* and *genuinely Honeſt*, is the *figure* and *repreſentation* of the *Deity*, which will draw down a *Protection* upon it againſt all the *injuries* of any that ſhall dare to abuſe it. There is a kind of *Taliſmanical influence* in the *ſoul* of ſuch. A more *immediate impreſs* of the *Divinity* is printed on the ſpirits of theſe, than all the ſcattered herd of looſer minds are capable of. The *rays* of *heaven* do more *perpendicularly* ſtrike upon the minds of theſe, whereby they have both *aſſimilation* to *God*, *propenſity* to *good*, and *defence* againſt *injury*. And it not only *obligeth* men not to do *wrong*; but, to make *amends* if *wrong* be done: and to diſpenſe with *benefits* to our ſelves, if in the leaſt they ſhall bring *detriment* to others. So that a man ought not only to *reſtore* what is unduly *gotten*, or unawares *let ſlip* by others; but to ſeek out how we may do *right*. Thus if I find a Treaſure, and know not him that loſt it, I owe my endeavor to ſearch and find him out, that it may be again reſtor'd. It is truly ſaid by St. *Auguſtine*, *Quod inveniſti & non reddidiſti, rapuiſti.* He ſteals the thing he finds, that labors not to reſtore it. If he does not reſtore it, 'tis enough, that he does not do it, only becauſe he cannot.

And although no man be *privileged* to *ſwerve* from what is *Honeſt*; yet, ſome men have, by much, more *obligation* to be ſo than others. They have taſted of *higher diſpenſations*, been more *deterred* by *Judgments*, more *gained* upon by *Mercies*, or are *illuminated* with more *radiant knowledg*, whereby they better underſtand than others, wherein

wherein to be ſo. And, indeed, without *knowledg* 'tis impoſſible to underſtand wherein to do right. Though the beſt knowledg a man hath, be a light ſo dimly burning, that it hardly ſhews him to ſee clearly all the *cobwebs* and *foul corners* in his affairs: Yet *ignorance* is an *opacous* thing, and if not a *total darkneſs*, yet ſuch an *eclipſe*, as makes us apt to ſtumble, and puts us to grope out our way.

And beſides all theſe, there are ſome that have more *reaſon* to be *Honeſt* than others, as having found *dealings* from others, that, like fire brought nearer, warms their conſcience more. And not only would be evidence and conviction againſt them if they did *wrong*, but ſtirs them up to do *right*.

And truly, I ſhall not bluſh to tell my Reader, that in the Number of theſe, I look upon my ſelf as *concern'd*. Should I fail of being *Honeſt*, when *advantage* ſhould be in my hand, I ſhould not only be *upbraided* but *condemned* by two eſpecial paſſages that happened to my ſelf; which for the Rarity may beget my pardon, that here I ſet them down to be known. One was:

An unknown Porter brings to me, to my Lodging, A Box ſeald up, and on the outſide directed to my ſelf. I enquired *from whom he had it:* He told me, *A Gentleman that was a ſtranger to him, and whoſe Name or reſidence he knew not, gave it him in the ſtreet, and gave him 6 d. to deliver it ſafely*; which now he had done, and having diſcharged his part, he could give me no further account. I opened the Box, where the firſt thing I met with was a Note written in a hand I knew not, without any Name ſubſcribed, in theſe very following words:

> *Mr.* Owen Feltham, *It was my hap in ſome dealing with you to wrong you of five pounds, which I do now repay double, humbly intreating you to forgive me that great wrong, and to pray the Lord to forgive me this, and the reſt of my ſins.*

And under this Note, folded in another Paper in the ſame Box, were *Ten Twenty-ſhilling-pieces* in Gold: I cannot call to mind, that ever I was deceived of ſuch a ſum as 5 *l.* in any kind of dealing, nor to this hour can I ſo much as gueſs at the perſon from whom it came. But I believe, he did it to disburthen a Conſcience. And ſurely, if I knew him, I ſhould return him an eſteem ſuitable to the merit of ſo pious an action. And ſince he would not let me know his Name to value him as he deſerv'd, I have preſum'd to recite the thing, that others from the ſenſe of it may learn to be *honeſt* and himſelf reap the *benefit*, that may happen by ſo *good* an *example*.

This perhaps might be from ſome one, that not only profeſſed, but practiſed *Piety*, and the rules of *honeſt Living*. And though I could not expect ſo much ſhould be found among thoſe that pretend not ſo high in Religion; yet, to ſhew, that even in looſer Callings, and as well now, as in our Saviours time, ſome (reckoned among Publicans and Sinners) may go to Heaven before the captious and the critical Cenſoriſt; (If we ſhall judg by exterior demeanor, as the Rule that's given

given us; I shall beg leave to give my Reader this second Story, which was thus.

Going with some Gentlewomen to a Play at *Salisbury* Court, I cast into the Womans Box who sate at the door to receive the Pay (as I thought) so many shillings as we were persons in number; so we pass'd away, went in, and sate out the Play, Returning out the same way, the Woman that held the Box as we went in, was there again, as we went out; neither I, nor any of my company knew her, or she us; but as she had observed us going in, she addresses to me, and says, *Sir, Do you remember what Mony you gave me when you went in? Sure* (said I,) *'tis I take it, I gave you twelve pence a piece for my self, and these of my Company. Ay Sir* (replies she) *that you did, and somthing more; for here is an Eleven shilling Piece of Gold that you gave me in stead of a Shilling; and if you please to give me twelve pence for it, 'tis as much as I can demand.* Here had been, if the woman had been so minded (though a little) yet a secure *prize*. But, as many do probably conjecture, that *Zacheus*, who made *Restitution* to the shame of the obdurate *Jews*, was a *Gentile* as well as a *Publican*: So this, from one of a *Calling*, in dis-repute, and suspected, may not only instruct the more precise of Garb, and form of *Honesty*, but shew us that in any *Vocation*, a man may take occasion to be *just* and *faithful*. And let no man wonder, that a person thus dealt withal, and lesson'd into his duty by the Practice of others to him; joyn'd with his other obligations to *goodness*; be hereby prevail'd upon to a greater care of his own *Uprightness* and *Integrity*, than perhaps without finding these, might have been. I will not have the vanity, to say, These passages have rendred me better: Nor am I ashamed to confess, that I have somtime remembred them with *profit*. Sure I am, they ought not to lose their Influence, nor to pass unheeded; when they shall reflect on our selves. He that means to be a good Limner, will be sure to draw after the most excellent Copies, and guide every stroke of his Pencil by the better pattern that he lays before him: So, he that desires that the *Table* of his *Life* may be fair, will be careful to propose the *best Examples*; and will never be content, till he equals, or excels them.

LXII.

Of Hatred.

THere is a *Civil Hatred*, when men in general *detest* whatsoever is *Vice*. And the Prophet *David* speaking of the wicked, says, *He hated them with a perfect hatred*; to shew us, that *Hatred* is then *Perfect*, when the Object is only *Sin*. For we ought not as a Creature to *hate* any thing that God hath made. All that he fram'd was *good*, excellently *good*, and merited both *love* and *admiration*. But *Sin* and *Vice*, being things that God never created, we ought to abandon and *abhor* them,

them, as being derogatory to his Glory and Wisdom, and destructive to the being of that which he was pleas'd to make for the satisfaction of his own free will and pleasure. And hitherto *hatred* is good. But of *hate*, as a *Vice*, either in our selves towards others, or from others to us, there is reason to be careful, that, even with both hands, we thrust them both away. *Hatred* in our selves against others, is but perpetuated and long-liv'd *Anger*, which ought never to last longer than the declining Sun; but continued, like heady Wine, it intoxicates the Brain and Senses. He that nourishes *Hate* in himself against any other person whatsoever, sows *weeds* in his own *Garden*, that will quickly choke those *Flowers*, that else he might take pleasure in. At first, it does but simper, yet time will boil it up to height and rage. As Pismires towards *August*, though they did but creep before, yet, now they will begin to fly. The beginning for the most part is but mean and poor; yet, 'tis *fire*, and from a shaving, or neglected rush, it easily can sometimes whole *Cities* turn to *Cinders*. The *Feuds* of Families bubbled up at first from little *weeping Springs*, that any child with ease might trample over, that shew'd all clear, and seem'd to tell no danger: but gathering as they creep and curl about, they rise to *Rivers* past our foording over. *Timon*, that at first allow'd himself to *hate* but only *bad*, grew at last, to *hate* whatever he found was *Man*. 'Tis *Envies* Eldest Daughter, that, besides being Coheir with *Insultation* upon *Adversity*, troubled at *Prosperity*, Back-biting and loud-tongued *Detraction*; inherits all the mischief that can arise from *Malice*. No man drench't in *Hate*, can promise to himself the candidness of an upright *Judg*; his *hate* will partialize his *Opinion*. He that is known to *hate* a man, shall never be believed in speaking of him: no, in neither *truth*, nor *falshood*. If he speak well, he shall be thought to *dissemble*; if ill, it will be taken as from *malice*, and the prejudice that he is byast with. So, while he carries the *heart* of a *Murtherer*, he shall be sure to have the *fate* of a *Lyar*: not to be *believ'd*, though he does speak what is *true*.

And though this in our selves be fatally enough destructive, yet, 'tis much more dangerous when it flies upon us from others. A Wise man will be wary of purchasing the *hate* of any. Those which *Prudence* might make his Guard, as *Cadmus* his Teeth he sows into Serpents, that lie in wait to sting. Against the *Hatred* of a Multitude there is no fence, but, what must come by Miracle. Nor Wealth, nor Wit, nor Bands of armed men, can keep them safe, that have made themselves the *hate* of an *inraged multitude*. 'Tis Thunder, Lightning, Storm and Hail, together. How many *Imperial* Heads did the *Populacy* of the *Romans* tread upon? Let no man slight the *scorns*, and *hate* of the people. When 'tis unjust, 'tis a *Wolf*; but, when 'tis just, a *Dragon*. Though the *Tyrant* seated high, does think he may contemn their *malice*: yet, he may remember, they have many *hands*, while he hath but one *neck* only. If he, being single, be dangerous to many; those many will to him alone be dangerous in their *hate*. The Sands of

Africa, though they be but barren duſt, and lightneſs; yet, anger'd by the Winds, they bury both the Horſe and Traveller alive. With any weapon that comes next, it can both fight and kill. *Quem quiſque odit, periiſſe expetit*; His *hated Enemy* he expects ſhould periſh. And when he hath neither wealth nor ſtrength, he watches Occaſion, and attends both Time and Fortune. There be four things that more particularly do generate *Hate*; *Pride*, *Covetouſneſs*, *Perfidiouſneſs*, and *Cruelty*.

The *proud* man is the ſubject of *contempt*. And 'tis no wonder to find Man againſt him; when we find upon Record, that God doth reſiſt him. *Pride* is the eldeſt of the ſeven deadly Sins: And becauſe, that would domineer over all, 'tis juſt, that all ſhould ſeek to pull it down. If it did caſt *Angels* out of Heaven, from Earth it well may throw offending *Man*. The *proud Man* would have us believe him to be a *God*; he would rule all, he would be thought to excel all: he would be *Papal*, and *Infallible*, when others know him to be ſhort of a *Man*, a Bond-man to ſome pitiful luſt, and quite miſled and erring. And 'tis for this, That though ſome out of *fear*, or *intereſt*, may bow to him; yet, the generous and wiſe moſt *abhor* to have him their *Ruler*, that cannot rule himſelf: Uſually, though he be high, he is barren. Like Mount *Gilboa*, he has neither dew nor rain. As to *Sejanus* his Goddeſs, *Fortune*, we offer *Incenſe* and *Perfumes*, till we find ſhe turns away, and then (as he) we kick her, and break her to pieces. Even *Heaven*, to *proud* ones, does deny its Influence. Let no man therefore think to get to *Heaven* and ſtability by that, with which the *Angels* there could not be permitted to ſtay.

Secondly, *Covetonſneſs*. This is ſo greedy to catch at all, that it pulls even *hate* along. A ſordidneſs ſo cleaves to it, that *diſdain* and *ſcorn* attends it. 'Tis the inlet of thoſe ſins, that grate, and ſcratch, and gall, Thefts, Rapes, and Plunders, Perjuries, and oppreſſive Murthers; and makes a man not only a Thief, but a Jaylor too: For, whatever the *Covetous* catches, he keeps it up a Priſoner; ſo that neither himſelf will, nor any other can make uſe of it. *Hatred* is as properly due to the *Covetous*, as Affection to the Bountiful. And we may as well *love* the *Rat* that drags our *Evidence* into his hole, and eats it, as we may the *craving* and *rapacious perſon*. He empties all the veins, and ſucks the hearts life-bloud; for, he drains away Mony; and that, the old *Comedian* tells us, *Anima & ſanguis eſt Mortalibus*; 'Tis the common Peoples Soul. The enjoyment of Propriety, is that which preſerves men in peace; but, he that *rapines* upon that, as a Robber, ſhall find Swords and Staves taken up againſt him to defend it. *Septimius Severus* had not ventured to march to *Rome*, in queſt of the Empire; if he had not known his Souldiers all paid, and *Julianus hated* of the people for his *Covetouſneſs*. *Marcus Craſſus* being a *Roman* General, had ne're been us'd ſo hardly by the *Parthians*, as to have melted Gold pour'd down his Throat, if his *Avarice* and *Rapine*, turning the public *calamities* to his private *benefit*, had not made him *hated*.

Poſſideat

Possideat quantum rapuit Nero, montibus aurum
Exæquet, nec amet quenquam, nec ametur ab ullo.
Gold more than *Mountains*, or than *Nero* seiz'd,
Can never make him pleasing, or well pleas'd.

A third and main procurer of *Hate*, is *Falshood* and *Perfidiousness*: 'Tis the highest *cheat* in Humanity. A *deceived Trust* exasperates Affection into an *Enemy*, and cancels all the Bonds of Nature. When we prosecute a *deceiver* and a *violator* of *Faith*, we undertake the cause of all Mankind. For every one is concern'd, that a *Traytor* and an *Impostor* be banished out of the world; for, he that premeditately *cozens* one, does not *cozen* all, but only, because he cannot. And, when a Man grows once to be noted for a person of *falshood*, and a *Jugler*, every man will avoid him as a Trap that is set only to give Wounds and Death. As with a Jadish Horse, if we will be safe, we must be sure not to come within the reach of his heels: who is it that will not hate him, with whom it is not safe to live? If a man be once a Fox, he ows his preservation to his *craft*, but nothing to the good will of his *neighbors*. He comes then to be in the Catalogue of those, that *Peter Ramus* speaks of, *Quidam versantur in dolis, & eis quælibet adversantur*. Every thing is enemy to him that is *deceitful*. *Pausanias* was but suspected to betray *Lysander* in the battail: and the people would not rest till he was banisht from *among* them. *Deceipt* is a Thief in the night, which steals upon us in the *dark*, when we think our selves *secure*, and are not aware of either his *Way* or his *Time*, which makes us sleep as it were in *Armor* guarded about with *bars* against him, and with *mastiffs* to destroy him.

The next Monster that calls up *Hate* against us, is *Cruelty*; which ever is usher'd on with *severity* and *rigor*. Man is a frail thing and should he be put to *expiate* every offence with the extremity of *Punishment*, he must have many lives, or else have his *Torments* endless. We expect a Fathers pardon, and know the Gods do not alwaies *punish* to the height. He that hath not mercy to *mitigate Correction*, excludes himself from favor when he fails. To be alwaies strict and scrupulous is not *conversation* for man; It presently descends him into *cruelty*, which makes him as a wild beast shunn'd. He that cannot kill him, will avoid him if he can: 'Tis not in Nature that ever he should be lov'd. 'Tis with *cruelty* as 'tis with *choler*. It is kindled with meeting it's like: as *flints* that knock together, fire flies from both. No man can love his *Tormentor*, or him that would destroy his being. *Ferina ista rabies est, sanguine gaudere & vulneribus, & abjecto homine, in sylvestre animal transire*. That rage is wholly bestial that smacks the lips with bloud and bleeding wounds, and casting off *Humanity* he passes into fierce and savage. *Nero*, *Caligula*, *Vitellius*, and many more, afford us sad examples of the end of cruelty: and above all, the unfortunate *Andronicus*, who met with more by the torrent of a popular *hate* than one would think humanity could either suffer or invent: All things that men met

with, were instruments of *fury*, and every *Boy* and *Girl* became an *Executioner*.

To prevent the hate of others, is, not to love our selves too much. He that does so, becomes unrival'd in affection, and at last does love alone what all men else do hate. The best is, not to prefer our private before a generality; and rather to pass over trivials, than be angry at *punctilios*. He that minds his own with moderation, and but seldom intrudes on the concernments of others, shall surely find less cause to hate, or to be hated; and may at last come to live like the *Adonis* of the sea, that *Ælian* speaks of, in perfect tranquillity among all the rapacious fishes of the *Ocean*.

LXIII.

Of hardness of Heart.

THis is not so much when a man is careless and unsensible of anothers condition, as when a man by the practice and custom of sin is grown obdurate, and sear'd upso, as nothing can work upon him to mollifie him that he may be medicinable. *Origen* gives a handsome Character of it, *Cor durum est, cum mens humana velut cera, frigore iniquitatis obstricta, signaculum Imaginis divinæ non recipit*; Then is the *heart hardned* when the mind of man like wax becomes so petrifi'd with the cold benummings of sin, that the impression of the Divine image cannot be made in it. So that other sinners are passing on the way, but the *hard-hearted* is come within the confines of a final destruction. He not only marches fast from God, but he builds a wall at his back, that he cannot retire to the Camp where he might be safe. He is pass'd over the Sea of *Iniquity*; and then, as the *Prince* of *Orange* at the battail of *Newport*, he sends away the shipping, that he may not have a mind to return. He puts himself out of the power of persuasion; like a stubborn metal, once ill cast, he leaves no way to be mended but by breaking: so much he is his own *dire Enemy*, that without a Rape upon him he will not find *Salvation*. Tis not the distilling showr nor the gently fanning air, nor the ruffling wind, nor the rowling Thunder, that can work upon him. 'Tis only Lightning that can pierce the pores and melt the steeled heart within the scabbard, that must either do the business or leave him quite undone for ever. For whatsoever happens to him to mend him, makes him worse.

Adversity, that is the Academy of Life to instruct and breed up man in all the ways of *Virtue* and *Knowledg*, to him it's but like the Gaol where he learns to *shift* and *cheat*, till at last he grows *incorrigible* and *desperate*. Prosperity suns him to a harder temper. Elation leads in disdain, which spurns away the hand that offers but to lift him up. Benefits seldom sink into *obdurate minds*; They take them to be *Duty*

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in others, but *merit* and *desert* in themselves. 'Tis the soft and gentle Nature that is soonest taken with a courtesie, there it sinks as essence does in cotton till all becomes a Fragrancy; And therefore as they are most unhappy to themselves in the end, so they are worse for others to converse with in the way. For as nothing but *compulsion* can make them be *indurable*, so 'tis not a little trouble to the ingenious to be put upon ways of constraint. The generous nature likes himself then the worst, when he must appear a *pedagogue* with a *Rod* or *Ferula* even in his hand, the good inclination is soonest won by fair and civil dealings. But *ill dispositions* being led by *passion* and a *sensual appetite* grow dangerous when not awed by *Force*, nor yet are they much the better by *punishment* or faring worse. The unruly horse that's spurr'd is more so for his spurring. Like the *steel* both by *fire* and *water* too, it is *hardned*; *Pharaoh* was not better'd by all the plagues brought over him. Nor were the *Jews* by his example mended either in the radiance of the Gospel, or the raging of their sedition in *Jerusalem*. Neither was their obduration, or their *obcecation* less. Judgments that are the *terrors* and the *turners* of the *seduced Soul*, that hath but humanity in it; upon the obstinate they do not work at all. Either they *reverberate* them back before they pierce; as a wall of steel does a blunt-headed *arrow*; or if they do perhaps a little while find entrance, like the *Elephant* with the *Convulsion* of his *nerves*, and his *bodies contraction*, he casts out the shaft that sticks within him: so he *closes* in his *own Corruption*, which else might find vent at the *wounds*. 'Tis a fatal Notion under which the *Apostle* renders it, The *hardness* of thy *Heart* that *cannot repent*. As if by a Bar put upon it, it were sealed up to *ruin*. He is *chain'd* and *pinnion'd* and prepar'd for *Execution*, that he cannot *repent*. 'Tis like being born a *fool*. When Nature has doom'd him among the *incapacious* and *silly*, 'tis not in the power of correction or instruction, or in all the arts, to cure him. The pestle and the mortar cannot do it, nor can the *hardned Soul* by any thing be *mollify'd*, being indeed fit only for *destruction*. He is neither meet to govern, nor to be govern'd by others. As *Rome* when sinking to *confusion*, *nec libertatem, nec servitutem potest tolerare*. Neither Obedience or Commands can be indur'd or manag'd. And this does easily come to pass when men are once habituated in Vice. As constant labor fears the painful hand to *hardned brawn*, and a *callous insensibility*: so the continued practice of Vice does hinder the minds clear sense, and leaves it in a way *incorrigible*, *Desinit esse remedio locus, ubi, quæ fuerant vitia, mores fiant*, When Vices habit themselves into custom and manners, there then wants room to take in what should Remedy. If frailty therefore casts us into Vice, let no mans *obstinacy* so fasten the nail in his *Soul*, that it cannot without tearing all in pieces, be pull'd out. He that commits an error does too much: but he that persists in it, grows an *Heretic*, shuts himself out of the Verge of the Church; so is not qualified to *claim salvation*.

LXIV. *Of*

LXIV.

Of Revenge.

THere is no man that *ſeeks Revenge*, but 'tis becauſe he conceives he hath had *injury* done him. And though there be a ſeeming Juſtice in the *requital*; yet, for the moſt part it is done by doing *injury* to him that firſt offered it to us; which in the *actor* cannot but be *evil*, ſince to offer *injury*, upon any ſcore, is *unjuſt*. Anothers doing *injury* to me, cannot *legitimate* my doing *wrong* to him. So though it be a thing both eaſie and uſual, and, as the world thinks, ſavouring of ſome Nobleneſs, to repay a *wrong* with *wrong*: Yet *Religion* ſpeaks the *contrary*, and tells us, 'Tis better to *neglect* it than *requite* it. When *wrong* is done us, that which we have to do, is to remove it. We are not commiſſion'd to *return* it; But doing *wrong* again, does no way do the thing: What will it eaſe me when I am *vext*, that I may *vex* another? Can anothers ſuffering *pain*, take off from my own *ſmarts*? 'Tis but a purer folly to make another *weep*, becauſe I have that which *grieves* me. Nay well examin'd, tis a kind of Frenzy, and ſomthing Irrational, becauſe another hath done us a *miſchief*, therefore we will *hurt* our ſelves, that fruitleſly we may do him *one*; perhaps it may be it was from hence, that Poets feign'd, that *Nemeſis* was by *Jupiter* tranſform'd into a Gooſe, a ſilly Creature, to ſet out unto us the *folly* of *Revenge*; for, at beſt, 'tis in us, but returning *evil* for *evil*; and that in the favorableſt appellation, we cannot call leſs than *frailty*, which, is indeed an *Inquination*. Suppoſe a mad Dog *bites* me, ſhall I be mad and *bite* that Dog again? If I do *kill* him, 'tis not ſo much to help my ſelf, as 'tis to keep others from harm. My intereſt is to ſeek a preſent Remedy, while purſuing the Cur, I may at once both loſe my Wit and my Cure. If a Waſp ſting me, I purſue not the winged Inſect, through the air, but ſtreight apply to draw the venom forth.

And, in *Revenge*, though the *rancor*, ſhould be *tolerable*; yet the *uſurpation* never can be *juſtified*. The *right* of *vengeance* reſts in *God alone*, and he that takes it out of his hand, he ſo far does *dethrone* him, as to put himſelf in his place. And while we throw a *petty vengeance* on the head of our *offending brother*, we boldly pull the Almighties on *our own*. The mind of man in peace and calm-warm *Charity*, is the *Temple* and the *Palace* of the *Holy Ghoſt*; but, *Revenge* is a raging flame that burns this Houſe of God in the Land. Like *Heroſtratus*, he gains but a miſtaken and polluted fame, that burns this ſtately Structure of the Goddeſs. Through his own ſwell'd heart, he ſtrikes a flaming ſword, that he may, to pleaſe his *malice*, but pierce his enemies garment. *Diogenes*, ſure, was much in the righter way, when to one that ask'd him, *How he might take the beſt Revenge of his Enemy?* his anſwer was, *By ſhewing himſelf an honeſt and upright man.* St. *Auguſtin* yet goes further, and ſays, *The revengeful man makes himſelf the Judg,*

and

and God his Executioner; and, when he wishes God to plague that wicked Enemy of his: 'Tis just with God to ask which *wicked one* he means, since both the *best* is *bad*, and *Revenge* it self is *Injury*. Nor is it only against the laws of *Divinity*, but against the laws of *Reason*; for a man in his *own concern*, to make himself *Judg*, and *Accuser*, and *Executioner* too. 'Tis like our late misnam'd *High Court of Justice*, to which the *Loyal* and the *Noble*, the *Honest* and the *Brave* were *violenc'd* by *Ambition* and *Malice*, and *sacrificed* to the *Dæmons* of misguided *Rage* and *Passion*. Surely, the best return of *injury* is to *do good*, the next is to overlook it as a thing below us. If it be *injury*, our *revenge* is in the Actors bosom; What need we do that which his own mind within him will do for us? If it be not *injury*, we ought not then to be *angry* at all: so if we have a disposition to do a *displeasure*, upon our selves the *Revenge* is to be practiz'd, for that we have let our *passion boyl* beyond the *temper* that it ought to hold. 'Twas a high Imperial act in *Conrade* the first, who having had a sharp war with *Henry* Duke of *Saxony*, and having had his Army by him newly overthrown, and his Brother beaten out of the field; yet being sick, and believing he should shortly die, he sends for all the Princes of the Empire, and there, though his Brother were still alive, he recommends to 'em this his Enemy, as the fittest man to rule the Empire after him. Thus we see, great minds do somtimes light on Actions suitable, and learn by commanding others at last to command themselves in the height of seething bloud, to the wonder and instructing, by example, such as God hath set to come after: and to shew us, that as in God, so in those that in their power draw neerest to him; there is a Greatness greater than *Revenge*, while meaner and lesser Powers are wholly swallowed by it. It shews our want of strength, when we let this *Passion* master us. If we would see what kind of things they be, we may learn from *Martials friend* that they are,

——Indocti, quorum præcordia nullis
Interdum aut levibus videas flagrantia causis:
Quantulacunq; adeò est occasio, sufficit Iræ.
Chrysippus non dicit idem, nec mite Thaletis
Ingenium; dulciq; Senex vicinus Hymetto,
Qui partem acceptæ sæva inter vinc'la cicutæ
Accusatori nollet dare.——

Unletter'd souls, whose glowing hearts will hiss
With *nothing*, or what next to *nothing* is:
Each petty chance for passion shall suffice.
Though so *Chrysippus* taught not, nor the wise
Cool *Thales:* nor old *Socrates*, who would
In chains not part his Hemlock to the bold
Accuser 'gainst his life. ——

If ever *Revenge* be fit to be taken, it is when all our *passions* are becalm'd; and then 'tis but as Physic to be us'd more to prevent a future fit, than satisfie our craving appetite. All *Revenge* is a kind of War, and

and any easie Peace is to be put before it; for, when we are once ingag'd, we know not when to recoyl. A single child may fire a populous City, when all the wise men in it may perhaps be pos'd to quench it. If we consider rightly; for the most part, the *Remedy* is beyond the *Disease*; and 'tis not a wise mans part, to chuse what is most mischievous. He that does but defer it, gains time: and then we may look about and see our way more clear; so with safety we may make that *Punishment*, which acted in *passion* would be *Revenge*.

LXV.

That most men have their weaknesses, by which they may be taken.

THough it be not necessary to *labor* for a *flowing wealth*, yet tis fit we have so much, as we need; and not for the *want* of *wealth*, expose our selves to be *necessitated* to *ill*. As a man would willingly have wherewithal to do *good*; so he may be happier to be in such a *condition*, as not to be *oblig'd* to *inconvenience*, through defect, nor endanger'd by *Plenty* to be *proud* and *petulant*. The *Poor* are so fettered by their *poverty*, that they may easily be taken by the Assault of any that will but pretend their Relief. The *Rich* are taken by their own *ambition*, by their *passion*, or their *appetite*, their *liberty*, or *wantonness*: That 'tis no easie matter in the extreme of either fortune, to resist a fierce temptation when 'tis offered. And besides all these, in any estate our own Inclinations are the powerfullest motive-Trains to lead us. Whosoever shews a *passion* or an *avidity* to any thing; he thereby tells his Enemy where he is weak, and in what Muse we may set a snare to take him. And 'tis a rare thing to find any man so fortify'd on all sides, that he can rest stanch against all the baits that are cast out to catch him. Every man hath something whereby he may be taken; and, 'tis rare to find that fish that at some time or other will not *bite*, if the *bait* be such as likes him. Even *Augustus* had his *Mecænas*, and *Alexander* his *Hephæstion*. And 'tis well, if we be drawn at all, that we happen to be led by a *Noble Conduct*. Though 'tis best when a man can be his own *Solomon*, and his own *honest Hushai*, to support himself, and overthrow the designs of his Enemies; yet, he is next to best, that being in *doubt*, will take *advice* from the *Oracle*, rather than the *cheating Augur*.

But *vitious men*, or such as are not *balanc'd* by *true Honor*, have not only some peculiar *enormity*; but, they have every thing that is sensual to enslave them. And somtime even the meanest and the most petty thing, as a chain, can lead them any where. If they be but Paper-Kites, even a little boy with a slender thred can pull them where he pleaseth, and draw them down from Heaven unto Earth: A Horse, a Dog, a Landscape, or some lighter thing. *Vitellius* and *Apicius* were for Gormandizing and Gluttony: *Vespasian* and *Didius Julianus* were for Profit:

Profit: *Nero* might be catch'd with a Song, and *Domitian* with a Fly. *Claudius* had his beloved *Muſhrome*, and *Craſſus* wept for the death of his dear *Muræna*. Nor is it *love* alone, but *hate* as well as it, that places us in the Diſadvantage. A known Antipathy gives our Enemy help to ſubdue us. Even *Beaſts* that *reaſon want*, have yet the *ſenſe* to make their *advantage* of it. The Fox, that knows the Badger hateth ſluttiſhneſs, by fouling of his entrance, drives him out of his Earth. And 'tis a vaſt Prerogative, that man hath over the reſt of the Creatures, by only knowing their Inclinations and Abhorrencies. He knows both with what *baits* to incite them, and with what *ſhewels* to drive into the Net and Toyl: By knowing this, and appropriating to their appetites and fears, he becomes a Maſter of thoſe, that by his Power and the Corporeal endowments of Nature, he never would be able to conquer. What force could ſeize the uncontrolled Lyon, if it were not tempted by the Lamb upon the poſt, or terrified by the fire that he hates and trembles at? What ſwiftneſs could overtake or draw the mounting Falcon from the Clouds, if the Pigeon on the Lure ſhould not ſtoop her to the ſmall reward on the extended fiſt?

Doubtleſs, He that hath the feweſt fancies, that is free from the ſting of pointed and pricking *want*, that is not tumor'd with the too much barm of *wealth*, that can moſt conceal or maſter thoſe *ticklings* and *aſperities* that he hath in himſelf, is the neareſt to a *contentful enjoyment* at *home*, and an *unenvy'd peril* from *abroad*. I have never read of any Iſland ſo Impregnable, but nature had left in it ſome place or other, by which it might be Vanquiſhable: So it is more rare to find out any perſon ſo at all points Arm'd, but there is ſome way left whereby he may be ſometime ſurpriz'd. This Paſſion, that Affection, this Friend, or that Kinſman, this or that delight, or inclination. He is the *ſtrongeſt* that hath feweſt acceſſes. But, as thoſe places are the *weakeſt* that lye open to every *Invader*; ſo certainly, he is the moſt ſubject to be *overcome*, whoſe *eaſineſs* expoſes him to be *prevail'd* upon, by every *feeble attempt*. And however, by Nature, he may be fertile, and of a good ſoyl; yet, if he lies unmounded, he ſhall be ſure to be always low. At leaſt, a man would have a Fence, and a Gate, and not let every Beaſt that hath but craft or impudence, to graze or dung upon him. In any *Eſtate*, it is moſt conducing to *freedom*, not to be *behind hand*. He that puts himſelf into a *needy condition*, he walks with *manacles* on his *hands*; and to every one he deals with, gives power to *lock* them on. *Neceſſity* is *ſtronger* than either *Wine*, or *Women*; and if a Man be taken in that, he is but as a *Wyth* in the hand of a Gyant: he can neither *buy* nor *ſell* like other men; but wearing his own *chains*, is at the *mercy* of him that will lead him.

LXVI.

That Spiritual things are better, and Temporal worse, than they seem.

IT is almoſt univerſally true, that which *Seneca* ſaid of *Joy*, *Omnes tendunt ad Gaudium; ſed, unde magnum & ſtabile conſequantur, ignorant*, Every man would arrive at *Joy* and *Contentment*, but how to come by ſuch as may be *great* and *laſting*, there are but few that know. We are quite miſtaken in moſt of what we graſp at. The Progreſs of Man is but like ſome lofty Tower, erected in the bottom of a Valley: We climb up high, in hope to ſee *Wonders*, and when we are at the top, our Proſpect is nothing the *better*. The Hills encompaſſing, terminate our Eye, and we ſee after all our pains, but larger piles of Earth, that interpoſe betwixt us and Heaven. The *greateſt pleaſure* we had, was, when we were getting up: *Belief* of *better*, lifts our eaſie ſteps; but, mounted once, we find a cheated Faith: Which drew wiſe *Bias* to conclude, that nothing was to Man more ſweet than *Hope*. Even all *Earthly delights* I find ſweeter in *expectation*, than *injoyment:* But, all *Spiritual pleaſures* more in *fruition*, than *expectation*. Theſe *Carnal contentments*, that here we *joy* in, are ſhew'd us through a Proſpective Glaſs, which makes them *ſeem* both greater, clearer, and nigher at hand. When the *Devil* took our *Saviour* to the Mountain, *He ſhewed him all the Kingdoms and glory of them*; but never mentions the troubles, the dangers, the cares, the fears, the vexations and the vigilancies, which are as it were the Thorns and Mantlings wherewith a *Crown* is lined. He held a full blown Roſe, but mention'd not the prickles ſhaded underneath. I ſomething doubt, whether to get *wealth* with ſome labour, be not more *pleaſure*, than wantonly to ſpend it. 'Tis a queſtion, whether to expect a *Crown* be not more *content*, than to wear one? And ſurely, were not their Perſons Sacred, that is, by the Laws of God and Man, untouchable as to prejudice; and ſo, protected againſt the malice, the envy, the fury, and the rabidneſs of ſelf-ended Man: It would not be an eaſie matter to Conjure him into that Enchanting Circle. Whatſoever *Temporal felicity* we apprehend, we call out the *pleaſures*, and over-prize them; the *perils* and *moleſtations* we either not ſee, or are content to wink at. We gaze upon the face, and are bewitched with the tempting ſmiles, while, under pleaſing looks, a ſad Infection, even the vitals taint. Like *Time*, they appear with a *lovely buſh* before; but, behind, are *pill'd* and *ball'd*. It is but *Meremaid-joy*, that this frail world bequeaths us.

——— *Turpiter atrum*
Deſinit in piſcem mulier formoſa ſuperne.
——— That *beauteous face* in ſhow,
Waves into ſome ſad *ſcurvy fiſh* below.

And

And that these *Sublunaries* have their greatest freshness plac'd in only *Hope*, it is a conviction undeniable; that, upon enjoyment all our *joys* do vanish. The *pleasure* lasts not longer than we get it: and if it did not leave a weft behind; yet, being so fleeting, it is not worth the leaping of our pulse to meet it.

But, when again, we look at what is *Spiritual*: like those that practise to beguile themselves, we turn the Glasses t'other end about, and give a narrowing figure to all those fair proportions that would propose themselves to our eye; we believe them less, and more remoted from us. Our *Senses* do with us, as *Philo Judæus* says, the Sun does deal with Heaven: It seals up the Globe of Heaven, and opens the Globe of Earth: So the *Sense* does obscure *things* that are *spiritual* and *heavenly:* but, reveals and augments what are *terrene* and *temporal*. The Sphere of *spiritual things* is higher than our Sense can reach: but, as we mount, our Prospect still is nearer. *Acquiri potest, æstimari non potest*; Obtain'd it may be, but rightly valued, never. Who at first blush (if *Humanity* may be *Judge*,) would choose the *Austerities* of a *Regular* and *Conscientious life?* Our Saviour at first, (by reason of the *Ignorance* and *Infidelity* of Man) gave his Church the power of *Miracles*, to convince men to the belief of finding a *felicity* in *godliness*. For albeit, it be most true, that is memorably spoken by *Æneas Sylvius*; that admitting *Christianity* had not by our Saviour and his Apostles been confirmed by *Miracles*; yet, it would in time have been taken up, and entertained and rooted in mens hearts for the very *honesty* and *integrity* of it: yet, by the but meanly wise and common ductions of bemisted *Nature*, it would have been no very powerful Oratory, to perswade the taking up of our *Cross* to *follow him*. But, when men afterwards came to see, how in the lowness of disgrace and poverty, and in the height of pain and torment, *Christians* became irradiated with *Internal Joys*; then *Proselytes* came in swarms, and by the *Spirit* were taught to wade over all those *shallows* which Islanded that *Country* of *felicity*, in which the truly pious person dwells. A man that hath not experienced the Contentments of *Innocentive Piety*, the sweetnesses that drew the *Soul* by the Influences of the *Spirit*, and the Ravishings that sometime from above do shoot abroad in the *Inward Man*, will hardly believe there are such Oblectations that can be hid in *godliness*. They are the *Representations* of the *Joys* hereafter, which are so high, that like *God* the Author of them, we may sooner apprehend them by *Negatives*, than *Affirmitions*. We may know what is not there; but, we never can come to know what is there, till by a pleased fruition we can find them. Let no man then be discouraged with the pallidness of *Piety* at first, nor captivated with the seeming freshness of *Terrenity:* both will change. And though we may be *deceived* in both; we shall be sure to be *cheated* but in one.

LXVII.

Of Buſineſs.

THere are ſome men that have ſo great an averſion to *Buſineſs*, that you may as ſoon perſwade a *Cat* into *water*, or an *Ape* to put his *fingers* into *fire*, as to get them to enter upon any thing that may prove *trouble*, or beget *attendance*. But theſe, for the moſt part, are perſons, that have paſs'd their youth undiſciplin'd, and have been bred up in that delicacy and tenderneſs, that they know no other *Buſineſs* but their *Pleaſures*; and are impatient of any thing that looks but like a hindrance of that: yet, this in the end, does many times produce effects, that prove ungrateful and deſtructive. For hereby the management of *affairs* do often fall into inferiour hands, that through *Covetouſneſs* and *Ambition*, and for want of skill, put all the wheels of *Government* out of order; till they run both themſelves and the *State* into ruin. Like unpractiz'd and ignorant Apothecaries, they do ſo diſproportion their Ingredients, that inſtead of ſaving Phyſic, they miniſter but diſeaſe and poyſon. There are another ſort of men quite contrary to theſe, whom cuſtom and quotidian practice has made ſo much in love with *Action*, that if they once come to be put by their *Imployment*, even life it ſelf ſeems tedious and an irkſome thing; and like a Spaniel ty'd up from his hunting, they ſleep away their time in ſadneſs and a melancholy. Certainly, as the world is more beholden to men of *Buſineſs*, than to men of *Pleaſure*; ſo the men of *Pleaſure* muſt be content to be govern'd by thoſe of *Imployment*. However they are contemned by the vanity of thoſe that look after nothing but Jollity: yet, the Regiment of the world is in their hands; and they are the men that give Laws to the ſenſual and voluptuous. Therefore, that man is but of the lower part of the world, that is not brought up to *buſineſs* and *affairs*. And, though there be, that may think it a little too ſerious for the capering bloud and ſprightly vigour of Youth: yet upon experience, they ſhall find it a more contentive life than *idleneſs*, or perpetual *joviality*. He that walks conſtantly in a ſmooth and level'd path, ſhall be ſooner tyr'd, than he that beats the riſing and deſcending ground. A calm at Sea is more troubleſome, than the gale that ſwells the Waves. If a man with a Syth ſhould mow the empty Air, he ſooner would be weary than he that ſweats with toyl to cut the ſtanding Corn. *Buſineſs* is the Salt of Life, that not only gives a grateful ſmack to it, but it dries up thoſe crudities that would offend, preſerves from putrefaction, and drives off all thoſe blowing Flies, that without it, would corrupt it. And that this may appear more eaſie, there are requiſite to be had in *Buſineſs*, both *Knowledge*, *Temper*, and *Time*.

Without a man knows what he goes about, he ſhall be ſubject to go aſtray, or to loſe much time in finding out the right. And it will

will be ſure to ſeem more tedious, than it would if he *knew* the Road.

And if he want *Temper*, he ſhall be ſure not to want trouble. Even all the Stars are ſeen in a night, when there is a clear ſerenity; but tempeſts ariſing, darken all the ſky, and take thoſe little guides of light away. No ſtorm can ſhake the *Edifice* of that *Mind* that is built upon the *Baſe* of *Temperance*. It placeth a man out of the reach of others, but bringeth others to be within his own. 'Tis the *temper* of the *Sword* that makes it *keen* to cut, and not be *hackt* by others ſtriking on it. 'Tis the Oyl that makes the joynt turn ſmooth, and opens the door without noiſe. *Cæſar* with a word appeas'd a daring *Mutiny*, by calling of his Army *Romans*, and not his *Fellow-ſouldiers*. And with as ſmall a matter *Pſamniticus* ſav'd the Saccage of a City. *Cyrus* had newly taken one of his, and the Souldiers in a hurry running up and down *Pſamniticus* with him, ask'd *What was the matter? Cyrus* anſwer'd; *They deſtroy and plunder your City. Pſamniticus* replyed, *It is not now, Sir, mine, but yours.* And upon that conſideration, they were preſently call'd off from the ſpoil.

The next is the aptly timing of affairs, for which there can be no particular precept, but it muſt be left to *judgment* to diſcern when the ſeaſon is proper. Men do not *reap* in ſeed-time, nor *ſow* in *Harveſt*. *Phyſicians* give not Purges till they have prepared the *humours*. The Smith may ſtrike in vain and tire his *labouring arm*, if firſt with fire his iron be not *mollifi'd*. Circumſtances are many times more than that which is the main, and thoſe muſt be left to be laid hold on, as they offer themſelves to occaſion. Men may fit their *baits*, and caſt their *nets*, and, as the *Apoſtles*, fiſh all night and *catch nothing*, if they take not the ſeaſons when the *ſhoals* do move upon thoſe *Coaſts* they trade in. And let a man be ſure to drive his *Buſineſs*, rather than let that *drive* him. When a man is brought but once to be *neceſſitated*, he is then become a *vaſſal* to his *affairs*; they *maſter* him, that ſhould by him be *commanded*. And like a blind man wanting *ſight* for his way, he is led about by his *Dog*. Any thing poſted off till the laſt, like a *Snowball*, rowls and gathers, and is by far a greater *Giant* than it was before it grew to *Age*. As Exhalations once condens'd and gather'd, they break not then but with *Thunder*. In the laſt Acts of Plays, the end of *buſineſs* commonly is a *huddle*: The *Scenes* do then grow *thick*, and *quick*, and *full*. As Rivers though they run ſmooth through lengthned Tracts of *Earth*; yet when they come near the Sea, they *ſwell*, and *roar*, and *foam*. Buſineſs is like the Devil, it ever rageth moſt when the time it hath is ſhorteſt. And 'tis hard to ſay which of the *two* is worſe; Too nice a *Scrupuloſity*, or elſe too raſh a *Confidence*. He is as mad that thinks himſelf an *Urinal*, and will not ſtir at all for fear of *cracking*; as he that believes himſelf to be *ſhot-free*, and ſo will run among the *hail* of a *battail*. And ſurely, it conduces infinitely to the eaſe of *buſineſs*, when we have to deal with *honeſt* and with *upright men*. *Facile imperium in bonos*; The good and wiſe do make the *Empire* eaſie. *Reaſon*, and *Right* give

give the ſooneſt diſpatch. All the intanglements that we meet withal, are by the *Irrationabilities* ariſing from our ſelves or others. With an honeſt man and wiſe, a buſineſs ſoon is ended, but with a *Fool* or *Knave* there is no *concluſion*, but never to begin. Though they ſeem *tame beaſts*, and may admit awhile to be plaid with; yet on the ſudain, and when we think not on't, they will return to their natural *deceit* and *Ferocity*. 'Tis not enough that the Sea is ſometime *calm* and *ſmooth*, but we had need be ſure there be no *Shelves* nor *Quick-ſands* under that ſtill water.

LXVIII.

Of Nobility.

THomas *Sarſannes* being asked, what kind of Prelate he thought *Eugenius* the 4th, would prove? His anſwer was: you may eaſily gueſs at that, if you know but the ſtock he comes off: for ſuch as is his Family, ſuch a *Prince* ſhall you find him. 'Tis true, by his own *virtues* or *vices* a man does often differ from his *Progenitors*. But uſually through ſucceſſive generations the bloud does hold its Tincture. And in a *Noble Family* for the moſt part the ſtream does ſtill hold *Noble*. Which by wiſe States hath been ſometimes ſo preſumed upon, that they have ſet marks of *Honour* upon them; not only out of reſpect to their *Anceſtors*, but out of hope to find the Succeſſor not to degenerate. It was a Law among the *Romans*, that if there hapned contentions in their elections for the *Conſulſhip*, Thoſe that were deſcended of the *Sylvians*, *Torquatians*, and *Fabritians*, ſhould in the firſt place be preferr'd. And we ſee it common among *Princes*, That offices of truſt, and places of command, are ſetled upon the Heirs of ſome deſerving *Families*, as preſuming they will merit to keep what their *Anceſtors* at firſt by their merit did acquire. Certainly, it is to be believ'd, that he which out of nothing, or a mean beginning, is the firſt founder of a *Houſe* and *Fortune*, had ſomething in him beyond the Standard of an ordinary man. And 'tis likewiſe to be believ'd, that where the ſpirits are ſo by Virtue and Induſtry rarifi'd and refin'd; even in the generation of poſterity they do tranſmit themſelves, and are propagated to ſucceeding *Ages*. Some Families are obſervable for peculiar eminences in the current of ſucceſſions. The *Romans* had not a Family of more merit than the *Scipio*'s. And it is not unworthy our obſerving, that even the firſt founders of that Family, were *eminent* for their *piety* to the Gods and their Parents. The firſt whereof, when his *Father* was blind, as his ſtaff, he was his Guide, and led him about in his way: from whence he took his Name. The next being a Child did every day in private ſet out ſome time for the *Temple*; And at 17 years of age brought off his *wounded Father* encompaſs'd by the Enemy. And indeed he that diſcharges his duty to theſe two, cannot but be *eminent* in all the reſt of

of his converſation. The foundation of *Honour* and *Greatneſs* is laid in obedience and reſpect to theſe: But the neglect thereof, or the lewd practice of the contrary, puts a man out of favour with *Natures genius*: and leaves him to be ravin'd upon, by all the Inſects of his own ſmall Appetites, as well as the greater ragings of his *intemperate paſſions*: They that are bred under the government of ſuch as are thus wiſe, have infinitely the advantage of a *Plebeian Race*. They are ſeaſon'd with the Maxims of *Honour*, and by their education lifted above thoſe groſſer vapours that they are ſubject to, that have their being in the lower Region of men. And if but one in an age ſteps up to do this, he leaves it as example; and puts poſterity in the way of continuing it. And not to ſpeak of the helps of Fortune which (unabus'd) are infinite. They are preſidented into *Virtue* and *Honour*, and they are deterr'd from poor and skulking conveyances, by the orientneſs of that Fame which their *Fore-Fathers* left them: ſo that, doubtleſs, earth cannot preſent us any thing that is more *glorious* than antient *Nobility*, when it is illuſtrated by the rays of Virtue. And though to be a King in *Virtue* and *Wiſdom*, is the brighteſt Jewel that ſparkles in a *Regal Crown* (as *Solomon's Wiſdom* renowned him more than his being Monarch of the whole twelve *Tribes*;) yet ſurely, as in a beautiful *Body* the temper and tranſcendency of the ſpirit is more grateful, ſo is Virtue alſo more *luſtrous* and *ſhining* in the ſtem of *antient* and *ennobled bloud*, than in the newneſs of a riſing *Houſe*. Each may be marble in the Quarry where it lies, and not of that coarſe rag that common pits afford. But it muſt be art and induſtry, and the diligence of the laborious hand that gives it *gloſs* and *ſmoothneſs*; before the ſtreaks and taking veins can be diſcerned in it. If there were not ſomething more than ordinary that lay coucht in this bed of *Honour*, ſure *Nature* never would ſo have framed the mind of Man, as to have planted in it an appetition of it in generous and enlarged Souls. *Alexander* would needs derive from *Jupiter*; the *Romans* from *Hercules*, from *Venus*, from *Æneas*, and the like. And how many Nations have thought it their *honour* to draw their *Deſcents* from the *Trojans*? as it was an honour to be a *Græcian*, where virtue and the arts were learned: ſo it was held a ſtain, and he was branded with the name of a *Barbarian*, that was of another Nation. It was objected to *Antiſthenes* as a diſgrace, that but his Mother was a *Phrygian*; had he not well wiped it off, by replying, that *Phrygia* was the Mother of the *Gods*. But however it be, it is Virtue and true *Nobleneſs* that is the *Crown* of *Honour*. It enamels and enchaſeth what is Gold, and it guilds what is not, that it makes it like it. They that are of the higheſt *merit* in themſelves, the leaſt inſiſt upon their *Anceſtry*: for they well know *Aliena laudat, qui genus jactat ſuum*, Who boaſts his Stock, commends but what's anothers. The beſt uſe they can make of glorious Actions by them well atchiev'd, is to endeavour that they may outgo them. Or at leaſt to beware, they darken not, by their own declination, the ſplendor that they liv'd in. The beſt way to keep their *Anceſtors* great acts in memory, is to refreſh them with new ones of their own.

And

And let them be ſure to remember, they grew up to that brightneſs by degrees. Even fire it ſelf, the quickeſt of the Elements, muſt be kindled and blown up by degrees, before it ſhines it ſelf into a flame: when it breaks out on a ſudain, it is uſually both ominous and harmful. The Sun does riſe inſenſibly to his *Meridian glory*, but the very light of lightning burns. He that at the firſt leap jumps into the height of all his *Anceſtors*, had need be ſtrong and well winded; leſt he loſe his *Race* before he gets to the poſt. He leaves himſelf no room for caſual accidents, nor can he give a looſe, if he be put to ſtrein in his Race. Of the two it is better to be the *Fool* of the Family, than the Unthrift. Another Generation may prove *wiſe*: but the *Riotous* and indiſcreetly *prodigal*, after he hath waſted all the fruit, he digs up the Tree by the root, that it can bear no more. And inſtead of hoped applauſe, he departs the world with infamy, and dwells among the *curſes* of poſterity. A degenerate Son of a *Noble Family*, is a worm at the Root, that would make a *Jonas* angry; for it takes away the ſhade from all that ſhall come after. A *Spend-thrift*, like an Earthquake, does ſhake the houſe ſo long, that at laſt it either falls in pieces, or is ſwallowed up in *Ruine*. He piſſes on his Fathers *Honourable aſhes*, that by his Vices makes them ſtir, and ruffles them in his Urn. Inſtead of warming Suns, they are the bearded comets of a *houſe*, that threaten nothing but portentous *horrors*. And when they have nothing of their own, but their Fore-fathers *merits*, they ſubſiſt but like to *Felons*, by the protection of that Altar, from whence if pull'd, they fall to *death* and *ſhame*. Who would not rather have died over all thoſe deaths that Tyrants have invented; than being the Son of the elder *Scipio* appear a *Candidate* ſo beſmeared with vice, as to be fin'd by the Cenſors, to be turn'd out of the *Senate*, and have the Signet (with the head of his *Glorious Father* graven on't) torn from off his finger? Or as *Quintus Fabius Maximus*, for his horrid Luxury to be forbidden by the *Prætor*, for medling with his Fathers goods, and not one in all *Romes* City to be ſorry for it? He is not like to be prevalent in Battail, that without his own ſtout fighting, thinks it is enough for him, to be covered with the ſhields of his *Anceſtors*.

Quis enim Generoſum dixerit hunc, qui
Indignus genere & præclaro nomine tantum
Inſignis? Nanum cujuſdam Atlanta vocamus;
Æthiopem, cygnum; parvam extortamque puellam
Europen: canibus pigris ſcabieque vetuſta
Lævibus, & ſiccæ lambentibus ora lucernæ,
Nomen erit Pardus, Tygris, Leo, ſi quid adhuc eſt
Quod fremit in terris violentius. Ergo cavebis
Et metues, ne tu ſis Creticus aut Camerinus.

Who'l count him *Noble* that *unworthy lives*
Of his great ſtock; and by that only *thrives*?
We may as well ſome *dwarf* an *Atlas* call;
A *Moor*, a *Swan*; ſome low crook'd *Girl*, the tall
Europa; 'Tis but as we names beſtow
Of *Leopard*, *Tyger*, *Lion*, or what now,

'S

'S more fierce on earth, to mangy Curs, that lick
The nasty nozel of some Candlestick.
Beware and fear, then, lest thou prove in fine,
A *Cretian* false, or prophane *Camerine*.

LXIX.

Of three things to be considered in Men.

IN every man that we meet with, there be *three things* that incounter our *Consideration*. The *Mind*, the *Behaviour*, and the *Person*. As a *beauty* in any of these, commends the party to our liking; so a *blemish* in any of these, sticks some disgrace on the unhappy owner. The most *beautiful* and the most *lasting* of these, is that which to the *eye* is not *visible*; and, though it take not that *sense*; yet, it casts abroad such *Rays*, as draw out the *love* and *liking* of those, that come to find the *goodness*, or the *parts*, that it is furnisht with. How grateful does the *ingenuity* of some men make them? 'Tis a *wealth* by which they live; and many times having none of their own, they are, for the *handsomeness* of their *disposition*, taken into a *partnership* of *Empire*, with those that have *abundance*. Such was *Aristippus*, being at first forc'd to read *Philosophy* to get a living, by the gratefulness of his wit and parts, grew high in the favour of *Dionysius*: And when he had been ship-wrackt at Sea, and cast upon *Rhodes*; it got him such friends there, that when all his Companions return'd, he was tempted by the favour of the Citizens to stay from his own Country among strangers; with whom he had no Interest, but what his parts had won him. You may take him in the Character that *Horace* hath left of him.

Omnis Aristippum decuit Status, & Color, & Res.
In all the wiles of Fortune he was lovely.

Surely, 'tis the Noblest wealth, and with most ease is carried every where. 'Tis kept without a forein Guard, and is of present use where-soe're a man is thrown. Like the Philosophers stone, it creates a man gold, that had none of his own. It turns the coarser Metal into useful Coin, and is such as cannot be lost without our *health* or *being*. And truly, the *beauty* and *comliness* of the *body*, does oft-times do the like; nay, with mean capacities, it does a great deal more; for, it *suits* to their *mind*, and is more *obvious* to their *senses*, that see no deeper than the grounds of *Corporal Beauty*, and the *emanations* of a *pleasing Aspect*. Yet, certainly, 'tis a *form* that pleaseth all, as well the *wise* in *mind*, as the *weak* in *apprehension*. *Xenophon* was of more than ordinary *lovelinesse*; and being a youth, by chance was met by *Socrates* in a narrow Ally at *Athens*; *Socrates* liking his *aspect*, held out his staff to stop him in his way, and question'd him, *Where such and such Merchandizes were sold?* which *Xenophon* presently told him: Then he ask'd him, if he knew, *where men were made better?* To this he said, *He could not tell.* Then says *Socrates*, *Go with me, and I will shew*

you. Upon this he became his Scholar, and afterward grew a Favorite to *Cyrus*, and for Arts and Arms, left his memory famous to even this very day.

The next is a *handsome Behaviour*. He that *demeans* himself *well* is ever *usher'd* in by a *friend*, that *recommends* him to the *Company* that knew him not. 'Tis not difficult by the *behaviour* to guess at the Man. This is a motive *Beauty*, which waits upon the whole *body*, as the other does upon the *face* and *complexion*. *Sapienti viro incessus modestior convenit.* A sober Garb becomes the wiser man. The Emperor *Trajan* was so winning this way, That his friends would have thought it too much, had he not satisfied with this Answer: *That he desired to be such a Prince to others, as he desired another Prince should be to him, if he were a Subject.* There is a *grace* waits upon a *noble meen*, that exacts a *liking*, if not a *love* from all that do behold it. The grave and civil persons flock'd about *Livia* at the Theater, while *Julia*, like the sieve, by her ridling up and down, had shak'd up all the chaffy ware about her.

As these, being *well complexioned*, procure favour, and let us into mens affections; so a stain in any of them, sets us like the Owl among Birds; if there be but light, we shall be sure to be chatter'd at, or struck at. A *mind* that's fill'd with *ignorance*, or the *perverseness* of a *froward disposition*, hath many *enemies* and no *friends*. As upon the Sea in a storm, men may look without horror at a distance, but never will covet to come upon it; where, if we escape drowning, we cannot being frighted and wet. He that is of a *bad disposition*, wants nothing of being a *Tyrant*, but *Power*; and wants not *will*, but *means* to do *mischief*.

He that is a *Clown* in *behaviour*, tells people, *That it flows from a rude mind. Diogenes*, though he had *wit*, by his *currishness* got him the name of *Dog*; and coming once to a Feast, the Company call'd him so, and threw him bones: And, to make good the appellation that they stil'd him with, as they sat at the Table, like a Dog, he pist on their backs. The Vices that we harbour inwardly, are divulg'd by our outward fashion. *Ex minimis poteris cognoscere impudicum; & incessus ostendit, & manus mota, & interdum Responsum, & relatus ad caput digitus, & flexus oculorum. Improbum & insanum risus, vultus, habitusq; demonstrat.* Even petty things the wanton do discover, the gate, the motion of the hand, sometimes the answer, holding up the finger to the head, or the very cast of the eyes does do it. Laughter, the Countenance, or the habit discovers to us the wicked and the wild. And though sometimes, under an unpleasing Aspect, the goodness of a well-disciplin'd inside may be cover'd; yet, usually, the deform'd are Envious and Disdaining; and they had need excel others in the mind, being mulcted by Nature with a corporal deformity. *Æsop*, with all the Morality of his handsom Fables, could not wipe off this coarseness of his outside; which doubtless, as a chain, held him ever in the condition of a slave who else by the sublimity of his Fancy might have mounted to higher preferment.

The best remedies for these are *Divinity*, *Morality*, *Physic*. *Religion* can cover and adorn that *mind*, which naturally was *ill*. It is the Rea-

son

ſon of a Deity, which, doubtleſs, can do more than all that is infus'd from man; and, comprehending the univerſal duty of man, as to God, the World, and himſelf, it muſt needs excel in this, all that can be gained from man. They that are truly acted from the inſpirations of Heaven, have all that can be got from below, with the excellencies of what is above.

Though to mend our *Converſation*, Philoſophy can go far, as *Socrates* did confeſs to *Zopirus*, when he taxed him of ſeveral Vices; yet its effects are allowable rather in *outward Morality*, than in the *intrinſic integrities* of the *ſoul*. And certainly, when that is prevalent within, the outward demeanor is both acquired and directed by it. A wiſe man ought not in his carriage to commit a Soleciſm againſt Wiſdom. For there may be many outward geſtures that are not in themſelves *unlawful*; yet, highly are undecent. It was obſerved by the *Jews*, that, *cum digito loquitur ſtultus*; the pointing finger enſigns out a Fool, though the hand may direct to the text, yet it dwells but in a blank margent. It was one of *Solons* Adagies, *In via non properandum*; To run upon a Journey, is either neceſſity or folly. And the Cringes of ſome are ſuch, as one would take them to be Dancers or Tumblers, rather than perſons of ſtay'd and ſober Callings. Men are like Wine, not good before the lees of Clowniſhneſs be ſetled; nor when 'tis too windy, and will fly out of the Bottle; nor when 'tis too auſtere and ſowre to be taſted. In a midling clarity and quickneſs it is beſt: And ſo is man in his *carriage* and *comportment*, when he is neither *dull* nor *vapouring*, nor too *tart* and *ſevere* in his way. He that can preſerve himſelf in this *temper*, ſhall preſerve his *body* in *health* the better; and ſo correct the *inconveniences* that may by want of that render him leſs grateful to the *company*. As 'tis not neceſſary for every man to be a Doctor in theſe Arts: So it will be convenient, he have ſo much of them as may not only keep him from *contempt*, but procure him *approbation* abroad.

LXX.

Of Dancing.

DOubtleſs, it was out of the *jollity* of *Nature*, that the Art of this was firſt invented and taken up among men. Bate but the *Fiddle*; the *Colts*, the *Calves*, and the *Lambs* of the field, do the ſame. So that the thing in it ſelf ſeems to me to be *natural* and *innocent*, *begot* and *born* at firſt out of the ſprightly and innocuous Activity and Rarefication of the *bloud* and *ſpirits*, excited by the youthful heat that flows and flowers within the ſwelling Veins. We need therefore the leſs wonder, that ſome of the Ancient *Grecians* ſhould ſo much extol it, deriving it not only from the *Amœnity* and *Floridneſs* of the warm and ſpirited *bloud*; but, deducing it from *heaven* it ſelf, as being practiz'd there by the *Stars*, the *Conjunctions*, *Oppoſitions*, the *Aſpects* and *Revolutions*, the *Ingreſſes*, and the *Egreſſes*, and the like; making ſuch a *Harmony* and *Concent*, as there ſeems a *well-ordered dance* amongſt them.

And we ſhall find it not only practiz'd by the Generality of almoſt all the Nations of the Earth; but by many of them, and thoſe the moſt Generous and Civiliz'd, brought into the Solemnities of their Religion: As the *Phrygians* had their *Corybantes*. The *Cretians*, their *Curetes* dancing in Armour. In *Delos*, nothing *ſacred* ſcarce e're done without it. The *Indian Brachmans*, morning and evening *dancing*, did adore the Sun. The *Ægyptians*, *Æthiopians*, the ruder *Scythian*, and the learneder *Greek*, ſcarce entred upon any thing that ſolemn was, without it. The *Romans* had their *Salii*, their dozen of *Prieſts* to *Mars*; who in py'd Coats, with Swords by their ſides, a Javelin in one hand, and a Shield in the other, *danc'd* about the City. *Socrates*, that was own'd to be the wiſeſt among all the *Greeks*, diſdain'd not in his Age to learn to *Dance*, and after to commend the Exerciſe. And *Seneca* tells us of the Meritorious *Scipio*, that he was not aſhamed, *ut antiqui illi viri ſolebant, inter luſum, & feſta tempora, virilem in modum tripudiare*, as the Antients then had wont, at Plays and Solemn Feſtivals, in a manly wiſe to trip it up and down. Even among the *Jews*, where the Oracles of God were extant, we find it uſed among the Rites and Exerciſes of their Religion, and upon occaſions of extraordinary Joy.

Miriam led the Maids their *dance*, with her Timbrel in her hand. *Jephta*'s daughter met her Father with a *dance*. And *David* did it before the Ark; his pious zeal, tranſporting him to this *corporal exultation*. 'Tis like, he *danced* alone; elſe *Michal* would have laugh'd at more than him. But yet, if it were not mixt, it was next it; being as all that we read of, in the ſight and view of both ſexes.

When the Prophet *Jeremiah*, foretold the *return of the Jews from captivity*, Jer. 31. and begins to reckon up the *joys* that ſhould enſue; Among the reſt, he tells them, *The Virgins ſhall rejoyce in the Dance*: the Latin hath it *in Choro*; and doubtleſs, that did oftentimes conſiſt both of men and women together; as well as Virgins comprehend both ſexes. And if *Dancing* were unlawful, neither would God allow of being ſerved by it; nor would *Solomon* have told us, *There is a time to dance, as well as there is to mourn*. So that 'tis not the matter and the thing that is condemned, but the manner and corrupt abuſe. I find not that *Saluſt* twitted *Sempronia*, meerly for her *dancing*; but, for doing it more artificially than an honeſt woman needed: And 'tis for this that *Gabinius* and *Cælius* too, are reproached. *Cato*, I know, accuſed *Lucius Muræna*, for *dancing* in *Aſia*; and *Cicero*, that undertook to defend him, ſaid, He durſt not maintain it to be well done, in reſpect of the circumſtances: but, ſure he was, he did not do it conſtantly; as if the uſing of it but ſometimes, were a kind of juſtification. And in this ſenſe was his ſaying, *Nemo ſaltat ſobrius*, The ſober man does ſeldom act in *capers*; taking it to be allowed doctrine, That *Aliquando dulce eſt inſanire in loco*; 'Tis pleaſant to be frolic in ſeaſon.

Ludovicus Vives tells us of ſome *Aſians*, that coming into *Spain*, and ſeeing the people *dance*, did run away affrighted; as thinking them poſſeſt with ſome ill ſpirit, or elſe that they were out of their wits.

And

leed one would think there were ſome Sorcery in it, that the
t of a Sheeps-gut with Hair and a little Roſen, ſhould make a
w leap up and down like mad. Nor did the wiſe *Alphonſus*
de woman leſs, whom he ſaw ſo wildly *dancing*, that he con-
clu ely, 'twould not be long before that *Sibyl* would declare
her (though he himſelf a little after, with the Emperour *Fre-*
deric, is Empreſs, was content to make one at the ſport. To
dance (niſitely is ſo laborious a vanity, that a man would be
aſhame et any body ſee, by his dexterity in it, that he hath ſpent
ſo much time in learning ſuch a trifle. And to be totally ignorant of
it, and of the *garb* and *comportment* that by learning it, is learn'd;
ſhews a man either *Stoical*, or but *meanly bred*, and not *inur'd* to
converſation. The beſt is a kind of *careleſneſs*, as if 'twere rather *natu-
ral motion*, than *curious* and *artificial practiſing*.

That there have been ſeveral *offences* occaſioned by it, is not to me an Argument againſt it, in it ſelf. Even at Sermons, I have read, that *ſcenes* of *luſt* have been lay'd. I would not patronize it for the leaſt offence that is in it. But if it conduces to the bettering of Behaviour, and the handſome Carriage of a mans perſon among ſtrangers; if it be for a harmleſs Exerciſe, for a Recreation meerly; or to expreſs inoffenſively a juſtifiable joy; I ſee not why it ſhould be condemn'd. It is good for a man ſo to *Dance*, as not to put his friends, that ſhall behold him, out of *countenance*; or, that he need be aſhamed, if his enemy ſhould ſtand by. Some men have an *averſneſs* to it, and theſe it ſeldom becomes.

Frederic the Third, us'd often to ſay, He had rather be ſick of a Fever, than endeavour to *Dance*. And moſt Martial men are rather for the Drum and Trumpet, than the Lute and Viol. If it were abſolutely ill in it ſelf, or if the ill that ſeems to adhere, were in it ſelf inſeparable from it; It were better all were gone, than for the greateſt *pleaſure* to keep the leaſt of *miſchief*. But I cannot think that all muſt ſin, if they come but once to humour an Inſtrument; or, that there cannot be *dancing* without a danger to Chaſtity. I had rather hold with *Ariſtippus*;

—— *In Liberi patris ſacris*
Mens, quæ pudica eſt, neſcit corrumpier.
—— The truly modeſt Will,
In *Bacchus Orgies* can be modeſt ſtill.

And albeit ſome of the Fathers have declaimed high againſt this Recreation; yet, I take it to be, as it was rudely and laſciviouſly uſed by the Vulgar, and with the infective Pagans of thoſe times. But ſurely, as ſolemn Entertainments are among great perſons; and, meetings of Love and Friendſhip among perſons of Quality; There is nothing more Modeſt, more Decent, or more Civil. Where even the leaſt inclination to wantonneſs is held a mark of Rudeneſs. And having ſo many eyes upon them, any Place, or Time, indeed, were fitter for ſuch purpoſes, than theſe. To conclude upon this Theme, I take it to be like Uſury; ſomething difficult to be kept in the mean; eaſie to be let into exceſs: and almoſt by all Nations at once *decryed* and *practiſed*. Of

LXXI.

Of the Folly of Sin.

IT was the *Fool* that ſaid, *There is no God*; for certainly, no *Wiſe man* ever thought it. And yet, the *Fool* had ſo much wit, as not to *prate on't:* It was but in *his heart* he ſaid it. *Impudence* was not ſo *great*, nor *Inward Conviction* ſo *ſtrong*, as that he could with *Confidence* declare it by his *Tongue*. Nor did he ſeriouſly think it in his *heart:* ſo that it proceeded no further, than a bare and lazy wiſh, becauſe he would be glad it were ſo. But, doubtleſs, he could no more believe there was no *Soul* of this vaſt *World*, than that there was no *ſpirit* to actuate his *body:* Or, that a Watch could tell us Time, and motion all its Wheels, without a Spring or Balance. If we believe and ſee, That the *Mind* with eaſe, with pleaſure, and without trouble, diſpoſes and commands every motion, and member; every Muſcle, and Nerve; every reſerve, and poſture of our *Corporal Frame:* we may as well conceive, that *Infinite* and *Incomprehenſible Spirit*, may as eaſily diſpoſe and order every particle and accident of this *Great* and *Circumferential World*. And then, it cannot but follow, That this *Great Soul* of All, muſt be *Infinitely Wiſe*, *Infinitely Juſt*, *Omnipotent*, and *Omniſcient*, with all thoſe other glorious *Attributes* that go to the making up of *God*, and if *God* be, and be thus, as Senſe and Reaſon by Demonſtration makes evident; Can there be any greater *folly* in the world, than to incur the *anger* of this *Almighty* and *All-wiſe God*; *Sin* is ſo purely *Folly*, that it is in the main, aſſuredly, never leſs than an Averſion from true Wiſdom. *Sin* can no more be without *Folly*, than *fire* without *drineſs*, or *water* without *moiſture*. 'Tis *Folly* that opens the door, and lets it into the heart; that hugs it, and retains it there, as the Kidney does the Stone, till it eats and grates out that which gave it birth and breeding. It was well ſaid of *Stobæus*, *Malorum omnium Stultitia eſt Mater*. Of all that's ill, 'tis *folly* is the Mother.

When a Man is under a *Prince* that he knows is exact in his *Juſtice*, will he be ſo unwiſe as before his face to violate his moſt equal *Law?* *Sin* is ſo deeply a *folly*, that it ſets a man againſt himſelf, and tranſports him clean contrary to his true and proper Intereſt. If there be any man more *Fool* than the *wicked*, let him take the *Gingling Scepter*, and the *py'd Coat*, if he can. Even *Nature* teaches all things a *ſelf-preſervation*. But the *ſinner* is more *brutiſh* than the *Beaſt* of the field. He deſtroys himſelf, and locks his own legs in the ſtocks. Suppoſe a man raiſed by a *Noble Prince*, from the poverty and ſubjection of a *Cottage*, to the plenty and command of a *Province*, and withal hath promiſe of a *glorious Crown* hereafter: One would think it were this mans *Intereſt* to *honour* and *obſerve* this *Prince*, to be true and faithful to him, to have no compliance with his *Enemies*, not to let them have any thing of his ſervice or attendance. And would not all the world condemn him for a *Fool* that ſhould for *trifles* anger him? That ſhould play with Boys, con-

converse with Beggars, consort with Thieves and Traitors, great offenders, and all the looser sort of the silly and the base; and not content alone with this, would be sure to frolic it with his *Princes* grandest *Enemy*, and be ready to obey him in all that he should command? Yet, this is the case of every one that is *wicked*. It was among the *simple ones* that *Solomon* saw the *young man* as a *fool* going to the *correction* of the *stocks*, through his *incontinence*. 'Tis the *fool* that utters *slanders*, 'tis the *fool* that sports in *mischief*, 'tis the *fool* that *rages* and is *confident*, 'tis the *fool* that *despiseth instruction*, though from a *fathers love*; 'tis the *fools lip* that enters into *contention*, 'tis the *fool* that will be *medling*, 'tis the *fool* that *holds* his *hands* in *sloth*; 'tis the *fool* that *trusteth* in his own *frail heart*, 'tis the *fool* that makes a *mock* at *sin*. And the Prophet *Jeremy* will tell us, *He that gets wealth wrongfully, though he may run well, at his end he shall be a Fool.* Nor indeed is it the want of parts, or an inability of Nature, that so much undoes a man, as the turpitude and stain of *sin*. Even a *Fool* and an *Innocent* may be sometime of similary sense. And we read not, that a man shall be plagued for a *fool* by the defect of ordinary comprehension. But the Psalmist will tell us, *That fools, because of their Transgression and Iniquities, are afflicted.* And questionless, there is a great deal of reason for this. A man is not condemned for being a natural *Innocent*; it is not ever his fault: The children that our Saviour received, were such. But 'tis the *sin*, that exposes us to *punishment*. All the *sufferings* in the world, are not in themselves so *ill*, as is the smallest *sin*. These a man may indure, and preserve his own uprightness, and be endeared to his Maker for them. But, *sin* does make us *culpable*. We break Gods blessed *Law*, and so by *guilt* grow foul, and become abhorr'd before him; so that all the pretended *pollutions* of *natural things*, are not like the *stain* of a *willing* and a *knowing sin*. Therefore rarely spoke the excellent and admired *Seneca*, *Licet scirem homines ignoraturos, & Deum ignosciturum, tamen peccare nollem, ob peccati turpitudinem*, Though I were sure men should never know it, and that God would certainly pardon it; yet, I would not commit a *sin* for the *foulness* and *dishonesty* of the *sin* it self. This therefore being the only thing that in all the world we should strive to avoid, Can there be a more furious madness, a blacker phrensie, a deeper simplicity, or a more leaden stupidity, than to rush our selves into this *Pool* of *putrefaction*? For it not only drenches us in the *Lethean Lake*, but it rowls us into the *Sea* of *offences*, and debilitates us in the progress of *good*. If we would be moving towards *Heaven*, like a chain about a Prisoners leg, our own sad *guilt* does twitch us back, and keeps us still in *slavery*. As creatures, that are odious to *humanity*, hide themselves in the blackness of the night, that neither the Sun nor other Creatures may look upon their deformity: So it is with the depraved *sinner*, that is too foul for this *light*. Yet, sins being the works of *darkness*, we prefer the inconsolable *darkness* before the pleasure of the *brightest Ray*. As in *Gen.* 15. when *Abraham* fell asleep, an *horror* of *great darkness* fell upon him: so, when we are invigilant, and careless

leſs of our ſelves, the *blinding darkneſs* of our *ſins* ſurprizeth us.

Tell me; if in all the ſhop of *Nature*, a greater *Fool* can be found, than he that having a Friend and Father, that loves and will not leave him, till he hath fix'd him in Eternal Happineſs: yet, will giddily, wilfully, ignorantly, and wantonly, run from him to crouch, and creep, and become a ſlave to him, that he knows will uſe him with all the Inſultation of Tyranny and Torment that Vengeance can invent? Nor is this in the groſs, but in each particular offence. Are not men out of their wits, that will play away Eſtates of Plenty, when after they muſt live to ſtarve? That by their Luſt and Laſciviouſneſs, will make themſelves Lazars and Cripples? That by their Ambition, beget themſelves trouble and ruine? That by their Covetouſneſs, purchaſe contempt and curſes, and enjoy nothing themſelves, but greater fear and guilt? That by their raſh Anger, throw themſelves into quarrels and deſtruction? That by Drunkenneſs make themſelves Sots? and get Vizards inſtead of Faces? That by their Riot and Gluttony, ſend all their Riches down the Common-Sewer? and at laſt, as *Lucullus*, grown ſtupid, they muſt live under the Tutelage of another! Can a Child be *ſimpler*, when it is dandled into any thing we mind to put upon it? or for a Gaud or Rattle be made to part with all that can be of benefit to it? Does not the *ſinner* do *worſe* and *fooliſher*, when for a toy, a conceit, a licoriſh deſire, an humor or fancy, he ſhall diſmiſs himſelf of Felicity, and all thoſe ſaving Graces that can render him happy for ever? Are we not content to be entic'd and gull'd (like Children ſtoln by Spirits) with pretended kindneſs and painted Baubles, till we be put under Hatches, and carried as eternal Exiles from our Native Country, Heaven, to lead the life of ſlaves in ſhackles under Tyranny? When *Lyſimachus* in *Thracia*, had delivered up himſelf and his Army to *Domitian* for want of water; and, after a draught, conſidered what he had done: He then does to the Gods exclaim, That he ſhould be ſo mad, for the pleaſure of a diſh of water to turn himſelf out of Kingſhip into a Slave. We traffique gold for durt, when we purchaſe ought by *ſinning*. Let a man be never ſo great a Politician, yet, if he be a *ſinner*, he will appear to be *ſimple* at laſt. And though he may think, by injury to gain upon others; yet, let him remember, That no man can do an injury to another, but withal, he does injure himſelf; and ſo, though he thinks to ſhew himſelf of a deeper reach, and a higher ſtandard of wit than his neighbour; yet, in the end, he will come forth a *fool*.

LXXII.

That the Mind only makes Content.

WE ſee it is neither *eaſe*, nor *labour*, nor *wealth*, nor *want*, that ſeats a man in either *Pleaſure* or *Diſcontent*. Some men with *liberty*, *leiſure*, *plenty*, and *reſt*, have leſs *ſatisfaction* than thoſe that

that toil in ſweating *pains* and *labour*. And others even in *pleaſure* do that, which would wear out all the *happineſs* of him that is not that way affected. Repoſe to an active *mind* is a tedious and an irkſome thing. And therefore to him that hath not buſineſs, Play is taken up inſtead on't; and even that, after a little time, does tire as much as buſineſs; and, in the ſequel, uſually galleth more. We ſee in thoſe that have plenty to *pleaſe* themſelves in all they can imagine; that by their wealth may make *Summer* and *Winter* at will, and that ſeem to others to command all the *walks* in *Paradiſe*, and the *Birds* to warble what they ſhall but bid them; yet, this high *ſhine*, but makes them nice and wanton, that for want of other divertiſements, they quarrel with their own *felicity*, and ſtrangle by their curiouſneſs even all that *Providence* intended ſhould be *pleaſing*: As, full and queaſie ſtomachs do often coy at that, which the hungry would accept of for delicious. When *Apicius* found one hundred thouſand Seſterties was all at laſt was left him, with ſhame, in ſcorn, he quaft his poyſon'd draught, and dy'd.

——— *Quid enim majore cachinno*
Excipitur Populi, quam pauper Apicius?
——— For, what can People jeer at more,
Than one to hear, *Apicius* is grown poor?

Even *Content* turns to *vexation*, and we are weary with having nothing to weary us. All the winds in the Compaſs, cannot blow one gale that ſome men ſhall be *pleas'd* with. A *froward mind* makes all the *Muſes*, *furies*; like bodies over-fat, they are burthen'd with their own lov'd load. Nor can men ſo attempered, *injoy* themſelves in all the *ſmiles* of *Fortune*. The Lilly ſeems too pale, and the Roſes ſmell is fulſom. Some men are ſo caſt together of *Jealouſie*, *Envy*, *Pride*, and *Choler*, that, like ſavage Beaſts, they are ready to tear, not only thoſe that ſeek to tye them up; but ſuch as looſe their chains, and bring them food to live with. Tell them what is *diſtaſtful*, or tell them what is *pleaſing*, they ſhall *carp* at both alike. As kindling Charcole, they ſhall throw out ſparks, and crackle, though you ſhall not blow them. Contradict them; they ſhall *twit*; ſay as they, they ſhall *blurt* and *ſnarl*. As Waſps, diſturb'd, or let alone, they buzze, and angry make a noiſe about you: Being of a nice and tender ſpirit; nor heat, nor cold, can be indured by them. As Arrows, whoſe feathers are not even ſet; draw them never ſo home, and ſhoot them from what Bow you will, they ſhall never fly to the right mark. Their own *diſpoſitions* make but a milder and more terrene *Hell*. What a pitiful little *peek* took *Haman* from all his *content?* On the other ſide, where the *Mind* does incline, and is *pleas'd* to gratifie the ſmooth *Affections*; all things ſeem to have a ſerene aſpect. As through a *Stranguo* the Air is all *delightful*, and all the *colours* that do enrich the *Rainbow*, make it beautiful. Do we not even with wonder often ſee, how there are many that take *pleaſure* in toil? they can out-riſe the Sun,

out-watch the Moon, and out-run the fields wild Beaſt. Meerly out of fancy and delectation, they can find out *mirth*, in Vociferation; and Muſic, in the barking of Dogs; and be *content* to be led about the Earth, over hedges and through ſloughs, by the windings and the ſhifts of a poor affrighted Vermine: yet, after all, come off, as *Meſſalina* from her wantonneſs, tyr'd, and not ſatisfied with all that the Brutes can do. But were a man injoyn'd to this, that did not like it, how tedious, and how puniſhable to him would it prove? Since in it ſelf it differs not from riding poſt; or, putting a wiſe man from following and humouring the motions of a child, or ſimple animal. Let no man therefore wonder at the ſeveral *Contentments* of men: For, unleſs the deſires of men be bounded with Prudence and Moderation, the Appetite of the *Mind* is various, as the Palate of the Body, for which no man can give a reaſon. As he is like to be moſt at eaſe in his Journey, that likes the pace of the Beaſt he rides on: So is he that can bring his *Mind* to approve of that *condition* God hath ſet him in. And ſince the *Mind* alone is *judge* of *pleaſure*, 'tis not what others *apprehend*, but what the party *fancies* to himſelf, that *ſatisfies*.

LXXIII.

Of Ceremonies.

AMong all the *varieties* that liberal *Nature* does beſtow upon us; How few things are there, that we take and do make uſe of, as nakedly they were produc'd at firſt, but that with *circumſtance* and *trimming* we ſtrive to *improve* and *beautifie?* The rareſt and moſt precious *materials*, we think not *ſplendid*, till we have *refin'd* them. We *cut* and *poliſh Diamonds*. We *burniſh gold* and *ſilver*. Our *ſilks* we ſcour, and give them *gloſs* and *dye*. Our *Wool* we *card* and *mingle*; we wear not *Cloth* till *dreſs'd* and *dy'd*, and then with *lace* and *fancy* work it up for wearing. We eat not *food*, but *cook'd* with *ſawce*, and *arted* for the *palate*. Even the Cow *eats* not her Mother Earths brave *ſallad*, all and only *green*. *Providence* hath *enamel'd* all with *beauty* in the *orient colours* ſprinkled in her *Mantle*; that by the *eyes* being *pleas'd*, the *appetite* may be more *enticed* out, and the *medly* become *confection*, fitter for *Natures* ſuſtenance. We do not rudely heap our *wood* and *ſtone* together for our *dwellings*, but we hew and fit them into *decent order*; we are ſolicitous to contrive them *ſtately* without, and *beautiful* and *convenient* within; ſo that we make them by *adorning* them, and by the rules of Architecture, rather a *Palace* than a *Priſon*. Every *Calling* hath his *Badge* and *Ornament*. The *Souldier* ſhines in *Steel*, the *Lady* in her *Jewels*, the *Courtier* in his *Silks*. The *Law* and *Phyſic*, have their proper *habits*, fitted to their known *Profeſſions*. And in all *Religions*, *Jewiſh*, *Heathen*, *Mahumetan*, and *Chriſtian*; I never found, but their *Prieſts* in their *Garments* were diſtinguiſht from the *Laic* flock. Only we have

have found of latter years a race of ruder men, that under the pretence of *Piety*, have taken up a *garb* both sottish and disdainful; that are afraid to be known by their *habits* to be *Priests* of the living God; they can wear a *Cipress* or a *Ribbond* for a *friend*; but, not a *Scarf* or *Girdle*, for the *Church* or *State*. Surely, a *Gown* or *Surplice* may in themselves as well be worn, as either a *Shirt*, or *Band*, or *Cloak*: and they can hardly, to unbyassed men, give a reason for declining them, unless it be because *Authority* commands them. As if because the Apostle commands, *That things be done decently, and in order*, therefore it were sufficient ground for men to be cross, and rude, and common, and slovenly. What would have become of these men, had they been enjoyned to have been *attyred* as *Aaron*, in *light* and *flaming colours*, with *Bells tinkling*, and *Pomgranates dangling*, round about their skirts? How would they have brook'd a *linen Miter* of sixteen cubits long, that will rather lose a *Living*, and the opportunity of *saving souls*, and the honour of being an *agent* for *Heaven*, than own a simple *Surplice*? As if white were not a colour as lawful as black; or, the *thred* of the *flax* as warrantable, as the *wool* we cut from off the dumb *Sheeps* back: or, that a *Gown* were not as legitimate to be worn in a *Church*, as for them to sit wrapt with, in their own warm *house* or *study*. I find to the *Jews* by God himself, there were twelve peculiar *habits* appointed to the *Levites*. And surely, (not being forbidden) why may not his *Church* without offence injoyn some? which are so far from being unlawful in themselves, as we see, they would be worn, if they were not injoyned. And are worn *in eadem specie*, though not *in eadem forma*. 'Tis granted by *Chemnitius*, and I think, by most of the reformed Divines, That *In ritibus Adiaphoris habet Ecclesia Potestatem*, In things *indifferent* the Church wants not *authority*. He that is *Lieutenant* of a *Province*, though in the main he be tyed to *govern* by the *Laws*, from which he may not deviate: yet, he is never so bound up, but that in *Circumstances* he hath a latitude left to *discretion*. And if (although in it self *indifferent*) it be once by the Church *injoyn'd*, it becomes then so far a *Divine Law*, as 'tis *Divine*, *in Licitis*, to obey the *Supreme Governour*, and *Legislative Power*. And then, Where will be the difference in refusing an *Innocent Ceremony* Authoritatively imposed, and assuming a *practice* of one disputable, and not imposed? As *Urbius* did in Fasting on the Lords Day; for which St. *Augustine* tells him, That *Totas Ecclesias turbaret & damnaret*, he would disturb and condemn the Universal Church. It is not possible to perform a *Worship* without some natural or instituted *Ceremony*; and while they are not *Contradictive* to the *Canon*, I cannot think, God will be *angry* with me for *obeying* them; or, that being an *Anathema*, if I hear not the *Church*, I should come to be so, when I do *obey* her. While they are not declared *Essentials* of that *Worship*, are not cross to the Sacred Text, are ordained only for *distinction*, *order*, *decency*, and *helps* to *Piety* and *Devotion*; I see not, why it may not be in the *prudence* of a *Church*, moderately to *injoyn* them; and become the *Piety* and *Humility* of the best,

best, to *submit* to what shall be *injoyn'd?* I remember a passage of a grave Divine upon this Subject, which was this; *A Ceremony* (saith he) *in the judgment of all, is in it self a thing indifferent: To preach the Word, a thing precepted and of necessity.* Now, I would have men lay the *thing indifferent* in one scale, and the *thing necessary* in the other; and then let them tell me, if it be not better to *swallow* a *Ceremony*, than to *rend* a *Church*. *Obedience* and *Unity* tend to *Peace*; and *Peace* is the *worlds flourish*; but, *division* and *disobedience* are as the *trains* leading to the *Mine*, that blows up all. If the *Ceremony* did admit a *dispute*; yet, being servants to the *Church*, it would not wholly light upon them that *obey'd*; and it may well be believed, their *submission* would be more acceptable than either their *cavil*, or their *criticism*. The *Ceremonies* of *State*, though the wise man knows they be not of the *sinews* of *Government*, yet, they are the *air*, and of the *countenance* thereof; so, beget in common people a kind of awful *reverence* both of the *Person* and the *Function*. There is no doubt, but the practice of *decent* and *seemly Ceremonies* does help to preserve a *Church* not only in *fixation*, but in *esteem*. And is a *rail* to keep off the *prophane Julians*, who else might do as he did, *piss* upon the *Table*. Nor do I find, but assoon as the *Church* arrived at any state of power, but she took upon her to be as well *formally* as *materially* a *Church*; and besides the rites of *Worship* by her prescribed, *Festivals*, and *Liturgies*, her splendor was such, that with some emulation, if not envy, her Enemies began to cry out, *En qualibus vasis Mariæ Filio administrant!* See but with what costly Vessels they officiate to the Son of *Mary! Theod. lib. 3. cap. 12.* Though the bark of a Tree be no part of the *Timber*, *Fruits*, or *Leaves*; yet we see, if that be stript away, the Tree it self will die. So, a *naked Church* is no more lasting or comely, than the body of a Man without cloaths is *seemly* or *secure*.

LXXIV.

Of the contentment after the overcoming of a strong Temptation.

EVery *Temptation* is a snare, and they that overcome are as Birds escaped; whom *Nature* suffers not to hold from rejoycing; but, as soon as they are got loose, they chirp and sing out a *Joy* to themselves. Surely, if a man would choose out a *happy condition* to live in, he could not fancy to himself a better than when he is come off a *Conquerour* of a great and strong *Temptation*. Victory is so pleasant a thing, that it leaves a man nothing to fear, unless it be that which he feareth not; The soul put by from God returns in the end with comfort, and sweetly closeth with its Maker, whose goodness she knows it is to make her so *Victorious*. Divided friends, when once they come to meet, like Iron and the Loadstone, they do not march, but leap to one anothers bosom. They know they're ever under the shade of Gods divine

divine protection, but now they fly into the *Almighties* arms, and rest secure within his safe *Embraces*. When *Spartan youths* had overcome an Enemy, they were brought home with *Garlands crown'd*, with *music* and *rejoycing*. The greatest exultations that we read of, were the *Triumphs* that were conferr'd on *Conquerours*. And 'tis worthy our observation what high and splendid Priviledges the Scripture does assign to him that overcometh. He shall eat of the *Tree* of *Life*, and of the hidden *Manna*, Comforts and Inspirations sent from *Heaven* as the food of the soul, Hidden because only known to himself. And the white Stone with the new name inscribed alluding to the *Acquittals* and *Donations* of supreme *Princes*, bestowed on such as had the *Innocence* and *blessing* to light upon them: which were so high to the enjoyers of them, that they were not able to make any other ever understand them. He shall be made a *Pillar* in the *Temple* of *God*, and shall go out no more, and shall at last be permitted to sit in the *Throne* with Heavens great Maker, and the supreme *God* of *gods*. It furnishes him with experience of the crafts and wiles and policies of sharpest Enemies, and the *Aids*, *Assistances*, and unexpected Providences of an *Almighty Guardian* and *Defender*; and by the exercise of their Faith and Patience, and their other stock of *Virtues*, animates and increases them: whereby by overcoming once we learn to overcome again, and *master*, and *triumph* over all those subtilties that are lifted up against us. 'Tis one of a *General's* strongest *Arguments* to incite his men to *courage*, To put them in mind, how oft they have been Victors. It does enkindle industry, and add a force to *Fortitude*, while being overcome declines the rising head, and debases all the spirits to a dull and low *Terrenity*. The air is after Victory more wholesom, than it was before. The concussion of Arms, and the stirring of the Element does rarifie and purge it, and the *Conquerour* breaths freelier than he did before. He is not checkt by opposition. The present Region is his own to rest and sleep in, where, and when he pleaseth. The mind is lightned both of *Fear* and *Care*. And he looks upon his own Happiness as both ascending higher, and lasting longer for his late hard *Conquest*. Which is not only intimated by the *Antients* in making the Palm-tree the Symbol of *Victory*, as disdaining to be incurvated by weight, but also being an ever-green with pleasant fruit and of continuance longer than most of other Trees. In which the *Holy Ghost* is not wholly unaspective to the custom that was used among men; since we find the *Triumphers* in the *Revelation*, (as badges of Victory) carried their *Palms* in their *hands*. And the Text, a little after, tells us, that these were of those that had come out of great *Tribulation*. For their noble sufferance, their *undaunted valour* in not yielding, their over-towring Faith, and their coming off with *Mastery*, against all the Assaults of fiercest *Foes*, and *Tempters*; these were now remunerated, with the *Vision* and *Fruition* of the *Almighty*; and for ever after, stood exempted from sorrow, or any other of the distur-

disturbing passions of *man*. And certainly to overcome a *Temptation* that hath been battering hard upon us, dilates the pleased soul, and, lifting it up to God, does place it in a *calm rejoycing*. Though it were materially true, yet mystically it was not so: for the shadow of *Alexander* was longer after his *Conquest*, than it was before. It arose up higher in the *estimation* of men: and extended a protection further to such as had their *province* to live under his spreading shade. *Octavian* and *Augustus* were not the same in one man. A youth at first despis'd and slighted by the experience and haughtiness of his jealous *Emulators*; but after bowed and kneeled to, by all that drew breath under the wing of the *Roman Eagle*. And more than this, it shews the world our parts, which else would steal unseen, from off the *stage*. It is with virtuous men, as it is with Spices, and some kind of fragrant Herbs. Their bruising, by contest, tells all about how rich their *odor* is.

Vidi ego jactatas motâ face crescere flammas:
Et vidi nullo concutiente mori.
How have I seen, the *brandisht Torch* blaze high;
While that unstir'd, by standing still, does die?

As Gold is the better for being in the fire, and so is more esteem'd by men when purified: So is man, got off from Temptation, not only better lik'd by those of this world, but he is more endeared to the *Deity* he serves, for appearing of a *try'd Fidelity*.

LXXV.

Of Civility.

UNless they be impassionate, the greatest spirits, and those of the best and noblest breeding, are ever the most respective and obsequious in their Garb, and the most observant and grateful in their Language to all. They know, rudeness is so coarse a gobbet that it cannot be digested by a healthful stomach: nor Terms uncivil heard without *gall* or *quarrel*. And therefore to prevent the latter, they are careful to avoid the first. This we may build upon: The most staid *judgments* are persons of the *Highest Civility*. They think, to displease is none of the proper interests of Man: *Nature* made him *Communicable* and *Sociable*. To be rude or foolish is the badge of a *Weak mind*, and of one deficient in the *conversive quality* of Man. The *Noblest Creatures* are the more universal *good*. The fire refuses not, as well to warm the *Beggar* as the *Prince*. The water bears as well the *Carrick* as the *Cork*. The earth to all allows her *bearing bosome*. The equal air as equally serveth all. And the bright *Sun*, without distinction shines. To occasion a quarrel is a thing of *Reproach*. And if a wise man hath unawares provok'd one, it lies in the mind, as *Mercury* does in the Body, ceases not working till it quite be got out. It is not for one *Gentleman* to speak to another what shall beget either *shame* or *anger*, or call up either a *blush* or *frown*. And if there be a necessity to displease, yet we ought to

to do it as *nurses* do with *Children* when they are to give them what is bitter, smear it in *Honey*, or rowl it in *Sugar*, that even the palate (if possible) may be held in content. 'Tis a handsome story of the dying *Aristotle*, when he was sought to by his *Scholars* to declare his Successor, among which there were two especially of more eminent merit than the rest, *Theophrastus* a *Lesbian*, and *Menedemus* a *Rhodian*. *Aristotle* calls for Wine of both those places, pretending to drink his last farewel with his *Scholars* before he *dyed*. He tastes the Wine of *Rhodes*, and commends it both for sound and pleasant. Then tasting that of *Lesbos*, he commendeth both for excellent good, but that of *Lesbos* to be the more delicious: by which they understood, he meant *Theophrastus* should hold the succession. So by commending both, he tacitely prefer'd the one without the least disparagement to the other. And in *Religion*, this will hold as well as in *morality* and the common Conversation of the World. For that was never found to be a foe to *good manners*, but that it allowed of a civil respect both in *behaviour* and *words*; by paying observance in the one, and giving *Titles* in the other, according to the *degree* and *quality* of the person we have to deal with. *Jacob* we know to have been a person elect, and in *Grace* with *God* himself, and though *Esau* were a prophane person, and had sold his *Birthright* to his younger *Brother*, whereby the priviledges of *primogeniture* were lost, and his right in the *Sacred Covenant* disputable, if not *vacated*; yet when *Jacob* intended to meet him, because he was a *great man*, and in the *Nature* of a *petty Prince*, and in some kind a *General*; for he had a Band of 400 men: He first sends him a *noble present* of many numerous Beasts. And commanded his servants, when *Esau* inquired whose they were, they should say, They were a *present* for my *Lord Esau*, sent him from his servant *Jacob*. And when he himself came near him, he bowed himself seven times to the *ground* upon his approach to his *Brother*. Nay all his retinue after him, the *hand-maids* and their Children, *Leah* and her Children, *Joseph* and *Rachel*, all of them bowed themselves; and after that, in discourse he *complements* him several times with, *Let me find Grace in the sight of my Lord*; and therefore have I seen *thy face*, as though I had seen the face *of God*. *David*, though he were *anointed* and *designed King*; yet when he met *Prince Jonathan*, he fell on *his face three times*, and bowed himself to the ground. The *Shunamite* fell at the Prophet *Elia's feet*, and bowed her self to the *ground*. The *Widow* of *Tekoa* told *David*, As an *Angel* of *God*, so is my *Lord* the *King*. Though *Darius* were a *Pagan Prince*, and had (though unwillingly) yet unjustly, permitted *Daniel* to the *Lions Den*: Yet as soon as he was out, his *Language* was: *O King, live for ever*. In the *New Testament* St. *Paul* begins his Complement with, *King Agrippa*. And when *Festus* charg'd him wrongfully with being mad; His return was not *Reviling*, nor *Recrimination*: but, I am not *mad*, most *Noble Festus*. Certainly, in those Eastern parts of the World, though they used not to uncover the head, yet the ordinary bowing of the body was *equivalent* to the putting off the Hat

Hat with us: but bowing down to the ground, with all those *Reiterations*, was far beyond our practice of *uncovering*; and descended well near to a *Sacred Veneration*. And the *Rhetorical Collaudations*, with the *Honourable Epithets* given to their persons, were far beyond the *Appellations* that are used in our days, yet are we commanded to use to every man the respects that are *due* to his *place*, and *quality*. God himself calls men to *Honourable places*: and doubtless where he is pleased to bestow it, we ought not to deny it. Render to all their *dues*, *Honour* to whom *Honour* belongs. When our blessed Saviour that took upon him the form of a *Servant*, was living among the *Jews*, though they hated his Doctrine, and at last condemn'd his *Person*, yet their common salutation was, *Rabbi*, *Rabboni*, Master; And when in Honour to his *Descent*, as allyed to the *Crown*, he was called the *Son* of *David*, he gave no check to the Title, but *John* 13. he tells them, You call me *Master*, and you say well. So that safely we may conclude, that Behaviour *rude* and *clownish*, and indeed unchristian, in keeping on the hat before *Nobles*, *Magistrates*, *Kings*, and *Superiours* (with that *vituperious* thouing men, and not owning their *Titles*) comes not from Scripture, or any example of the people of *God*, but from some *blacker fiend*, that under the pretence of *Piety* and the *Spirit*, walks contrary to all the practice of the *Faithful*. The Apostle commands us to submit our selves to every ordinance of man for the *Lords-sake*, as yielding complyance, not so much for our own ends, but purely out of *Conscience*, as being a constitution ordained by God himself; whose *Wisdom* establisht the World not only in the larger frame, where naturally every thing subsides to what is superiour, but even in every *Province*, and each particular, where *Government* and *Obedience* perpetuates the *Harmony* of all.

LXXVI.

That the Present Times are not worse than the Former.

IT is the Preachers precept that a man should not say; Why is it, that the former days were better than these? For thou dost not inquire wisely of these things. Some have reduc'd this to those only that smart under present troubles; So *passion* rather than *Reason* begets the Complaint. Others limit it to the comparing the *Law* with the *Gospel*; and then, there is no doubt, if any be judge besides the *Jew*, He must be condemn'd of *Folly*, that would go about to prefer the times of *Moses* under the load of *Ceremonious shadows*, before those since Christ, wherein the *yoak* is taken off, and the cloud *irradiated* with the shine of *Evangelical Truth*. So that we may confidently acknowledge that memorable saying of *Æneas Sylvius*, that although the Christian Religion had never been confirmed by miracles, yet it deserved and would have been taken up by men, for the very Honesty that it carries with it. But since this was writ in *Solomons time*, so long before

before the coming of our bleſſed Saviour among us, we may believe he meant it more univerſally both of the precedent and the ſucceſſive courſes of the World. And ſurely, if we examine all things in a *judicious ſcale*, we ſhall find indeed, we do not wiſely, when we vent the complaint and cenſure. *Humane Nature* is more ſenſible of ſmart in ſuffering, than of pleaſure in rejoycing, and the preſent indurances eaſily take up our thoughts. We cry out for a little pain, when we do but ſmile for a great deal of *Contentment*. And from this we blame the preſent for a little *preſſure*, when we paſs over all thoſe *ſoft* and *ſmooth demulceations* that inſenſibly do ſtroke us in our *gliding life*. Nor indeed are the pungencies of *former times* in the comprehenſion of our *view*, but at diſtance, and by ſome *Records* that have pickt out only what are extraordinary. So like *Promonts* at Sea, they look high at a diſtance, as if all the Country were an *elevated Mountain*, which when we come to land, we find but of the ſame *Altitude* with the other parts of the *World* we have ſeen. And the mind of man runs with more *Celerity* to *Joy*. It's true, ſometimes there are intervals of *Virtue* and *Vice*, inclinations to *Wars*, and *propenſions* to Peace. The *Sybarites* had a vein of *delicacy*, The *Spartans* a ſtrein of *Arms*: *Athens* had her *Arts* and *Learning*; and *Scythia's fame* was *Barbariſm*. And in the ſame Country, One age runs upon one *thing*, and another does decline what by former times hath been *courted* by the *Inhabitants* of the ſelf-ſame *Climate*. But theſe being but in parts, if the whole be ſumm'd up together, we ſhall find the proportion of all to be much about the ſame *fathom* of what the World was at before. If the *preſent age* exceed in ſome imbrac'd *particulars*, we ſhall read of former, that in other *exceeded us*. If we have inventions of *newer date* with us, They certainly had others that now to us are loſt. And if we ſurvey the *Vices* of precedent times, they will appear more *Barbarous* and more *Epidemical* than ſuch as now flame in the World. We look upon it as the wonder of *Vice* to this day, That a ſtranger could not come to *Sodom*, but the more than *brutiſh Citizens* muſt burn in *ſordid Luſt*, which was ſo foul, that nothing but *Fire* and *Brimſtone* could purge the ſtench of it from the world. It was a *City* of *Pædicators* and *Catamites*, ſo wickedly bent, that it coſt a *miracle* to preſerve the *Angels* from their *Fury*; a *Vice* ſo *new* and ſo *inhumane*, that neither before, nor ſince, could the World find any other name for it, but what was deriv'd from that of the *City* it ſelf. After this, among the *Ægyptians* was that of the *ſtrawleſs Tax*. The *Græcians*, under wiſeſt Law-givers, approv'd of *cunning Thievery*. And drinking was ſo wild a *Vice* among them, That even the *Grammar* loſt its ſenſe by their debauchery; *Pergræcari* ſounding to be mad with Drink. Have we any ſo vain as *Xerxes*, that would think to whip the *Sea* to *calmneſs*; or ſo prodigal as was *Alexander*, that, as *Plutarch* tells us, ſpent twelve millions of Talents upon *Hephæſtions Funeral*? A ſum ſo incredible, that 'tis a queſtion whether at that time the Revenue of the World could afford it? Among the *Jews* that by their *Religion* pretended to more preciſeneſs, we find *Inceſt*, *Fra-*

tricide, *Parricide*, and *Treason*; *Oppression*, *Peremptory*, and *Imperious Cruelty* to the cutting men with Saws, and killing one another, was play and sport for Princes. *Absolon*, a younger Son to a Prince of a petty Province, had yet his fifty Footmen dashing by his Chariot side. *Lucius Florus* tells us of the *German* Women, that, in their Battels, made their Children their weapons, and would fling their own naked sprawling Infants in the face of those they fought with; that the *horror* of the *thing* might daunt the *Roman* courage. Under *Titus*, that was, for the sweetness of his disposition, cry'd up by them of *Rome*, for the *worlds delicious jewel*, There was yet the number of 500 persons, every day while the Siege was strict, crucify'd before the walls of *Jerusalem*, till they wanted not only Crosses, but room to set them in. There were Eleven hundred thousand slain, Nine hundred seventy thousand Captives, and many alive ript up with bloudy hands, in hope to find among the Ordure of the body, the gold they so much coveted. Was there ever since then, any thing like the *Ten Persecutions?* Was there any thing but *Nero's Luxury*, equal to *Nero's Cruelty?* and yet, *Domitian* in one particular out-went him; He loved to feed his eyes, and see those Tortures *Nero* but commanded. Where have we now a *Licinius Lucullus*, that at once put 20000 of the *Caucæi* to the Sword, contrary to the Articles of their Rendition? or, like the famous *Augustus*, who at one time in *Perusia*, sacrificed 300 of the principal Citizens at the Altar of his Uncle *Julius*: In whose *Triumvirate* the *Machine* of the world was danc'd; and he that was but sent to, or prescrib'd, he presently kneel'd and sent his head for a present. *Sylla* took 4 Legions 24000 men of the Conquer'd part to mercy: but not willing to trust them, while the Senate sate, and in their hearing, he cut them all in pieces. *Tiberius* would make men to be fill'd with Wine, then tie them up from Urine, that their torment might swell with their bodies. *Suetonius* records it of *Caligula*, That it was ordinary with him to brand with marks of Infamy the most Honoured and deserving persons, then to condemn them to the Mines, shut them up in Cages, expose them to beasts, or saw them through the middle.

The *Covetousness* of *those times* were as great as their *Cruelties*. It was crime enough to possess a *wealth* with *virtue*. Accusations were not for Offences, though they were for Confiscations. Men, Towns, and Temples, escaped not in their gripe, and rifling them of all: yet this, *ob prædam*, *non ob delictum*; to enrich the Court with Coin, but not to empty the Common-wealth of Vice. *Marcus Antonius* in one year, from the lesser *Asia* only, raised 200000 Talents. For their Luxury, their Drinking, and their Feasting, who reads their stories shall find they have out-gone belief; continuing sometimes 36 hours at a meal, with the interventions only of Lust and Vomiting. Their *Apparel* sometimes only Tiffeny, inverting Natures institution, who meaning it to hide shame, they us'd it now to shew it. *Seneca* speaks it of their matrons, *Ne Adulteris quidem plus sui in cubiculo*, *quàm in publico ostendunt*, They shew as much to the people

People abroad, as they do to their Adulterers in their retired Bed-chambers. They had nothing of *weight* about them but their *Jewels*. Every *joynt* of every *finger* was particularly design'd his *load*. They had their *Winter* and *Summer Rings*, so that by the sight of their hand, you might pick out the season, though you felt neither *heat* nor *cold*. *Hortensius* a great Orator, sued his fellow Commissioner for disordering a plait in his Robe. And they had their Dinner and their Supper Garments: So curious they were in composing their Hair; so costly in their Apparel, Dyet, Servants, Houshold-stuff, and all belonging to them; that if we compare the *Excesses* of *those times* with the (in respect of them) *petty vanities* of *ours*, there will appear the difference between a *Court* and *Cottage*, and the *vast extention* of their enlarged *Empire*, and the *small circumference* of our single-moated *Island*. Every Nation hath its *Zenith* and its *Declination*. As they rise in Empire, they enlarge both in Virtue and Vice; and when they decline, they sink in these, as they do decline in Dominion. And though as to themselves one time may be either better or worse than another: Yet take the World in gross, and jumbled together, and there is nothing now to be complain'd of in the main; but what hath been as high or higher heretofore. Every Nation hath endured Oppression, hath felt of Tyranny, hath admitted Treason, and hath trod the Mazes of Vice. Only as Islanders are usually the most nefarious; we have in one thing out-acted all the Lands the Sun did ever shine upon: A *Prince* no less by *virtue* and *glorious parts*, than by *right* of *Inheritance* and *descent* of *Ancestry*; under the *pretence* of *abused Justice* with the *formality* of *mis-interpreted Law*, hath been *sentenc'd* (by his *sworn Subjects* turn'd into *Rebels*) to a *Decapitation*; and, as a Tyrant, put to *death*, indeed because he ever abhorred to be so. Creation never yet saw any thing, to equal it. For *two pieces* of *Treason*, we have digged lower towards Hell, than ever yet did any other people, *The Powder*, and *the pretended-Parliamental Treason*: As if to *revenge* the *attempt* of the *one*, we had *strained* to *gratifie* the *authors* of it, by *out-doing* them in the *other*. 'Tis apparent in other *particulars*, other *times* have had *blacker crimes* than ours; but doubtless, in the *general*, the *World* is rather *better* than *worse* than it hath been. *Wars*, *Rapine*, *Murther*, *Treason*, *Pride*, and *Lust*, have ever been since Man was Man. But, in regard of the *influence* of *Christian Religion*, which *corrects* the *cogitation* and *intention* of all, as well as the outward act; I believe it hath so wrought upon the *general Genius* of the *world*, as it is not so *audaciously* and *epidemically facinorous*, as it was in times of *Paganism*, who were taught by their *gods* to be *loose* and *less* than *men*. And surely, the *considerations* of the like to these may so far prevail upon the *opinions* of *men*; as though they may be sorry the *World* is not *better*; yet, compar'd with what hath formerly been, they need not wonder that 'tis now so *ill*.

LXXVII.

Of Three things we ought to know.

TWo of them are in our ſelves, the *other* is without us; yet, of ſo great *neceſſity*, that, without it, of the *beſt* of *creatures* made for this *world*, we become the *worſt* and the *moſt unhappy*. We ought to *underſtand* our *own Miſery*, *Gods Love*, and our *own thankful Obedience*: Our *own Miſery*, how deep and fatally extreme; and, to us, the much more *diſconſolate*, by being ſo *juſt*: So *intolerable* that we cannot but *complain*; yet, ſo *juſt*, that of none we can *complain*, but of our ſelves. If we came not into the World wrapt in *Corruptions Garments*; yet, are we ſure here to live with ſuch as are ſo; and, lying near, like wood in fire, with them we flame and burn. We were *loſt*, before the World e're *found* us. And yet, we have ſo much of *Miſery*, as, for the moſt part, we have the *Miſery* to purſue it; or elſe, like people dying, we droop under ſo general a weakneſs, as we are not ſenſible of any that lies upon us. And in this, as in them, our *danger* is the greater. The *harms* foreſeen or felt by *prudence*, we may *ſtrive* againſt and *ſhun*: But, when they *lurk* in *ſhades* of *ſilent night*, before we know we *fall* into the *pit*. And, which is the worſt, our *miſchief* is ſo *deſperate*, that neither *we*, nor all the *frame* of *creatures* can *relieve* us. Nay, *Time*, that triumphs over all, lies down with wearied wings, but cannot give us *remedy*. *Eternity* is only like it ſelf, and being beyond *every thing*, can be compar'd to *nothing*.

Nor is *Gods Love* leſs *infinite*, or leſs *incomprehenſible*. What had we that we *deſerv'd* to be *created* at firſt? And what had we not, which might have *condemn'd* us when made. He hath *lov'd* us, not only of his own *making*, but of our own *marring*. When we would die and ſpurn off Doctors from us, He *pour'd* in *Cordials* 'gainſt our own *conſent*; and then, without our own *help*, made us live. God deals with *us*, as we with our *brute beaſts*; if not *ty'd up* and *forc'd*, we have not *wit* to take the *thing* ſhould help us: And though, as *Cato*, we did tear our *ſelf-made-wounds*, to widen *deaths* ſad entrance: Yet, without our *wiſhes*, and againſt our *wills*, when we lay *gaſping* in the *Road* to *ruine*, by the *mercy* of this great *Samaritan*, we were again *bound up* for *life*, and for the *joys* of *Being*. So Bats and Owls, that hate the Suns gay light, are yet by the influence of its gracious beams, from their dark holes drawn out to fly and live. We have *Being* upon *Being* given us; *To Be*, and *to Be well*, are both large acts of *bounty*; only the latter is a *double Creation*, or at leaſt a *Diſ-creation* and *Creation* too. *God*, the *Friend*, has *courted* us his *Enemies*, and hath himſelf, not only been our *Redemer*, but hath given us *inſtruction*, and found us out *ways* whereby we may ſtill be *preſerved*. So that the *conſideration* of *Gods love*, will be, as that of God himſelf was to the Grave *Simonides*, the *more thought on*, the *leſs* to be *comprehended*.

And

And this being *infinitely* above all our *apprehensions*, we cannot in reason give less than all our *gratitude:* And yet, of that, how small a part is *all?* When *all* we can pay, is so *simple a little* of what we *justly owe*; we should *immeasurably* be *unjust*, if we *return'd* not *all* in our *ability*. Though we have not to *requite*, we may have what will *please*, when we give him up his *own*, and offer up his *Offering* for us; when we yet remember what we cannot *return*. The best *repository* of a *benefit*, is a *mind* that will *perpetually acknowledge* it. We ought to *study* what will *please*, we ought to *fly* from what is *offence*. And when we have done all we can, we still are short alive, of what the dead Earth does. *That* yields our seed with multiply'd increase; but, *this* quick earth of ours, does dwindle what is cast in't. So though we *meditate* our *own Misery*, and *God's free Grace* and *Bounty*; yet, the great business of our life is *Gratitude*. For that in all its *dimensions* and *concomitants*, will take up all we can possibly do, and yet, at last of all, will leave us still to *wish* and *pray*.

LXXVIII.

Of the uncertainty of Fame.

A Good *Fame*, is as the beams about the Sun, or the glory about a holy Picture that shews it to be a Saint. Though it be no *essential Part*, it arises from the body of that virtue, which cannot chuse but shine and give a light through all the clouds of Error and Distraction. And though sometimes the Mists and Vapours of the lower earth impede the light it gives; yet there will be apparent Rays, that shew there is *Desert* unseen, which yields those gleams of *brightness* to the whole *Horizon*, that it moves and shines in. The Philosopher *Bion* was pleas'd to call *good Fame*, *The Mother of years*; for that it gives a kind of *perpetuity*, when all of us else is gone. And indeed, it may as well be the *Daughter of years*; for that it is not gotten but by the continued succession of *noble actions*. However, among all the *externals* of *life*, we may observe it, as one of the *best*, so one of the brittlest and most fading *blessings*. 'Tis the hardest both to get and keep; like a Glass of curious Workmanship, long a making, and broke in a moment. That which is not *gain'd*, but by a *settled habit* of *eminent Virtues*; by one short *vitious action*, may be lost for ever. The *insuccess* of an *Affair*, the *mutability* of *Fortune*, the *elevation* of a *Faction*, or *depression* of a *Party*, the *Mistake* of a *Matter*, or the *craft* of a *subtile Jugler*, how it alters quite the *sound* that *Fames loud Trumpet* makes? Like a Beauty, drawn by some great Artists hand; one dash from a rude Pencil, turns it to a *Gorgon*. Nay, if it only would in this sort vanish, it would then by many be kept untainted. If it could not be *lost*, but upon *certainties*; if it were in our *own keeping*; or, if not in our *own*, in the hands of the *wise* and *honest*: How possible were it to *preserve* it *pure?* But the misery is, that it rests upon *probabilities*; which as they

they are heard to *disprove*, so they are easie to *perswade*; That it is in the *hands* of *others*, not our *selves*; in the *custody* not of the *discreet* and *good* only, but also of the *simple*, the *cunning*, and the *vile*: Who though they cannot make us *worse* to our *selves*; yet, how *foul* and *sullyed* may they render us to *others!* With *bad*, we *get* a *taint* that spoils our *whitest innocence*: with *cunning men*, we are not what we are, but by such lights are seen, as they will please to shew us; and with the *simple*, naked we are left, that men may see our shame. Some are gilded over, that the world are cheated in them. Some are gold within, and by the ignorant and unskilful, are ta'ne for Brass or Copper. *Quidam omni tempore venantur famam seculi, & omni tempore sunt Infames*; They ever are upon the haunt of *Fame*, and yet we see for ever they are *Infamous*. To vindicate us from the stain of these, there is no *remedy* but a *constant careful discretion*. We are in the world, as men in a Town besieged; if we be not always upon our guard, we have so many enemies, we soon may be surprised. A *careless Watch* invites the *vigilant Foe*; and by our *own remisness*, we contribute to our *own defamation*. We must be *wary* as well of *words* as *actions*. Sometimes a short *Laconic* stabbing speech, destroys the Fabric of a well-built *Fame*. It was the advice of the sober *Epictetus*, *That they which did desire to hear well, should first learn well to speak*: for 'tis our *speech* as well as *deeds*, that charm the *ears*, and lead the *hearts* of others. Even all the Art *Tiberius* e're was master of, could never so disguise his *inward rancor*, but through his own *expressions*, oft it would break out. Nor must we be only *good*, but we must not *seem* to be *ill*. Appearance alone, which in *good* is too little, is in *evil* much too much. He stabs his own *fair Fame*, that willingly appears in that *ill act* he did not. It is not enough to be *well liv'd*, but *well* to *converse*, and so be *well reported*. As well we ought to care we may be *honest deem'd*, as to our selves to be so. Our *friends* may *know* us by the *things* they *see*, but *strangers judge* us by the *things* they *hear*. As that is most likely to be *truth*, wherein all the differing *parties* do *agree*: so, that *Fame* is likeliest to last, and to be real, wherein *Friends* and *Enemies*, *Strangers* and *Familiars*, shall *joyn* and *concur*; and wherein *words* and *actions* shall not *cross* and *run counter*: The one is a *healthful habit* and a *good complexion*; the other, as a *handsome carriage*, and a *pleasing countenance*. The first best way to a *good Fame*, is a *good life*; the next is, *good discourse* and *behaviour*. Though when all is done, being a *thing without* us, we are at the *mercy* of others, whether we shall enjoy it or no. It will therefore be but a *fond thing* to be *too greedy* of that which, when we have gotten, must be kept and allowed us by others.

LXXIX.

Of Alms.

IT is not neceſſary they ſhould always come out of a Sack. A man may be *charitable*, though he hath not an *expanding Plenty*. A *little purſe* contain'd that *mite*, which once *put in*, was the *greateſt gift* in the *Treaſury*. Nay, ſometimes a *willing mind* (when we want our ſelves) is acceptable. God being the *creator* of the *will*, is ſometimes as well pleas'd, when that extendeth towards him, as with the *dead collocations* of ſome *inſenſate Treaſure*. So there are few that may plead *Poverty* as a *total exemption*; for, if they have but a *rich mind*, their *return* may be as great as his that with *wealth* did venture a great deal more. But ſurely, where there is *plenty*, *Charity* this way is a *duty*, not a *curteſie*. 'Tis a Tribute impoſed by Heaven upon us. And he is no good Subject that does refuſe to pay it. If God hath cauſed many Rivers to run into our Sea: we ought in a mutual return of Tide, to water all thoſe low and thirſty places that our waves may reach at. Something Nature ſeems to ſpeak this way. For queſtionleſs, the *earth* with the *benefits* it produces, was at the firſt intended for the uſe of *mankind* in the general; and no man ought ſo to *graſp* at *all*, but that another may have a ſhare as well as he. If he be not ſo fortunate in acquiring it, yet, as a *humane creature*, he hath a right of *Common*, though he may not be admitted to break into anothers *Incloſure*. Sutable to this, we ſee God in his *Moral Law*, injoyns us, *to love our Neighbours as our ſelves:* and in the *Political Laws* of the Old Teſtament, men are commanded (though there were a Civil Right to themſelves) *to leave in the field, and after Vintage, gleanings and remains for the poor*. And we cannot but take notice, that there are *frequenter Precepts*, *higher Promiſes*, and *greater Efficacy*, ſet upon the *Grace* of *giving Alms*, than there is almoſt upon any other *humane Virtue*. The *Precepts* for this are every where ſo obvious, as there needs no mention of particulars of them; we can no where read to miſs them. The *Promiſes* uſually are annex'd to the *Precepts*; and theſe contain all that we can expect either in this world, or hereafter. But the *efficacy* ſet upon this *Charity*, would make one incline at firſt view to think it had a kind of *inherent merit* with it. In *Daniel*, *Nebucadnezzar* is adviſed, *to break off his ſins by righteouſneſs, and his iniquities by ſhewing mercy to the poor*. As if the *practice* of theſe could *waſh* off *offences*; or like a *Cæleſtial Fullers-earth*, could take out the *ſpots* of *fleſh* from the *ſoul*. We find it rank'd with *Righteouſneſs*, and by the Sacred Text, 'tis made almoſt equivalent. Our moſt Learned and Laborious Annotator on the New Teſtament, informs us, and examples it upon the Fifth of *Matth.* that *Alms and Righteouſneſs, are, in the Holy Scripture, promiſcuouſly uſed the one for the other*. And this, perhaps, might put *Job* into the greater amazement, That his *afflictions* ſhould befall him;

when

when he had always been so *merciful to the poor*, as in the 30 and 31 Chapter of his Book he *expostulates*. But, above all, is that place of St. *Luke* the 11. and 41. where our Saviour, after he had told the *Pharisees* of their *Cheats* and *Hypocrisie*, says, *Nevertheless, give Alms, and all things shall be clean unto you.* As if an *Alms* could *expiate* a *sin*, and *discharge* a *scarlet* into *innocent snow*; unless it may be taken, in a sort, as some *Ironical Tax* upon them, for thinking, though they *cosen'd* never so much, did never so little *right*, and acted never so much *stupendious wrong*; yet, if they gave but *Alms*, they thought it would free them from all. But, however they did, or did not, put *condignity* of *merit* upon them; yet, certainly, in regard of the *command* and *encouragement* going along, they carry such a *Promissory merit* with them, that one would wonder that of any thing *Christians* should neglect their oft performance.

Nor are the Fathers behind hand in their *Elogies* and *Harangues* hereupon. St. *Augustine* tells us, *Eleemosyna mundat peccata, & ipsa interpellat pro nobis. Alms-deeds* cleanse us from our sins, and interpose in our behalf to God. St. *Chrysostome* speaking of *Alms*, hath left us these inviting passages, *Vincula peccatorum ipsa dissolvit, fugat tenebras, extinguit ignem*; and a little after, *Virgo est, habens alas aureas, circumscripta per omnia venustate, sed succincta, vultum habens candidum atque mansuetum; pennata est & levis, & semper ante solium regale consistit*; It dissolves the sinners chains, puts darkness from our souls, and quenches Hells smart fire — A Virgin 'tis, encompass'd all with Graces, ever ready to appear and plead for us, with clear and curteous looks; she's light and fit to mount, and always waits at the *Cœlestial Throne*. Surely, it is the part of a good Steward, to see that all the Family be provided for. And the poor of this world being part of Gods, we discharge not our parts, unless we take *care* for them. He that does, (if there were no reward) hath certainly a fairer account to give, than such as have expended only on Themselves, on Pride, on Lust, on Ryot, and on Wantonness. He that does *supply* the poor, hath a Warrant from Heaven for what he so expends. But he that lays out by the By on vanities, at best, he spends but on his own account, and 'tis not likely, all will be allowed him, when his last Audit comes. 'Tis true, there be many poor, that indeed deserve not *Charity*, if we look at their vices, and the mispending of what they have given them. And therefore (though the Impotent, the Indigent, and the Innocent deserve most, yet) the reward of *Charity* is not in the receiver so much, as in him that bestows. If I do my part well, I shall not lose the benefit, because another makes ill use on't. When one blam'd *Aristotle* for giving to a dissolute fellow, his answer was, *He gave not to the Manners, but to the Man.* That is properly the best *Alms* that is *given* of ones own, in obedience to the Laws of *Charity*. And the *readiness* adds vigour to the *benefit*. When the *seed* is long in ripening up to *Alms*, it shews the *air* of *Charity* is cold; and, if the *season* be once *past*, we *sow* our *grains* in *wind*, but cannot expect

that

that they ſhould *grow up* to *increaſe*. If Heaven be our Country, and we intend to dwell there, 'tis beſt to make over what we have, to be ready againſt our arrival. The poor are our *Credentials* that will help us to *Treaſure* in *Heaven*. What we *leave behind*, we *loſe*, as never after being likely to *make uſe on't*. But this way *beſtowed*, we both *carry* it with us, and *leave* it alſo here. *The Generations of the Merciful ſhall be bleſſed, and find it*. Like *Porcelane* Earth, we may ſo bury our *wealth* in the ground of *Poverty*, that our *Children* and *Poſterity* may gather it when we are gone. And, though we be turn'd to duſt; yet, by the mercy of our Father above, our *good deeds* here below may *bourgeon* and be *fruitful*.

LXXX.

Of Promiſes and keeping ones Word.

IT was but a falſe Maxim of *Domitian*, when he ſaid, *He that would gain the People of* Rome, *muſt promiſe all things, and perform nothing*. For, when a man is known to be *falſe* of his *word*, inſtead of a *Column*, that he might be for others to *reſt* upon by *keeping* it, he grows a *Reed*, that no man will vouchſafe to *lean* upon. As a floating Iſland, when we come next day to ſeek him, he is carried from his place we left him in, and inſtead of Earth to build upon, we find nothing but inconſtant and deceiving Waves. For a man to be *juſt* in his *word*, he makes himſelf *Canonical*, and ſo becomes *Divine*; having the honour, that not a *tittle* of what he *ſays* ſhall fall to the ground. He is the *Anchor* of his *Friends* and *Neighbours*; the *Altar* that they *fly* to, and *rely* on. And certainly, in great Perſons 'tis one of the ſupremeſt both excellencies and advantages that they can be endued withal, to be ſuch as will *keep* their *word*. *Henry* the fourth of *France* was ſo juſt this way, that he was called *The King of Faith*. And to the Eternal Renown of the late Prince of *Parma*, in all the Tranſactions of War, it could never be charged upon him, that he left one *Article* of what he undertook, *unperformed*. A *faithful promiſe*, is a *Shield* and *Buckler*: A *guard* in both the *Rear* and *Van*, by which we march in ſafety againſt the piqueerings and ambuſhes of ſuch as are our Adverſaries. Under the cover of a gracious *ſpeech*, we think our ſelves ſecurer than in our own tuition: 'Tis the *Bridge* by which we paſs over the *River*; 'tis the *Ship* that carries us ſafe upon the *Ocean*, and amidſt the ſeveral winds of buſineſs and affairs. 'Tis indeed the *Patron* of the other *Virtues*, that make men cry'd up in the world. He that is *juſt* will ſcorn to *deceive*; 'tis below the loftineſs that dwells in Noble Minds, and they ſooner can do *any thing*, than *wrong*. *Truth* and *Fidelity* are the Pillars of the Temple of the World. If any blind *Sampſon* break but theſe, the *Fabric* falls, and cruſhes all to pieces. Nay, if we be not Infidels to Scripture, this *Juſtice* does unlock the *gates* of *Heaven*, and lets us into *Paradiſe*: For, when

the question is, *Who shall inhabit Gods holy Hill?* the answer is, *He that passes his word to his Neighbour, and does not disappoint him, though it should redound to his loss.* What may he not do, that hath the reputation of a *just man?* It spares him the trouble of Sureties, he is his own both Pawn and Security. What others have is his, as well as what he owns himself. He makes himself the Master of the World, and, if he can but *Promise*, others will not fear to *Trust*. The Prophet tells us, *The Just shall live by Faith:* that is, not only by the dependence on the *Providence* and *Promises* that God hath pleased to communicate to Man; but, being *just*, he shall live by the credit, the esteem, and trust that others put upon him: And, though he hath not wherewithal of his own, yet, the Reputation of his *justice* shall give him the command of what others do possess. For, no man will deny to afford him what ever he shall engage, and undertake for: Though *Aristides* by *Themistocles* was prevailed against, and ten years space was banisht: yet, when *Xerxes*, like a raging Sea, came rowling against his Countrey, they were glad to call him home, and be protected by his *Wisdom* and *Justice*. And though he were a Beggar (for, he had not wherewith to bury him:) yet, he liv'd a Prince, and was his Countreys *Angel*, for he did both *guard* and *govern* it. There was but one in the world, that durst own the Burial, and was admitted to the honour of embalming our blessed Saviour; and the Text describes him to be a *good man* and a *just*. Nor does a Prince lose by being *just:* When men are under the rule of one that is so, they will be sure to defend him against all his Enemies; because they are all concern'd in their own particular, as having a Governour that abhors to do them injury, and will protect them from their suffering wrong; so they fight for their own *Interest*, as well as for his *safety*. But, even *Allegiance* sits loose, when *Injustice* shakes the *Tenant*. A man that breaks his *word*, by his example teaches to be *false*; and doubtless, leaves men *angry* by their being *deceiv'd:* but, with himself the *shame* and *hate* will dwell. When *Alcibiades* met *Socrates* at a Feast, he confess'd, he could not but inwardly blush to see him: because he had not perform'd what he *promis'd* him. Instead of a blessing, which our Clients expect, by performance of what we *promise*, we throw, by the breach of it, a curse and scorn upon them. And perhaps, when they deserve it not, the fate pronounc'd against the Hypocrite and Unjust, our falsity flings upon them. Their hopes by us are quite cut off and perished. *Solomon* assures us, that *Hope* but *defer'd maketh the heart sick:* But, when 'tis *frustrate*, oft we find it *kills*. And in this sense, sure it is, that *Job* compares the *failing* of *Hope* to the *giving up of the Ghost*. Many times a mans whole stock of comfort is laid upon the *Hope* of a *Promise*, which when it *breaks*, his *Anchor-hold* is gone, and he is left a *prey* to the unsafe *waves*, or the unconstant *winds*. It takes a man off from the Plausibilities and Benignities of life, and thrusts him down to the horrors of a sad defeat, which makes him desperate, and so dangerous. He doth not wisely consult his own *safety* that is prevail'd upon to be *false* of his *word*. That friend that will put me upon the *violation* of my-

my *word*, does rob me together of my *Integrity* and my *Honour*, and what a carcaſs then is Man, when theſe two are once gone? They are the *Royal Enſigns* of *Humanity*; there will be *Reverence* paid, while theſe keep up about us: but, when we once diſrobe our ſelves of theſe, like naked or diſguiz'd, we meet *contempt* from all. 'Tis on the *Rock* of *Promiſes* that brave men build their *Hopes*; when theſe do fail, *Foundations* ſhrink, and all the *ſtructure* reels. When I *paſs* my *word*, I proffer to my friend the *food* of *Hope*; but, when I *fail*, I *feed* him with a *Lye*, which gives him the malignities both of *Saturn* and *Mars* conjoyn'd. So, it not only works a man up to diſdain and ſpleen of the *diſcontented* and *deceived*, but, it puts us out of *favour* with *Heaven*, When *Nehemiah* ingaged the *Jews*, to ſhew them what the iſſue would be if they *fail'd*, he *ſhakes* his *lap*, that they might ſee, who did not *keep* their *words*, ſhould ſo be *ſhaken* out of their *houſes*, and *emptied* from among the *people*. When *Tiſſaphernes* had broke the *Truce* he had made with King *Ageſilaus*, *Ageſilaus* ſends Embaſſadors to him, to give him *thanks*, that by breaking his *Promiſe* he had made the Gods his Enemies. Nor is it a wonder, that the *failing* of a *Promiſe* ſhould ſo ſtartle us: for, all the ſtreſs of life lies on it. For almoſt 4000 years, What had the world to live on, but the *Promiſes* of the *Meſſia?* And ſince then, What is't we have for Heaven, but the *Promiſe* upon Faith to be admitted in him: So that the weight of all depends upon a *Promiſe*. And, if that ſhould *fail*, we have no other *Refuge*, but muſt fall to *miſery*. Certainly, the ſame equity is in all *juſt Promiſes*, though not of ſo great *concern*: So that we ought to be as careful to *keep* our *word*, as we would be to *preſerve* our *happineſs*. And a great deal rather be *ſlow* in *making*, than *backward* in *performing* what we *promiſe*. It is no ſhame with reaſon to *deny*; but 'tis a ſhame once *promis'd*, not to make *good*. He cheats his friends, deſtroys himſelf, and gratifies his enemies, that *looſely promiſes*, and is *negligent* in *performing*. *Promiſes* may *get* friends, but tis *performance* that muſt *nurſe* and *keep* them.

LXXXI.

Of Love and Likeneſs.

I Know not whether is more true, That *Likeneſs* is the cauſe of *Love*, or *Love* the cauſe of *Likeneſs*. In agreeing diſpoſitions the firſt is certain. In thoſe that are not, the latter often comes to paſs. The firſt is the eaſier *Love*; the other, the more voluntary, and ſo the more noble and obliging. One obliges the *Lover*; the other, the *beloved*. He that for *likeneſs* is *beloved*, invites his friend to love him; ſo that, upon the matter, he *loves* but his dilated ſelf. 'Tis the affection of *Narciſſus*, when we are pleas'd with the reflex of our ſelves. And this is the reaſon why flatterers are received into grace and favour when plain ſpeaking ſhuts out himſelf from acceptation. We *love* thoſe that ſmooth us, as

we *love* our Looking-glass, because it shews us our own face. And, though in truth it oft dissembles, and presents us better than we are, yet still we *like* it, because we think it true. The Nature of man is taken with *similitudes*. When we see one *merry*, it begets in us a *laughter*. When we see another in *tears*, we with him are ready to *weep*. The *Souldier* loves the *Martial man*. The *Scholar* is for an *Academy*. The *Tradesman* for the *City*. The *Husband-mans Court* is the *Country*. A *Port-town* fits the *Mariner*; and the *Gallant*, in the *Court* inthrones his felicity. And in all these, we follow but the instinct of Providence, That by joyning *like* to *like*, we increase a mutual strength, and keep up one another. And, there is another *love*, that as well as this, reflects upon our selves: and that is, when we *love* for *eminence* of *parts* in either mind or body. We *love beauty*, because it *pleaseth*; and, we *love good parts*, because they are likewise *acceptable*; and we promise to our selves either pleasure or profit by enjoying them: So that still in these, the Fountain out of which *Love* springs, arises out of *self-love*, for that we think by them to gain to our selves some benefit. Thus man does *love*, because he *loves* himself; and is incited by what is without him, to *love* himself within. But with God, the motive is not from us, but purely from his goodness; we cannot yield him profit by all we can perform, nor hath he need, that we should *love*, or be *beloved* of him. Nor are we *lov'd* because we are like him; but, that by *loving* us for our own *good*, he may make us so. That surely, is the nobler *Love*, that riseth like *Creation*, out of *nothing*; or else like a *Chaos* finds us, and by shedding the beams of *love* upon us, frames us into the beauty of a World. What can we account we had, that God should be induc'd to look upon us? Or, what did we want, that might not have put him off? Surely, since he *loved* us when we were not *like* him, we ought to labour that we may be *like* him. We ought to be *like* him being our *Friend*, that was pleas'd to *love* us, being his *Enemies*. Though we did not *love* him first, because he was not *like* us: yet, we ought now to be *like* him, because he first did *love* us. *Socrates* could tell us, That since God of all things is the most happy and blessed, he which can be *likest* him is neerest true felicity. And certainly, if we be not *like* him, we may conclude we *love* him not; for questionless, *Love* is like the Elements, they labour to convert every thing they meet with into themselves. Fire turns all to fire that it does seize upon. Earth doth to Earth reduce what she imbraces; The Air calls out all to it self; and the Water into Water resolves. If the *love* of God be in us, it cannot but conform us to him: Whereas in *dissimilaries*, there is a kind of natural contest that hinders all Prosperity. A free and quiet spirit will be gall'd to a Consumption, by being forc'd to live with turbulent and contentious humorists. The Pious and Prophane will never peaceably be made cohabitants. Even in Vegetable Nature we often find Antipathies. The Colewort does not only hinder drunkenness, taken inwardly; but planted near the Vine, it checks its growth and flourishing. And 'tis no less a wonder, that the Learned and Industrious *Salmuth* on *Pancirollus*

cirollus tells us, Let a Drum be headed at one end with a Wolfs skin; and at the other covered with a Sheeps skin: if you beat the Wolfs skin, the Sheeps skin head will break. Nay, he ſticks not to inform us, that further yet the antipathy extends; as if the fear and enmity between theſe creatures outlaſted all the bounds of life, and could create a ſenſe in matters quite inanimate. Cover two ſeveral Drums, one with a Wolfs skin, the other with a Sheeps; Let them both be beaten at once, and that with Sheeps skin cover'd ſhall not ſound. So Feathers of the Dove with Eagles mixt will eaſily be conſum'd.

Surely, between the Immaculate and moſt Holy God, and between corrupt and contaminated Man, there is a great averſion. And in our Reaſon, little reaſon can by us be found, why this Great God ſhould *love* us, while we diverſifie our ſelves from him, we fight againſt his *love*, and are ſo much the further from our own Salvation. It is happy, that we are the Creatures of a Being and a Power ſo immenſe and good, that with his Goodneſs all our ill o'recomes; that with his Power maſters all our ſtruglings: That tranſcends us ſo in Excellency, that he overpowers all our faults, and *loves* us into *liking* and *conformity*. So great an Agent will have power over us, and ought to have the more, becauſe his *love* is *free*. If he *love* us, it will be found our duty to *love* and to *ſerve* him. Though we cannot ſerve him as we ſhould; we ſhall *ſerve* him much the better, if we *love* him. And both theſe are our Intereſt.

LXXXII.

Of Law.

IT is the *bridle* of the *Humane Beaſt*, whereby he is held from *ſtarting* and from *ſtumbling* in the *way*. It is the *Hedge* on either ſide the *Road*, which hinders from *breaking* into other mens *propriety*. A man had as good live in *Ægypt* among all the ten Plagues, as in the world among the wicked without *Law* to defend him. 'Tis every mans *Civil Armour*, that guards him from the gripes of *Rapine*. And indeed, 'tis for this chiefly, that *Laws* are of uſe among men: For the *wiſe* and *good* do not need them as a *guide*, but as a *ſhield*; They can live civilly and orderly, though there were no *Law* in the world. And though *wiſe* and *good* men invented *Laws*: yet they were *fools* and *wicked* that put them upon the ſtudy. Being to rule ſuch wild Cattel as ramp up and down on the earth, there needed both the judgement and the wit of the beſt and ableſt, to find out ways to trammel them, and keep them in a bounded order. And becauſe, they fore-ſaw that they were like enough to be ſlighted by the ignorant and ſcornful; to put the more regard and countenance upon their *Laws*, and the obſervance of them, they pretended to receive them from ſome more raiſed Deity, of whom men were in awe, and feared to offend, for preſerving of themſelves from puniſhment. So *Minos* among the *Cretians*, affirmed he had diſcourſe

course with *Jupiter*; and *Lycurgus* to have taken his, from *Apollo*; *Numa* from the Goddess *Egeria*; *Mahomet* from his *Pigeon* whispering him into an Ecstasie, as coming from some sacred Spirit. And *Moses* declares the two Tables received from God himself in *Mount Sinai*. And surely, it adds vigour to our complyance with Christianity, that we know our Blessed Saviour to be the Son of the most High, and to be God as well as Man. Yea, and thereby to put the higher Authority, and the more esteem upon their Kings that are to rule over them, our neighbours of *France* would have us believe that their Vial of Unction was received from the hands of an Angel. These things doubtless, are all of them so far true, as it is most certain, the original of *Laws* is *divine*. And though at first creation, God gave not Man a *literal* and *prescripted Law*: yet, he gave him a *Law Parole*; and *inscribed* it in his *heart*, that by those *inward dictates*, he might be guided and bounded in the course of his Life.

Among the *antient Druides*, It was absolutely forbidden to Register their *Laws* in *writing*. And *Cæsar*, in his *Gallic Wars*, gives us two reasons for it. One that their Mysteries might not come to be *prophan'd* and *encommon'd* by the Vulgar: another, that not being written, they might be more careful ever to carry them in their thoughts and *memory*. Though doubtless it was as well to preserve their own *Authority*, to keep the people to a recourse to them, and to a *reverence* and *esteem* of their *judgements*. Besides, it often falls out, that what is written, though it were a *good Law* when made; yet by the *emergency of affairs*, and the condition of *men* and *times*, it happens to be *bad* and *alterable*. And we find it to be *evidently true*, That, as where are many *Physicians*, there are many *diseases*; So where there are many Laws, there are likewise many *Enormities*. That *Nation* that swarms with *Law*, and *Lawyers*; certainly abounds with *Vice* and *Corruption*. Where you find much fowl resort; you may be sure there is no want of either *Water*, *Mud*, or *Weeds*.

In the beginnings of *thriving* States, when they are more *Industrious* and *Innocent*, they have then the fewest *Laws*. *Rome* it self had at first but 12 Tables. But after, how infinitely did their number of *Laws* increase? Old States like old Bodies will be sure to contract *diseases*. And where the *Law-makers* are many, the *Laws* will never be few. That Nation is in best estate, that hath the fewest *Laws*, and those good. Variety does but multiply *snares*. If every *Bush* be limed, there is no Bird can escape with all his *feathers free*. And many times when the Law did not intend it, men are made guilty by the *pleaders Oratory*; either to express his *eloquence*, to advance his *practice*, or out of *mastery* to carry his *Cause*: like a *garment* pounc'd with *dust*, the business is so smear'd and tangled, that without a *Galilæus* his Glass, you can never come to discern the *spots* of this *changeable moon*. Sometime to gratifie a powerful party, *Justice* is made blind through *Corruption*, as well as out of *impartiality*. That indeed, by reason of the *non-integrity* of *men*, To go to Law, is, for two to contrive the *kindling*

ling of a Fire at their own coſt, to *warm others*, and ſinge themſelves to *Cynders*. Becauſe they cannot agree to what is *Truth* and *Equity*, they will both agree to *plume* themſelves, that others may be ſtuck with their *Feathers*.

The Apoſtle throws the brand of Simple among them that would by ſtriving this way conſume both their *Peace*, their *Treaſure*, and their *Time*, as if it were of the *Fool*, to expoſe a Game to the *packing* and the *ſhuffling* of others, when we might ſoberly *cut*, and *deal the Cards* our ſelves. Is there none wiſe enough to *compound Buſineſſes* without calling in the Crafty, and the Cunniug? Or is there none ſo *wiſe* as to *moderate* a little, that he may ſave a great deal more?

Laws is like a Building, we caſt up the charge in groſs and undervalue it: but being in, we are train'd along through ſeveral *Items*, till we can neither bear the account, nor give off, though we have a *mind* to't. The *troubles*, the *attendance*, the *hazard*, the *checques*, the *vexatious delays*, the *ſurreptitious advantages* againſt us, the *defeats of hope*, the falſeneſs of *pretending friends*, the *intereſt* of *parties*, the *negligence* of *Agents*, and the *deſigns* of *Ruine* upon us, do put us upon a *Combat* againſt all that can *plague poor man*; or elſe we muſt lie down, be trodden upon, be *kickt* and *die*. And is it not much better to part with a little at firſt, and loſe a *lock of hair*, or a *ſuperfluous nail*; than to be leakt out till the *Ciſtern* be *quite dry*, or like fleſh upon a ſpit, have all our fat dropt from us, by being turn'd with — before a *conſuming fire*? Doubtleſs, the advice of our *Saviour* was not only *Religious* but *Political* and *Prudential* too: If any man ſue thee at Law, and will take away thy *Coat*, let him have thy *Cloak* alſo: A ſmall *loſs* is rather to be choſen, than by Contention *greater inconvenience*.

If men could coolly have *diſpatcht*, and *Buſineſs* be rightly judg'd; no doubt, in things of weight, the *Deciſion* would be profitable. And this does ſometimes happen. For queſtionleſs, there are of this profeſſion that are the *light* and *wonder* of the age. They have knowledge, and *integrity*; and by being vers'd in *Books* and *Men*, in the Noble arts of *Juſtice*, and of *Prudence*, they are fitter for *judgement* and the *Regiment* of the *World*, than any men elſe that live. And there *Honeſty* truly weigh'd is the *gallanteſt engine* that they can uſe and *thrive* withal. A *faithful Advocate* can never ſit without *Clients*. Nor do I believe, That man could loſe by't in the cloſe, that would not undertake a cauſe, he knew not *honeſt*. A *Gold-ſmith* may gain an Eſtate as well as he that trades in every *coarſer metal*. An *Advocate* is a limb of *friendſhip*; and further than the *Altar*, he is not bound to go. And 'tis obſerv'd, of as *Famous a Lawyer* as I think was then in the World, the *Roman Cicero*; That he was *ſlain* by one he had *defended*, when accus'd for the *murther* of his *Father*. Certainly he that *defends* an *injury*, is next to him that *commits it*. And this is recorded, not only as an *example* of *ingratitude*: but as a *puniſhment*, for patroniſing an *ill cauſe*. In all *Pleadings*, *Foul language*, *Malice*, *Impertinence*, and *Recriminations*, are ever to be avoided. The Cauſe, more than the man,

is to be *convinc'd*. Over-powering *Oratory* is not ever to be *practis'd*; Torrents of Words, do often bear down even *Trophies* of *Truth*: which does so fret and anger the party over-born, that the Resort is no more to *paper*, and *pleadings*: but to *powder*, and *steel*.

It is not good to be too *severe*, or to inforce too *rigorously*, the observation of every *petty* and *penal Law*: In *Charity*, there is something to be allowed to *Ignorance*, and *Custom*. Bloud and Treasure ought to be but sparingly taken: Those *Lawyers* that are sedulous to press Penalties, they are but *purse Beadles*: and Lashes upon that and a mans fame, enrage the Patient against those that are *instrumental* to afflict them. *Cicero* might have escaped the Sword, had not his *Philippics* blown up the spleen of *Antony*, to a flame unquenchable but with *Death* or *Retraction*. When *Varus* his *three Legions* were destroyed, the insultation of the *Barbarous* was more against the Lawyers, than against the Souldiers that did wound and kill them. They pluckt out the eyes of some, and cut off the hands of others. One had his *Tongue* cut out, and his *Lips stitcht up*; and while the Enemy grasped the *Tongue* in his *hand*, he reviles it with —— *How now Serpent*; *'Tis well you'l leave Hissing at last?*

So far is Law to be plac'd in the *scale* with War, as it is to be the last Refuge, never to be used but when all means else do fail. And then the *Pleaders* ought to hold themselves to that. Who vindicates the Law, does no man wrong: But he that digresseth to impertinences, or the personal stains of men, is rather a *fly* that *buzzes* and sucks the sore, than a *Champion* for *Truth*, or a *helmet* to keep the *head* of *Justice* whole.

LXXXIII.

Of Conscience.

IT is the blushing part of the Soul, that will colour and kick at every little crum that goes awry against its swallow. And we can neither *cozen it*, nor be *rid on't*. 'Tis a kind of inward Deity. It will be with us whereseever we are, and will see us whatever we do. It can give us *Rest* in *unjust sufferings*, and can *whip* us in the midst of unjust *Applauses*. 'Tis the guard that God hath left us to preserve us from the *darts of sin*. And 'tis the *Beadle* that corrects us, if yet we will be sinning. And though it be cry'd up for *impartial* and *unbribable*, yet I do not see but in many 'tis erroneous, mutable, and uncertain. We often find it pleaded by the same men for very *contrary things*: How many are there that for interest can dispense with it, and allow of that in themselves, which in others they severely condemn. That use it for an *Artifice* that they may deceive more handsomely; that can contract it, and dilate it, as best may serve their turn.

In

In the ſtrictneſs of the word, it is the knowledge and the judging of our own ways and manners. While it relates to us, 'tis Conſcience; when it reaches unto others and without us, 'tis but Science. Doubtleſs, if it be rightly informed and regulated according to the *precepts* of true Divinity, we ought to ſuffer any thing rather than in the leaſt admit a violation of it. But that which moſt men pretend to be *Conſcience*, is at beſt but a *Preſent perſwaſion*, *Opinion*, *Intereſt*, *captived* and *corrupted judgment*. How many have we known that have held it a hainous offence to eat fleſh in a *Lent*, or upon prohibited days, that afterward have been brought without a *checque* of *Conſcience* familiarly to do it? *Cuſtom* wears it quite out, *Terror* frights it, *Knowledge* alters it, *Intereſt* ſways it. So that indeed the main force of it reſts in a right underſtanding, and Integrity.

If it be of weight in any thing, I conceive it may be in relation to a *Sacrament*, and the propagating of a *true Religion*; yet we ſee St. *Paul*, that thought it one while good *Conſcience* to perſecute *Chriſtianity*, did live to think it better to *promote* it. He took *Timothy*, and had him *circumciſed*. He bred up *Titus*, and preſerv'd him from it; And did not ſtick to diſpenſe with many things to the *Jews* to win them, and ſome to thoſe of the Chriſtianity to *engage* them: and ingeniouſly confeſſes, it was becauſe of falſe Brethren, who attended as Spies, rather than as *ſincere Chriſtians* to be rightly inſtructed, *Acts* 21. 26. *Gal.* 2. 3, 4. So that it ſeems to appear, when a greater good to Gods Glory, or the *propagation* of *true Religion*, comes in the way, leſſer things, that are not ſimply ſin, and ſo declared, may be for theſe diſpenſed with. While things remain in a diſpute, and by reaſon of their *intricacy*, cannot clearly be determined, ſurely the ſafeſt Poſt to lean upon, is *Antiquity*, and the Authority under which our God hath placed us; If we ſhould be enjoyned to that, which ſhould afterward appear to be wrong, I queſtion whether our *Obedience*, where we owe ſubmiſſion, would not better bear us out, than the *Adheſion* and *Tenacity* to our own *conceited Truth*; whereby we cauſe an eddy in the *Tide of Government*, which is ſafer running ſmooth, than in either *Curls* or *Whirl-pools*. But certainly, A plain ſin, we no way ought to venture on.

I ſee every *peeviſh* and *Ignorant Action* of ſome ſimple people is intitled to the *ſacredneſs* of *Conſcience*. And lying under that guard they think to eſcape, and mate both the *Royal* and the *Reverend power*. Have we not ſome that will not admit the *Holy Table* to be *communicated* on but in the Body of the *Church*, as if it were an offence againſt *Conſcience*, to do it in the *Chancel*, though they have the *Churches Authority*, and their own precedent practice to invite them to it? that will not Chriſten, but at their *Reading-pue*, though *Antiquity* plac'd the Font next the door, as relating to the *Sacrament* of *Entrance* and *Initiation?* If it be out of Conſcience, Why is it not pleaded? If it be not, Why is it done? A *Simple Quaker* cannot be civil to his *Superiours*, nor ſwear in Judgment, either to aſcertain Faith, or to ſatisfie Law, or

to determine a Controverſie; But theſe ſhall all be *Conſcience*, when indeed they are *ignorance*, and *wilfulneſs*: For, what juſtifiable, either *Text* or *Reaſon*, can for theſe be given? Where is it made a ſin to put off our *Hats to our betters?* Or judicially to ſwear before a *Lawful Magiſtrate?* Let any thing be proved a ſin, and I hold with them, that would ſooner *die* than defile their *upright Souls*: but till it ſo be manifeſted, or probably conceived ſo, I doubt not but 'tis better far to diſpenſe with ſuch *Natural*, or *Political*, or *Civil Rites*, and to give up our ſelves to the deliberate Sanctions of ſuch as we ought to *obey*, than by the ſtiff maintaining them, take all the hazard on our ſelves, and *diſturb* and *ſcandal* others. I would know (in a *Geſture* not determined by Scripture) whether he does not better that kneels at the *Sacrament*, and hath the Authority of the *Church* to *back him*, than he that will take it only *ſtanding*, and hath nothing but his *own opinion* to ſupport him? And though *Conſcience* in it ſelf, be out of the *reach* of *Compulſion*; yet we are beholden to thoſe, that inforce us to do, what in *Conſcience* we ought. 'Tis therefore that *power* is given to the Magiſtrate, that he may bend the *Refractory*, and reduce the *wilful*, and the *unwiſe wanderer*: I doubt not but they could have pleaded *Conſcience*, that refus'd to come to the *Supper* in St. *Luke*; for they were rooted and grown in another *Religion*: yet the command is to the ſervant, that he ſhould compel them to come in.

If we allow *Conſcience* on our own ſide, by the equal rules of Juſtice, we ought to allow it on the other. And then the *Turk* and *Jew* muſt be born with, as well as the grounded profeſſors of *Chriſtianity*. I remember *David George*, that juſtly ſuffered as an *Heretic* in the Low-Countries, after fierceſt Tortures died perſiſting in his falſe *Opinion*, That he himſelf was *Chriſt*. *Inter excandeſcentes forcipes conticuit*, He ſhrunk not for the burning pincers, as I meet with in *Bucholcerus*. Surely, all would have condemn'd it as an error in State, if they ſhould have let him alone, and under the plea of *Conſcience* have ſuffered him to have gone on, to ſeduce the ignorant to his *horrid black opinion*. Though it be not in the power of man to force the *Conſcience*, becauſe it is *internal* and *ſpiritual*: Yet it is in the power of Government, to puniſh thoſe that will maintain a *falſe one*, and ſeduced. The moſt that can be pleaded is, Who ſhall be Judge, whether, becauſe ſome have been on my ſide, I ſhall take upon me to be *ſupreme* and *unappellable?* Or, whether I ſhall be content (to the more learned, and more powerful, and ſuch as for their *Authority* God hath taken into his own rank, and called Gods with himſelf) to give up my *Cauſe* and *Controverſie?* Doubtleſs, ſhould that be tolerable in *private Families*, which is pleaded and practiz'd in the *Oeconomy of Government*, no man ſhould be *Maſter*, or have order in his own houſe. If we would not admit of an *Independent* there, there is the ſame Reaſon not to allow him in the State. It is a kind of *Soleciſm* in *Government*, for me to put my ſelf under the *Protection* and *Regulation* of that *Prince*, whoſe *Laws* I think not fit to *obey*. *Quid iniquius quàm velle ſibi obtemperari à minoribus, & nolle*

nolles obtemperare majoribus? What can be more unjuſt than for me to exact obedience from my *inferiours*; when I my ſelf will not obey my ſuperiours? The Laws of God and man, in things not plainly *forbidden* by the Word of God, injoyns and expects my *obedience*: But, if I refuſe to *obey*, I ſet up my ſelf as *Supreme*, and make my *Will* my *Princes* Maſter. *Cicero* I conceive in the right, when he tells us, *Inobedientia eſt ex duritie mentis obſtinatæ*; *Diſobedience* is out of the *hardneſs* of an *obſtinate mind*. He diſſolves the *Bonds* of *Government*, that ſpurns at *Public Edicts*: 'tis *refractorineſs* that uſhers in *confuſion*: Not to *obey*, is to *reſiſt*; and to *reſiſt*, does cry up open *War*. Though *Abraham* in humanity could not juſtifie the *ſacrificing* of his *ſon*; yet, becauſe he implicitely gave up himſelf to the *obedience* of his *Superiour*, *God*; he is highly commended, for being but *ready* to do it.

LXXXIV.
Of Peace.

IF men knew rightly, how to value *Peace*; as is the *Empyreal Heaven*, this *lower world* might be. Where all the *motions* of the comprehending *Orbs*, all the ſeveral *Conſtellations*, and the various *Poſition* of the *Stars*, and *Planets*, produce a beauteous *Chorus*, and a *Harmony* truly raviſhing. As *health* to the *body*, ſo *peace* is to the *ſoul*. What is *wealth*, or *wit*, or *honour*, when want of *health* ſhall raviſh from us all of *pleaſure* in them? And what are all the enrichings, the embelliſhings, and the embrocadoings of *Fortune* to us, when *War* ſhall tear theſe off and trample on our *Glories?* The richeſt *Wines*, the choiſeſt *Vines*, by *ſickneſs* prove *inſipid*. The *ſilk* does loſe his *ſoftneſs*, the *ſilver* his bright *hue*, and the *gold* his pleaſing *yellow*. As the *ſenſe* of *feeling* is the ground of all the reſt, and *active life* does ceaſe when that is loſt: So is *health* the foundation of *felicities*, and the want of it *joys* privation: yet is it *Peace* that gives them *taſt* and *reliſh*, and affords the *ſweet enjoyment* of all that can be procured.

Though the other attributes of God, are no doubt, beyond our comprehenſion; yet, this more emphatically is ſaid to paſs all our underſtanding. Next his own *Glory*, 'twas the eſtabliſhing this, invited God from Heaven. The firſt branch of that Celeſtial Proclamation, was, *Glory be to God on high*; the next was, *On Earth Peace*. This is the cement between the *Soul* and *Deity*, between *Earth* and *Heaven*. It leads us ſoftly up the *milkey way*, and uſhers us with *Muſic* to the *Preſence* of *Divinity*, where all our Rarities are heap'd and ſtrew'd about us. The enjoyment of Friends, the improvement of Arts, the ſweetneſs of Natures delicacies, the fragrancy of Fruits and Flowers, the flouriſhing Nations, and thoſe pleaſing contentations, that ſtream out themſelves from all *Heroic Vertues*, are all brought in, and *glorified* by *Peace*.

The *Drum* and *Trumpet* that in *War* ſound *terror* and *aſtoniſhment*, in *Peace* they only eccho *mirth* and *jollity*. *Peace* helps the weak and indigent; and health and ſoundneſs too, to the ſick endeavours. It takes hence only the unſound and languiſhing, and yet gives leave to them to place their *wealth* where they firſt plac'd their *loves*: That by it they *gratifie* their *friends*, and ſlip from all thoſe *ſmartings* that *vex* them. But, *War kills* men in *health*, *preys* only on the *ſoundeſt*; and, like the ſavage Lyon, does ſeize the *valiant* ſooneſt, as thinking the *old* and *impotent* too mean to be his *quarry*. And though in *War* ſometimes we wear the *Victors wreath*, yet, that is often purchaſed at much too dear a rate; and many times the *Conquerors* Garland crowns the *Captives* head. In the ſame Battle *Hannibal* confeſs'd, though he firſt was *Conqueror*, yet, heat laſt did come off *overcome*. He had broke *Minutius* his *Forces*; but, was by *Fabius* forc'd to give up all his *Palms*. Nor is it often better with thoſe that are dependents on that General, that yet commands the field. *Victory* not ſeldom does inlet *Severity*. The *Haughtineſs* of the *Conqueror* is often to his own, leſs tolerable than the *Triumphs* of the *Enemy*. *Succeſs* does flame the bloud to *pride*, and boldned *inſolence*; and as often kindles *new* as it does conclude *old Wars*. One world *ſufficed* not *Alexander*. Nor could all the *Roman* Territories ſet *bounds* to *Cæſars* limitleſs *ambition*. For, when we once put off from the *ſhore* of *Peace*, we lanch into the *Sea* that's bottomleſs. We *ſwim* on angry *waves*, and are carried then as the *wind* of *Fortune* drives us.

The entrance into *War*, is like to that of *Hell*, 'tis gaping wide for any *fool* to enter at. But, it will require a *Hercules* with all his labours to redeem one once ingag'd in't. They know not what they part withal, that wanton hence a *Jewel* ſo unvaluable. For indeed, if we conſider it, What price can be too dear to purchaſe it? we buy off all the open *force*, and ſly deſigns of *malice*, and we intitle our ſelves to all the *good* that ever was for Man intended.

When God would declare, how he would reward and bleſs the *good man*, he finds out that which moſt may crown his *happineſs*. He tells us, *He will make his Enemies at peace with him*. Securely he enjoys himſelf and friends, whoſe *life* is *guarded* with the *miſs* of *Enemies*. The *Palace* of the *world* ſtands *open* to him that hath no *foes*.

If any man will ſee in little (for what is an Iſland or two, to the world?) Let him but well conſider, the havock that a few years made among us. The *waſt* of *wealth*, the *wreck* of *worth*, the ſad *fate* lighting on the *great* and *good*, the *virtuous* left to *ſcorn*, the *Loyal* us'd as once the *Roman Parricides*: as thoſe in *ſacks*, ſo theſe ſhut under *Decks* with *Cocks* and *Serpents*, deſperate and malicious perſons left to *rule* and *vex* them; *Wealth* proſtituted to the *beggarly* and the *baſe*; *Palaces* plundered and pulled down; *Temples* prophan'd; *Antiquities*, raz'd; *Religion* rivuled into petty Iſſues running thick *corruption*. Then let men conſider, after a little Revolution, how little have the *Authors* gained. Who would take *peace* from others, themſelves have miſs'd it in their *hollow graves*; the *Earth* they tore, hath fled them from her *boſom* and her

Bowels,

Bowels, with nought i'th leaſt conſiderable to the expence of *bloud* and *treaſure*. Then alſo, let men ſee, how the *Sacred wheel* of *Providence* hath reſurrection'd all our *joys*. How the *Church* recovers her late beſmeared *beauties*; How the *Tide* of *Trade* returns; How *brightned Swords* have now a *peaceful glitter*; How *Glory*, *Wealth*, and *Honour*, with *Loyalty*, is return'd; How *ſhouts* of *joy* have drown'd the *Canons Roar*; that till men come in *Heaven*, ſuch *joy* on *Earth* can ne're again be expected to be ſeen. Three *Nations* looking for a fatal *ſtroke*, at once *repriev'd* from *ſlavery* and *ruine*. So have I known ſome generous *Courſer* ſtand, *tremble* and *quake* under both *whip* and *ſpur*; but, once turn'd looſe into the open fields, *he neighs*, *curvets*, and *prances* forth his *joy*; and, gladded now with *eaſe* and *liberty*, he fills himſelf with *pleaſure*, and all thoſe high *contents* that bounteous *Nature* meant him.

Certainly, 'tis *Peace* that makes the world a *Paradiſe*; while *War*, like *Sin*, does turn it all to *Wilderneſs*; and with wild *Beaſts*, Mans *converſation* makes. In *War*, the vexed Earth *abortives* all her *fruitfulneſs*: but, in an unſtir'd *Culture*, *ripens* all her *bounties*: that now with *Caſaubon*'s Tranſlation of *Euripides*, we cannot but approve his much commended Rapture.

O Pax alma! datrix opum,
O Pulcherrima Cœlitum!
Quam te mens ſitit? ô Moram!
Obrepat metuo mihi
Ætas ne mala: te prius
Suavem ô quam tuear diem;
Plauſus undique cum ſtrepant,
Cantuſque & Chori, Amicaque,
Commeſſatio Floribus!

Hail lovely *Peace!* thou Spring of wealth,
Heavens faireſt iſſue, this worlds health!
O how my Soul does court thy ſight?
More precious, than the pleaſing Light.
Let never blacker day appear,
But dwell, and ſhine, for ever here.
Let ſhouts of Joy ſtill, ſtill, reſound:
While Songs, and Dances walk the round,
At Feaſts of Friends, with Garlands crown'd.

LXXXV.

Of Divine Providence.

EVery thing that Man can look upon, is both a *Miracle*, for the *Creation* of it; and a *Wonder* for the apt *contrivance*, in *fitting* it to its *parts* and *province*, wherein it is ſet to *move*. So that the *World* is but Gods great *Cabinet* of *Rarities*; which he hath opened to aſtoniſh Man, that ſhall but well conſider them. If Man ſhall reflect upon

upon himself, he shall easily find how Infinitely wonderful he is made, beyond all the other world of Creatures. How none but he, by reflective Acts of Understanding, is able to argue, to consider, and to judge of himself. Who is't but he, can hope or fear the future? that can curb, incourage, accuse, or commend himself? or that can apprehend, or reverence either *Deity*, or *Eternity*.

And to magnifie the *goodness* of this great *Creator*, we shall find that every *natural action* that Man is capable of doing; affords him *pleasure* in the *execution*. To eat, to drink, to sleep, to fast, to wake, to forbear; to speak, to be silent; to move, to rest; to be warm, and to be cool; to be in company, and to retire: They all in themselves are *pleasing acts*; whereas the things that *vex*, and *trouble*, either come from *without*, or happy by our own *disorder*. So that a man may *live* at *ease* if he will; and if he does not, 'tis by his own default, that it happens. In his *Bodies frame*, not to descend to all particulars, which are full of admiration, How exquisite, and how fitted are they for all occasions, that at any time may befal him! In his *Ears* and *Nostrils*, the one relating to the *Head*, the other to the *Lungs*; those slender *Hairs* are not in vain plac'd there, but, as nets to catch the dust and moats, which with our *breath* we should else draw in, and tabid all our *Lungs*, the engines of *life*; or, mix'd with wax, should as pellets, stop or sense of *hearing*. In the world, what we complain of for inconvenient, if rightly we examine, we shall find it highly commendable. The *unevenness* of the *Earth* is clearly *Providence*. For since it is not any fix'd sedation, but a floating mild variety, that pleaseth; The *Hills* and *Valleys* in it, have all their special use. One helps in *wet*, and soaking *inundations*, the other aids in *droughts*, in *heats*, and *scorching seasons*. And the *feet* and *legs* of men, having *nerves* and *sinews*, to rise and to descend, to recede and proceed; they are better fitted by the *unevenness* of the *Earth*, whereby both are interchangeably exercised and refreshed, than if it were all a *levell'd walk*, and held a constant *evenness*. That *Weeds* without a *Tillage* voluntarily spring, sure hath a double *benefit*. One, that Man may have something wherewith to exercise his *industry*, which else with *ease* would settle into *corruption*. Another, that by these the *Earth* it self, does breed its own *manure*; and *Beasts*, and *Birds*, by them have *tables* ready spread. Even *venomous Creatures* have their proper use; not only to gather what to Man might be *noysom*, but to *qualifie* other Creatures, that they may be *physical* and *salutiferous* to the several *constitutions* of *men*. Surely, that *Beasts* are *dumb*, and want *understanding*, is a benefit great unto *Man*: If they were *intelligible*, it could not be, that their *strength* could ever be kept subjected to the service of Man; whose cruel usage, nothing *rational* could ever long endure. Would the *Horse* be *curb'd*, and brought to *champ* on on *steel*? would he suffer his *lasie Rider* to bestride his patient *back*, with his *hands* and *whip* to *wale* his *flesh*, and with his *heels* to *dig* into his *hungry bowels*? would he be brought in *hempen chains*, to be made

made to *draw* beyond his *breath*, and *ſtrength*? would he be *tyed up* to the *ſtaved wood*, or *walk* the *round* all day in rowling *ponderous ſtones*? or, wear his *life* away under the preſſure of a *heavy burthen*?

If they could *ſpeak*, how would *replying* to the *rage* and *inſolence* of *cruel Man*, enkindle *wrath*, and let in *death* to both? We ſee it full as neceſſary, that there ſhould as well be *poor* as *rich*; for neither could live without both. We ſee both *fruits* and *wines* will keep with *guſt*, and *beauty*, until the new appear. God having in his *Providence* made them to laſt, till he does *provide* us more; and, yet, not longer that we might not be *idle*, or, truſting to our laſting *ſtore*, grow wanton, and forget the *Author*, and our *ſelves*. Thoſe things of common uſe, we common have among us: what we need, and will not laſt, in our own Climate grows: Our *Spice* and *Drugs* that we muſt fetch from far, are freed ſo from *corruption*, that they ſeveral years indure.

In common *Corn*, what wonders may we find? how one ſmall *grain* ſprings up to ſeveral hundreds; how it gives a *ſuſtentation* by his ſeveral parts, both unto *Man* and *Beaſt*; and, becauſe ſo uſeful, ſee but how carefully *Nature* does preſerve it. It grows up in a *Corſelet*, an *inward coat*, that does from dews defend it: and on the outſide a *Stand* of *Pikes* in *bearded Ranges* upright, do appear, to fence it from the Birds, and catch the falling rain, ſo by degrees to lead and hold it into the *grains* within: but, when 'tis ripe, that moiſture is not uſeful; it downward turns its loaded *head*, that as before it helped to ſwell and ripen it, ſo now, it gently draws it off, that it may not hurt, or rot it: and becauſe, (being weak) if from one *grain*, one ſingle *ſtalk* alone ſhould ſhoot, and grow, each eaſie wind would break it to unfruitfulneſs, there ſprings up many from every ſeveral *kernel*, that getting ſtrength by multitude, it may withſtand the aſſaults of ſtorm and rain. And whereas other *fruits* from Trees, and ſuch large Plants, laſt but their year about, or not ſo long; this, as more uſeful, ſeveral Winters, keeps from all decay, that when there is a *plenty* (as once in *Ægypt*) to help 'gainſt *dearth*, it may be kept in ſtore. Even the *enmity* of *Creatures* one againſt another, is for the *advantages* of *Man*; in fear of one another, they are kept from treſpaſſing on him, and by the *antipathy* of one againſt the other, we make uſe of one, to take the other; ſo ſerve our ſelves of both.

By theſe, and millions of others, and indeed by all, we can ſee or comprehend, we may conclude as does the Pſalmiſt, *O Lord, how wonderful are thy works, in wiſdom haſt thou made them all!* And if we ſhould complain, as ſometime prophanely did *Alphonſus*, *That God might have ordered many things better in the Creation of the world, than he hath done*; We may well return that grave and ſober anſwer of St. *Auguſtine*, *In Creaturis ſiquid erratum cogitamus, inde eſt quòd non in congruis ſedibus, ea quærimus*, If we complain of defect in the works of Creation, 'tis becauſe we don't conſider them in their proper ſpheres and uſes.

Surely,

Surely, the apprehenſion of the *ordering* of *all things* ſo infinitely wiſely, by ſo Supreme a *Providence*, might tutor us to be leſs in *paſſion*, at *any thing* that happens. It was an excellent fancy of the wiſe Philoſopher, in diſcourſing of this matter, when he ſaid, *If all the misfortunes of all the men in the world, were crowded together in one Man; and then, every man out of this heap, were to take, but an equal ſhare: He did believe, every man would rather reſume his own, than after a proportionate Rate take what ſhould then befal him.* Why then ſhould any grumble at their *diſpleaſed condition?* Who wiſely made the world, as wiſely does *preſerve* and *govern* it. And he that ſhew'd his *Power* and *Wiſdom* in every *Worm*, in every *Fly*, and ſmaller *Atom* that he did at firſt *create*; does in his *Providence* deſcend to *order*, and *diſpoſe* of every little *particle* of this great *Main*, the *World*. Who makes a *Watch*, does look as well to every *pin* and *nick* in every *Wheel*, as to the *Spring* it ſelf, that guides and ſteers the whole. As 'tis Maxim'd of the *Elements*, that, *Nullum in ſuo loco ponderoſum*, There's none are heavy in their proper places: So nothing is a burthen as God did firſt deſign it. And thus, as by *contemplation* of his *glorious works*, we never can want cauſe to *admire* his *Providence*, to *magnifie* his *Wiſdom*, to *adore* his *Goodneſs*, and find a *reſt* for all our *warring thoughts*: So by our *weak complaining*, we unhand our *hold* from *Deity* that ſtays us, we proclaim our own *defects*, and detract from what is *due* to his *Great Glory*.

SOME-

SOMETHING UPON

Eccles. 2. 11.

All is Vanity and vexation of Spirit, and there is nothing of value under the Sun.

ALL IS VANITY! Surely this is a bold Censure: Yet we see the wisest that was only Man, dares both avow and justifie't. Nay, that is vain which is not commodious, though it hurt not. But all is not only vanity but Vexation; that, not of the Body only, but the Spirit: 'Tis unprofitable, 'tis mischievous. Yet further, it might afflict in something, and solace in others, but there is nothing of value: 'Tis unprofitable, 'tis mischievous, 'tis good for nothing. Here is the reckoning of the world cast up, the particulars are all before, Honor, Pleasure, Profit; and Wisdom added to advance the sum: but what amount they to? Alas! the Verses end has total'd them, Vanity, Vexation, Nothing. This is a scalding breath, fatal as the Bird of night, a killing damp, or *Mandrakes* grones. See, all the beauty of the Globe is blasted: That which the wise Inquisitors of Nature, did for the decency call Beauties self, the Grecians and Latines, is this now become a thing so contemptible, so falling and so dying in its Fame?

But is the Accomptant one of credit? May he not fail in his Arithmetick, and by an injurious Total vilifie so large a Treasure? Alas! 'tis this that gives the wound, the authority of the Man marrs all. Had some immur'd Anchoret, some celled Hermite, some secluded Monk spoke this, it had been no disparagement: nay, had it been but some Mæandring Sophister, or some Junior Philosopher, that had but gazed Nature in the face, and so gues's'd her disposition, it might have met some Cavil: Nay, had it been some sowr Cynic, or some fleering *Lucian*, a blind *Homer*, or the more serious and knowing *Aristotle*, that not only courted Nature as a Mistress, but bedded her as a Bride, saw her uncloathed, & left her almost naked to the wide worlds view, we might have doubted Heresie in the Text: But when he that speaks it, shall be Man summ'd up in the excellency of all his parts,

Perfection center'd and epitomiz'd: when it shall be, as *Hugo Victorinus* says, *Sententia hominis hominem excedentis*, The judgment of a Man exceeding all Mankind: when it shall be one that was so wise at Twelve, as of himself to chuse Wisdom before all that the world had; one that knew the world, and was able to judg it; one that had the world within him, and knew by his Pen to dissect its parts, and knowingly to read upon every Limb every particular, from the *Hyssop* at the Walls low foot, to the lofty *Cedar* that does shadow *Lebanon*: One that had King'd it from his youth, that knew the Mines and Trains of State, the Fawnings and the Wiles of Court, the Riddles and the Twilight-shows of Policy: One that was skilful too in Trade, and experienc'd in the belayings, the ingrossings, the circumventions of Merchandizing: One that was Prince of Kings, and King of Philosophers; whose Wit was elegantly Poetical, whose Wisdom was solidly Proverbial, whose Judgment was Oraculous: We have nothing left to ground an expectation upon.

Nor did he speak this at random, as a flashing wit censures a judicious Author, ere he scarce has read a Page; nor as a prejudicated Judg, that sentences Delinquents, when yet he has not heard the cause: But after a strict examination of all, after he had cut up every sublunary, and lectur'd on the Anatomy: not by a Theorical and barely empty speculation, but by a practic experience, traversing not only the vaster Continent, but even every Creek and Angle of World: and when he had try'd and Lymbeck'd all, the spirit and Extract comes forth, *Vanity*, *Vexation*, *nothing of continuance.*

But perhaps this may be but general, and he may mean as when 'tis said, *The whole City went out*; whereby we understand the greater part, and not precisely all. No, they are induced severally, and sentenc'd together, like Malefactors call'd distinctly to the Bar, but by one Law found guilty all alike.

But what is Vanity? Who knows but that it may be pleasing? I'm sure we hunt it as we would a purchase, as the satiating of a longing bloud, as Children do their Gawds and Rattles, with cryings and impatience: And when we have got it, we have but grasped the Air; or, like *Ixion*, press'd a Cloud for *Juno*, whereout some Monster, like the *Centaur*, springs: yet still like him we boast the enjoyment of *Jove's* Queen so long, that justly at last we stand condemned to the restless wheel.

I find divers definitions of Vanity. There are that say every mutability which argues a defect is vain; And thus Angels and our Souls may be so. Next, what ever is destroyable and dissoluble, and thus the Elements and visible Heavens. St. *Chrysostom* says that is vain, which has no profit in it: a name without a thing. Some ever take it for the evil part, and tend it to the naturalness of the creature, reducible to an Annihilation: to the Temporality of the good, and Personality of offenders, and the Criminality of works. Others say that is vain which is to no end or purpose, as coursing the Wind and

Combating

Combating shadows. And certainly in respect of that supreme, and eternal felicity, which the soul does seem to make unto, such is all that the Sun looks upon: They are produc'd and perish together: Or if a while they leave a faint glimmering in the mind, 'Tis but as waters seeth removed from the fire, which expres's a languishing play after all the heat is gone.

Wisdom and knowledg are the primest goods of man, For they are Judges of all besides. They are the Elevation of the scale of man, which while a dull Earthiness flags the rest of the Creatures, mounts him like a Nobler fire to the Honor of the company and being friend unto God. Neither are they so casual (like Honor, Pleasure, and Profit, the other temporary goods of man) as to fall upon the indiligent and undeserving, nor yet so easily ravisht from him by the spleen of others, or the frown of fortunes menacings. But as they are harder in their acquisition, so are they more imperdible and steddy in their stay. All the other three are (compared with these) but like Cradles to rock Children asleep with. But these are sweet as the weakned musings of delightful thoughts, which not only dew the mind with Perfumes that ever refresh us, but raise us to the Mountain that gives us view of *Canaan*; and shews us rays and glimpses of the glory that shall after crown us. Yet it is the object only that makes these good unto man, when God is the Ocean that all his streams make way unto: otherwise, as Nets do Birds, they catch us and intangle; and, like the Sect of the *Academics*, conclude not any thing, but *That nothing can be concluded on.* Knowledg in many things but delivers us to doubts, and doubts involve us in distraction. The Gall of sin is broke, and has imbitter'd all the inwards of man.

It was the Appetition of Knowledg that cast man from Paradise: Ignorance, not total, may be better than uncertain Science. To know good was part of mans first boasted happiness; but when he needs would know more than was good for him to know, he lost that good he had. And *Plato* says, One *Theutus* (a certain Devil envious to man) first shewed him of the Sciences. What diversity of Opinions, of Thoughts? Not two in the world that have eyes of *conceit* in all things seeing alike. This School magnifies what another condemns, and that Sect takes any thing rather than what the other taught: And how often is the Garland given to Falshood, while Truth obscured mourns? The plain down right Plod oft findeth Heaven and happiness, while Wits deep subtleties failing, sink to Hell. The greatest Heresies from greatest Learning spring; and the Holy Ghost, like the bird of its *representation*, (the *Dove*) usually lights upon the *humble ground*, but seldom perches on the tall-grown Tree. Though I totally submit to *Seneca*, where he says; *Hoc scio neminem posse bene vivere, sed nec tolerabiliter qui est sine sapientiæ studio.* This I am sure of, None can live well, no not in any tolerable fashion, without the study of Wisdom: Yet we find neither his Philosophy, nor his Wealth, nor his Honors, nor that which he preferred before all these, and recommended to his friends at his death,

(His Precepts, and the Pattern of his well-led Life) could guard him from the peoples envy, or *Neroes* malice, or preserve his Veins uncut. Nay, how often does our Knowledg increase our sorrow? It elates our minds, it attracts envy, and gives us to see further into sorrow than the unskilled soul. What one thing of moment by all our knowledg can we truly conquer? The Seas alternate fluxes pass us, the Loadstones hidden qualities are beyond our reach, nor can we truly judg of what our very senses meet with. All agree, the Dog in scent, the Ape in taste acuter are than we; yet we see the one in Carrion tumbles as his best Perfume, and the other leaving all our Delicates, checkles when he meets the Dainties of a Spider. Our wisdom is but in finding more of our folly, and when we think we have progress'd far in the un-ending Circles of laborious Science, we only at last with fruitless sweat attach our own learn'd Ignorance. But admit we may know more than can the slothful man; the greatest Talent obliges to the greatest toyl, and neglected, to the greatest punishment. Knowledg without practice but enlarges our score, and is a Treasury of future stripes: And assuredly when Justice at the last shall clear her own Integrity, it will go far better with an honest unaffected Ignorance, than with the cunning speculations of neglective Knowledg.

But let us see whether there lie not somthing of more esteem in outwards. There are many Plants that carry medicin in their Barks when all their bulk is only food for fire. Alas! if the Prince be poor, where is the wealth of slaves? If we look at Honor, that of Kings is the highest pitch. And not to speak of the common frailty attending them as men, even their necessary incumbrances are as the saltness of the Sea harshing quite through the whole. I believe not him that said, if Crowns were rightly viewed, there would be more Kingdoms than Kings: For Nature rises to Sovereignty, and there is a blaze of honor guilding the Bryers and inticing the mind: yet is not this without its Thorns and salebrosity. If he be good, he is a general Servant: if bad, his own perpetual terror. If all men ought to care for him, 'tis his part to take care for all: and 'tis far less for many to care for one, than for one to provide for all. And this invited *Antiochus* when *Scipio* had Conquer'd away some of his borders; to send thanks to the *Romans*, for easing him of part of his cares, to which he is not allowed the liberty that inferiors have. When *Antigonus* saw his Son loose in his Carriage towards his Subjects, he checks him with, *Son, Son, remember our Empire is a Noble Bondage.* They must live severe to themselves, but affable and free to others: which made *Alexander* answer his Father *Philip*, who wisht him to shew his activeness and speed at the *Olympian* Race, *That so he would, if he had Kings to run withal.* As sport, so friendship sure is sweetest among equals; and even in this, a King is sure unhappy, that whole Kingdoms afford not him one Companion to make a friend of. Certainly, he may live most at ease that has least to do in the World

World. A kind of calm recluſeneſs is like reſt to the over-labor'd man, but a multitude is not pleaſing: 'Tis but *Bedlam* in a larger building. Who would be content to lead all his life in a crowd? or to ſtand up as the common mark whereout every one ſtrives to draw his own peculiar intereſt? Let the private man pleaſe but two or three of his own Pariſh or ſome Neighboring-Village, and 'tis all the buſineſs that he has to do. And ſurely this is no hard matter while he acts not the deciſive part, in things that ſit cloſer to men, as Honor, Liberty, Life, Eſtate, and the like; in all contentions concerning which, one ſide will think it ſelf too hardly born upon, and ſo fall off in diſcontent, if not rage. Nor Oracles, nor Equity, can contrive out a liking to all. Even he that judges right, muſt needs have one ſide hate. *Simul iſta mundi rector Deus poſuit odium atq; regnum*; The God and guide of all the World, has eſtabliſht theſe together; Ill will and Empire. When *Pylades* a *Roman* Actor was to repreſent *Agamemnon*, he appeared as one in a maze, ſolicitous, as preſſed both with thoughts and cares: And ſuch are Kings and Governors. To live at eaſe is to loſe: and to preſerve is pains. If he be good to the Republic the trouble is his own, but the fruit ſhall his ſucceſſors reap. Nay, I ſee not but that it is undoubtedly true, that even the pooreſt vaſſal, not groaning under a ſenſible ſmart, has all his life long a greater Comforter, than the Monarch heaved on the top of ſtate. For he that is low not having far to fall has little to fear, *Qui jacet in terram, &c.* But on whatſoever he looks abroad, there is hope, and that like a *Melior Natura* heartens and chears him againſt all his diſlik'd depreſſions: though he be in darkneſs, it ſhews him light; 'Tis the ſmile of life, and like the pillar of fire, leads us through the dark and deſarts in our conceit to plenty. But with Kings it is quite the contrary; they have as little to hope for as the other has to fear; and whatſoever this looks on with hope, with fear do Kings behold it: Above them there is no place, and beneath them all is loſs. Fortune leads on Kings with perpetual Alarums, but inferiors by propoſing priſes. And doubtleſs ſuch Conſiderations as theſe did make the *Tragedian* ſettle in his Reſolve:

Stet quicunq; volet, potens,
Aulæ culmine lubrico:
Me dulcis ſaturet quies.
Obſcuro poſitus loco,
Leni perfruar otio.
Nullis nota Quiritibus
Ætas per tacitum fluat.
Sic cum tranſierint mei
Nullo cum ſtrepitu dies,
Plebeius moriar ſenex.

Let who's will in Icy State,
Courts gay luſtres emulate:
Private peace ſhall ſatiate me,
Where retired I may be
Stor'd with gentle eaſe, and free:
Where no greedy Courtier knows
How my peaceful paſſage flows:
So when (noiſeleſs gliding by)
All my days are paſt, then I
May a harmleſs old man dye.

Illi

Illi mors gravis incubat,	He that to all too much is shown,
Qui, notus nimis omnibus,	Dies to himself the most unkown,
Ignotus moritur sibi.	And death with greatest grief does own,

Is Pleasure then any other? Or can the jollities of life emerge us from this spreading Sea? Certainly, *Antisthenes* meant it not as Charity, when he prayed his Enemies children might be brought up in pleasure, And *Plutarch* tells us, when the *Babylonians* had revolted, and were again by *Xerxes* reduc'd to obedience, in stead of wearing arms he commanded them to carry pipes to sport and sing, to dance and revel, that softned and unman'd by pleasure they might not again attempt a defection. As winds do lighter substances, it bears us up a while in smoother air: but still as that begins to lie, with it we fall to Earth, to Mire, to Mud, and torpid dulness. It nibbles away the virtues of the soul, and becalms us into Ruin. The Noble Sun they say is fed from the Sea that is salt, but the Moon from the pleasant Springs attracting all her changes. Pleasure and Destruction are close and near akin, and if it be inordinate, the tye is then of Brotherhood; if Pleasure be the Elder, yet destruction reigns after his decease, and then as a Tyrant repeals his Laws. Even the extreme of joy is sadness. It clouds the understanding, and for the most part leaves us more Causes of Repentance than Remembrance. He that submits himself to pleasure, lies down at last to Labor, to Grief, Disgrace, and Want. And therefore *Aristotle* counsels us not to look upon Pleasures in their approach but at their farewel, so by a rebuking Judgment we may be saved from their sting and future Fascinations, otherwise they enervate the bravery of the mind, enslave the gallant Genius of Man, and but like Garlands Crown us for Victims to severer fate. Another Vanity of Pleasure is that it is never satisfied, this will St. *Ambrose* witness. *Nihil prodigæ satis est Voluptati: Semperque famem patitur sui, qui alimentis perpetuis nescit impleri*; Nothing can satiate riotous Pleasure, he must needs be unfortunate by perpetual famine that with continued food cannot be fill'd. All Voluptuousness is a kind of mental Dropsie, the dryer for often drinking. It haunts us with a dog-like Appetite, and renders us ravenous and greedy; but uncontented still: For shadow-like we falling on't, 'tis gone; fled sooner than enjoy'd. Like *Solomons* Wine, it may sparkle in the Cup, but in the end it like a Serpent bites. And to give it the truth of all, 'tis of so airy a nature, as all the sweet it has is only in expectation. And sutable to this did the grave *Boetius* sing,

Habet omnis hoc voluptas,	All Voluptuousness has this,
Stimulis agit fruentes;	Twinging till our joys we kiss;
Apiumq; par volantûm,	But like Bees that range abroad,
Ubi grata mella fudit,	Scattering once their long hug'd load;
Fugit, & nimis tenaci	Hence it vapors, then i'th heart
Ferit icta corda morsu.	Sticks its deadly wounding Dart.

Nor

Nor is wealth of any better condition than these, 'tis not a food fine enough for transcendent and aspiring souls to feed upon. Yet to shew that Mortality subsisteth by a mortal prop, 'tis now become the Essence and the laud of Nations. As water is to Fishes, so this to man is Element, Food, Favour, and almighty Life; yet bred out of Sulphur and Quicksilver, as if allied to the materials of a restless Hell. Hear but what Epithets the Learned *Agrippa* gives it, *Omnis pecunia levis, fugax, labilis, anguillarum & serpentum instar lubrica*, Vain, swift of flight, as slime of Eels or Serpents glidings, slippery. When riches wing away, they leave us then sorrow; and while they stay, entice us to Intemperance. What wanted among the *Romans*, till wealth as a Deluge came flowing upon them? Justice, Temperance, Vertue, and Triumphs crown'd them, while they were not swell'd with Riches: But plenty once let in, like *Nilus* his Inundation, it left them mudded with the slime and prodigies of Vice, and made them stranger monsters than ere that stream gave harbor to. If not this, they either increase our Care in keeping them, or else our thirst in getting them; and are so far from quieting the mind, that the more we have, the more we still do covet them; and extreme desires are never without their tormen. Attain'd, or never got, they vex; lost, or ever kept, they vex. They may sometimes ward a blow from the malice of Fortunes hand, but they are of so sad a weight to wear continually, that wise men do by them as the valiant oft by Arms, rather expose their lives to the hazard of a Battel, than be cumbred with the burthen of Armor. Death makes all, rich and poor alike: so he that is most rich, is but most in debt; for he borrowed all from Fortune, which when he goes he must repay to the last Mite, and perhaps with much more grief than he that had little to leave. Besides all this, they have one badge which surely sticks them with unnoblest things, They fail a man in deepest need: They can neither redeem from Death, nor deliver from wrath, but even in the summons to these, unworthily abandon those that most have courted them.

Non domus aut fundus, non æris acervus & auri
Ægroto domini deduxit corpore febres,
Non animo curas.

Nor House, nor Land, nor heaps of Treasure can
Extract the Fever from distemper'd Man,
Nor Cares from out the mind.

Nay, they are not only false but fatal: As the scent in beasts of Game, they betray us to the search of Tyranny, as pursue in a strucken Deer, they fall from us like bloud, and make us to be hunted to death. Where the ground is barren or yields nothing rare, it lies unstir'd and restful: but if a mine be in it, the world is mad with

with instruments to dig and wound it. Yet after all this, they are so vain that if we use them, we lose them, if we only keep them, we have them not.

Learning, Honour, Pleasure, Wealth, they are all but Consonants without a Vowel, which seem to dictate in the Worlds great Volume, but when we seek for matter in the pages, all put together the sum is *Nothing*. *Vanity, Vexation, Nothing.*

Agreeable to this is that which *Lipsius* left and begg'd his friends would fix upon his Grave.

Vis altiore voce me tecum loqui?
Cuncta Humana, Fumus, Umbra, Vanitas,
Scena & Imago: & verbo ut absolvam, Nihil.

Shall I speak truly, what I now see below?
The World is all a Carkass, Smoak, and Vanity,
The Shadow of a Shadow, a Play: & in one word just *Nothing.*

Yet were it but Vanity only, we might sail away life without storms, and complying Vanity with Vanity, make life a pleasing Holy-day, and be as innocently wanton as Birds in Spring-time, or Fielded Beasts in *May*. So we might like Atomes in the Suns bright beams, dance our short day away. But——Vexation dogs this Vanity, is the black shadow to that painted body, the ill-savour that attends the extinguishing of the poor melting tapers of all Worldly Felicity.

Several Interpretations are extant of this Word, our vulgar has it Vexation, some have rendred it by *Pastio*; an eating and devouring Ulcer that gnaws the soul to languishment, gangrening ever by gradual frettings the mirth and pertness of the oppressed mind. The Chaldee has it, the Confraction of the spirits, grating them with a galling Jar, rubbing upon the spirits, as woollen on a place that is raw. All agree in this, to make an unsatisfied perturbation the unavoidable Inheritance of Man. And indeed if we look to the first founded State of lapsed Man, *Solomons* censure is but a free Confession of a former doom, the Decree was pass'd in *Gen.* 3. 17, 18, 19. *In sorrow shalt thou eat all the days of thy life, Thorns and Thistles shall the Earth bring forth.* No doubt, but the Almighty Providence as easily could have made it offer him Corn, and Wine, and Oyl, in a spontaneous flowing; Fruit, Spice and Medicinals, without inforc'd Plantations. But the other are things that prick, and are for offence. Answerable to these was that other next *Omen* of his first Apparel——The Fig-leaves, which having neither strength nor durance, have yet all th'inside rugged as true presagements of his self-woven Fate. And albeit all things before Man fell, came forth as the refined gold from the Mint with a *Valde bona* stampt upon them: yet sin, as a Contagious Fog infected the very air of all. The highest contentments that the World can yield, become to us like the Country *Quintanes*, while

we

SOMETHING UPON

St. *Luke* 14. 20.

And another said, I have married a Wife, and therefore I cannot come.

AND *another said*; It seems there were more of the Pack: Natural averseness to spiritual things is not in one but all. They that several ways adhered to the world, do all agree together to neglect the God of that world, and them. The *Jews* were all Recusants, and they rather chuse to kill the Lamb than come to his Supper. That God had sent, might have been enough to give a Cripple swiftness, and to have struck up Age again with Youths enlivening fires. And that it was to a Feast of Salvation (which was the re-building of the ruins of man, and the re-implanting him in a better Paradise than at first he lost) might, one would have thought, begot a noble contempt of any thing that could have hindred: but dull souls find out dull excuses. They still appear of the same froward race, whereof their Predecessors were, that to the miracles of a Journy both night and day engarded by a Deity, dare besottedly prefer the Garlic and the Onyons of *Egypt*. So profaner *Esau* had rather sup his Broth, than save his Birthright. By earthly minds a grain of drossie Silver is prised above all the *precious Balms* of *Gilead*. The other two, though they came not, did modestly refuse; and though none returned so much as thanks, yet they begg'd to be held excus'd: Less uncivil Clowns; though they had not grace to come, they had so much Rustic manners as to beg a pardon; and *sottishly* thought a *Farm* and *Yokes* of *Oxen*, might in *judgment* hold a Plea against all the spiritual solaces of Heaven. Let a Pesant have his wish, and either an easie Rent, Barns well fill'd, or a greater Herd of Cattle shall be so much coveted, as the rightly wise shall see, that the difference betwixt his beasts and him is only in his ruder speech. Thus the two former. But in Ingratitude they all agree; such a kind of Hog-carriage, that while they are greedily swilling in their own draff, all the Excellencies of the world besides are unminded; much more the Author that shall offer them. Like the deaf *Adder*, they

reſt unſtirr'd by the moſt powerful charm of the world—Courteſie. If I ſhall gain by bargaining, equality of Traffic preſerves me in my liberty. If I receive for deſert, that which is done to me is paid, not given. But a noble Courteſie falling like rain in due ſeaſon, enſlaves a man more than a Market ſale among *Moors:* for it conquers the uncompellable mind, and diſ-intereſts Man of himſelf. To be unthankful, is to be a Baſtard to Nature: with how many fold does the grateful Earth return her ſcatter'd grain? If the Rivers pay their Tribute to the Ocean, in public Tydes and private Springs, a retribution's made. If the Earth exhales but Vapors to the Heaven, in requiting Dews it doth again diſtil them: Only the diſputed Element of Fire is barren, and therefore has not the honor to be mentioned in the Creation.

Here was nothing akin to gratitude: Love there was ſhewed ſo fervent, that even all Creation could not find a *Simile* for't. The benefit to man ſo great, that the Bowels of both the *Indies* are not as a grain to it. Yet all this ſo diſvalued by ſtupidity, that none of them eſteemed it worthy the Tongues leaſt motion to produce a thanks; which proves that Truth, which by the noble *Seneca* was long ſince told us, *Negamus quenquam ſcire gratiam referre, niſi ſapientem*; None but a wiſe man knows how to be *thankful*. Yet any fool might have blunder'd out, *Pray thank him*--who could ſend leſs to him that invites to a feaſt? Ingratitude does then ſink deep, when it gets not up to the Tongue: When it is not active, it has a Palſie; but when ſpeechleſs, dead. King *Philip* did not mourn ſo much for the death of his friend *Hipparchus*, (for he left the world an old man) but becauſe he died before he had requited him. And *Suetonius* tells us, That *Auguſtus Cæſar* deſcended from his Throne, and as a common Advocate pleaded the cauſe of a private Souldier, who had fought for him at *Actium*, becauſe he would not be thought ungrateful. Yet here by theſe men, from him (who deſcended from his Throne of glory, to ſuffer all contempt and torment for them) it is not ſo much as taken kindly. Nor did it extenuate their Inhumanity, that they did not accept of the Invitation; For that excellent Orator, who had far leſs of Divine light than was offer'd them, has inſtructed us, —That *Non ſolum gratus debet eſſe qui accepit beneficium, verumetiam is cui poteſtas accipiendi fuit*; He ought as well to be thankful that may, as he that does receive a benefit.

But above them all, this Marryed man was the worſt, here was neither Wit nor Manners. He not only anſwers churliſhly in a blunt careleſneſs, —*I cann't come*, but injuriouſly on Wedlock lays the Neceſſity of his abſence, *I have Married a Wife, and therefore I cannot come.*

What? were the pleaſures of the bed ſo taking that he reſolves for them to abandon Heaven? Or could he be ſo prejudicial, as to believe Heaven would not admit him if he brought a Woman along? Or was he ſo jealous of her Chaſtity, as he would not be abſent from her, leſt his Heir ſhould not prove of his own getting? Are

ſaid but obey'd their commands. And *Ariſtotle* told one who asked, whence it was that all men were Covetous of Converſation with beautiful perſons, that it was but a blind mans queſtion. 'Tis an Empire without a Militia: for needing neither Guards nor Arms, it impoſes whatever does pleaſe. Experience can tell us it has flatted all the ſtrengths of the World. It is Miſtreſs of all that is not God; and when it riſes to be of Holineſs, it amounts to be inthron'd with him. In Woman plac'd alone it has done wonders, and taking the Worlds Conquerors by the Cask, has rifled them of all their hard-earn'd wreaths and Laurel. *Adams* original Innocence was not Armor ſufficient to reſiſt her Forces. *Sampſons* Gyant ſtrength by her was cheated into bondage and ſervility. *Davids* right-heartedneſs became inflex'd and crooked. And this, grave incomparable *Solomon*, though he could precept the erring World againſt all the ſeducing Crafts of Women, yet we ſee he could not ſave himſelf from being intangled by their demulceations. With this Man, the Devil went his old politic way, for his plot being to gain the Man, he ſets upon him by his Miſtreſs firſt: when an Officer is to be corrupted, there is a She-ſupreme that has a leading hand. No doubt but he which bought the Farm had a Team, and the other had five yoke of Oxen; yet could not all theſe draw ſo much, as a Wife; ſhe is a perpetual inchantment that hangs upon all the retirements of Man. She is the Privado of his ſenſes, that with familiar blandiſhments can ſtroke him into more than all the intermitted Rhetoric of a Maſculine friend. She is the high Chamberlain of the Court of Man, that with the key of Love wherewith he hath intruſted her, has free acceſs to all his private lodgings: and though his ſoul be as a Labyrinth full of myſtic windings, yet a beloved Wife holds the Clew in her hand that can guide her to his inmoſt room, and that very firſt warm bloud which in his heart is Cloſetted.

But where is the fault now? Shall Woman be condemn'd for Excellency? Let ſore eyes ſooner brand the Sun for brightneſs. Is it not proof enough of Mans weakneſs to be overcome, but when he is Captiv'd he muſt revile his Conquereſs? What fool will ſay the Honey is naught, becauſe the Bear is mad at the ſmell on't? No the ſlavery is within us. Did not our own boſom nurſe the Traytor, outward objects would be a wiſe mans *Nothing*. 'Tis not the fire, but the neglect that's blameable, when ere the Houſe is burn'd. Thoſe Creatures that are not ſcalded with the like addictions, can undiſtemper'd gaze their trimmeſt dreſs. Nor can all their artful lures make any beaſt but Man in love with them. Nay Man himſelf, when Age like froſt has hoar'd his hairs, and all his fires are out, can unſtirr'd play with her flames and rays. Mans own Inclination is his Charm that fetters him. 'Tis not a Wife or Woman, that can bind us from going to Heaven, unleſs we firſt lye down and manacle ourſelves. Though *Adam*, at firſt, for his poor excuſe, ſaid, the Wom[illegible] it him: yet all conclude, that anſwer rais'd his Crime. A[illegible]s

loſs without Gods mercy was unballanceably irrecoverable: yet we after never find he twitted her as Authreſs of his fall. Will any man accuſe the ſtream for wetting him, when he fell in by ſleeping on the bank? From Charcoals blown I know ſparks leap apace, but though ſtraw houſes may enkindle by them; yet upon ſolid coverings they without danger dye: or if at moſt they leave a Mote behind, it is but dead, and with the next fair wind unblemiſhing blows away.

Doubtleſs Marriage is honorable among all, and 'tis the Devils Doctrine only that forbids it. We ſee the *Iſraelites* after they had deſtroyed *Benjamin*, rather than keep thoſe that were left, from Marriage, they were content to wink at Felony, and mince Perjury: Nay under-hand to contrive the Rape and Theft; and only before men to elude that Oath which (though raſhly) yet they had made to God. Even our Saviour himſelf, though he would be born of a Virgin; yet he would not have that birth, till honeſted by marriage: though he would not have a man his Father, yet he would not have a Mother till ſhe was a Wife.

'Tis true, in times of Trouble, Marriage incumbers man to the world; and as a Proverb it has run along, *That marriage peoples the Earth, but Virginity Heaven*; yet withal it is as true that St. *Auguſtine* ſpeaks, *Conjugium humile melius eſt Virginitate ſuperba*; Even a very mean Wedlock is better than a ſumptuous Chaſtity. He that is married has the advantage of others that are not: for he is hereby made a double man, he has two bodies which one united ſoul does guide: and to prove this the moſt perfect Union of the World; it is ſufficient that the Marry'd couple only envy not one another; when one is ſad, then both are griev'd: and in the joy and the honor of one, the other does partake: without a Wife, man is a kind of deſolate thing, he wants the moſt Cordial ſolace of life; and therefore he which refuſed to marry when he fitly might, by the wiſe Law-givers of the World, was looked upon as a wilful deſertor, not only of the Common-wealth, but of Law, Religion, and of Human Nature; by *Lycurgus*, in Summer driven from all ſports, in Winter naked led about and ſcorn'd. *Plato* made him incapable both of Honor and public Office, but taxable in a deeper ſenſe. *Auguſtus*, and divers others have given Immunities to married perſons, ſo as no Time, no Nation, no Condition of men, but have honored Marriage by their approbation. And the time and place of the inſtitution; the bleſſing accompanying it; the morality, and natural inſtinct of it in man; the ſucceſſive perpetuity of it, even from Creations Infancy, where *Eve* at firſt was not fram'd for Virginity, but Marriage, became a Wife at firſt ſight, was preſented to Man by God himſelf, and at her very firſt peep into the World was born a Bride, may be enough to vindicate it from all the Circumſtantial ſtains that can be caſt upon it.

Before for this Uxorious Man, to plead he had marryed a Wife *therefore he could not come*, was all one, as if a Drunkard becauſe he had found good Wine, he could not get from

from the Tavern; yet surely none would blame the wine, but the man: Marriage is Creations perfectness, barren Virginity is but uncompleted Man. Marriage is the way to benefit the world for ever, but Virginity in future ruins it; and after the narrow limits of one Age, expires. He that is wise, and marries, and leaves a child well educated, does make Mankind his debtor, and departs a Benefactor to the world: For when he is atom'd into flying dust, he has prepar'd his Substitute to administer his part being gone. The married man is like the *Bee*, that fixes his Hive, augments the world, benefits the Republic, and by a daily diligence, without wronging any, profits all. But he which contemns Wedlock, (for the most part) like a *Wasp*, wanders an offence in the world, lives upon spoil and rapine, disturbs peace, steals sweets that are none of his own, and by robbing the Hives of others, either meets misery as his due reward, or at best (leaving none to perpetuate his memory) at last he dyes, and dyes.

This was therefore an unjust Plea: But that our blessed Saviour meant here to shew us, how upon any vain pretence, even all meerly worldly men prefer fond and fleeting Temporals, beyond the lasting joys of Eternity. And in this man more especially than in the rest; for in a more peremptory way he is resolved rather to renounce his Salvation, than to leave (though but for a Supper while) that perpetual trifle Woman.

In the three Refusers are set out to us the vain and false trinity of Worldlings, *The lust of the Flesh, the lust of the Eye, and the Pride of Life*; Luxury, Avarice and Ambition. St. *Ambrose* his mystic Interpretation of *Gentiles*, *Jews*, and *Heretics*, I find entertain'd by few. By this married man, I take to be understood the Voluptuous; and questionless 'tis true, that Pleasure more infatuates than either Honour or Wealth; for in this, man is soak'd and charm'd by all his senses at once. Honour and Profit besiege but some principal Quarters of the City of Man, but Pleasure does at every part at once assault. This is that *Mercuries* Pipe that charmeth all our eyes asleep: 'tis the swing of the Soul, that giddies a man at last into a dull security, and raises up of every sense an Idol taking place of God: Like a Bath it supples and enfeebles all. Whosoever wholly dedicates himself to pleasure, he walks upon the waves as St. *Peter* did, where if the miracle of a *Jesus* save him not, he sinks into the Sea he treads upon. Ambition and Covetousness may be sometimes accompanied with eminent vertues. *Julius Cæsar* and *Vespasian* had either of them parts of excellent merit. But voluptuous men (besides the Infædations of Sensuality) are usually both proud and covetous also. *Nero*, we find, defiled most in the foulest mires of Luxury, and where do we find any so elatedly proud, or so unjustly rapacious as was he? for indeed Covetousness is the daughter of Luxury. So for ought we know this man might be hindred by both the other vices; who can tell but he might take Pet that his wife was not invited as well as he? and thus perhaps his Pride might hinder him. Or it may be he durst not leave his Family, lest he might

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in his abſence be cozened at home by his Servants: and ſo his Covetouſneſs might be the cauſe of his ſtay. Or if ſhe were but fair and inclining to be wanton, ſuſpicion of her Chaſtity might ſtop his going abroad: Jealouſies and Fears (among Peaſants) are as ancient as this Parable: and indeed that which is coveted by many, is never kept without hazard. Beſides, he that violently dotes upon one thing, ſeems to tell the world that he may do ſo by another: yea, that in ſome meaſure he muſt. He that is ſlaved by his affection to a Miſtreſs, muſt be proud to fight for her, muſt be prodigal to ſpend for her, muſt be covetous to ſcrape for her. He is an object of much pity that over-affects any Temporal things whatſoever. For (beyond what is ſpoken already) it agonies his mind perpetually, and throws him on a double miſchief. It does fix his truſt on that which cannot but deceive him; and it adverſaries him with Juſtice, which muſt puniſh, and would (if truſted) never fail to ſave him. Nay, it flings a kind of ſcorn on God, and as much as in man lies, diſgraces him below his Creature. He is happy that can wean himſelf from the breaſt of the world, that he ſurfeit not with her luſcious, but unwholſom milk. But if he muſt endure among the Pleaſures, the Profits and the Honours thereof; let him live therein, as the Bee does in her honey, who though her Hive be never ſo full, yet with it ſhe never entangles her wings.

FINIS.

LUSORIA:

OR,

Occasional Pieces.

WITH

A TASTE

OF

Some LETTERS.

LONDON:

Printed *Anno Dom.* 1677.

POEMS

ON

Occasional Pieces.

VIZ.

A TASTE,

OF

SEVERAL LETTERS, &c.

LUSORIA.

I.

True Happineſs.

I.

LOng have I ſought the wiſh of all
To find: and what it is men call
True Happineſs; but cannot ſee
The world has it, which it can be.
Or with it *hold* a ſympathy.

II.

He that enjoys, what here below
Frail Elements have to beſtow,
Shall find moſt ſweet, bare hopes at firſt;
Fruition, by fruition's burſt:
Sea-water ſo allays your thirſt.

III.

Whos'ever would be happy then,
Muſt be ſo to himſelf: For when
Judges are taken from without,
To judge what we (fenc'd cloſe about)
Are: they judge not, but gueſs and doubt.

IV.

He muſt have reaſon ſtore, to ſpy
Natures hid ways, to ſatisfie
His judgment. So he may be ſafe
From the vain fret: For fools will chafe
At that, which makes a wiſe man laugh.

V.

If 'bove the mean his mind be pitcht,
Or with unruly Paſſions twicht,
A ſtorm is there: But he ſails moſt
Secure, whoſe Bark in any Coaſt
Can neither be becalm'd nor toſt.

VI.

A chearful, but an upright heart
Is muſick whereſoe're thou art:
And where God pleaſeth to confer it,
Man can no greater good inherit,
Than is a clear and temperate ſpirit.

VII.

Wealth to keep want away, and Fear
Of it: Not more: ſome Friends, ſtill near,
And choſen well: nor muſt he miſs
A Calling: yet ſome ſuch as is
Imployment; not a Buſineſs.

VIII.

His ſoul muſt hug no private ſin,
For that's a thorn hid by the skin.
But Innocence, where ſhe is nurs'd,
Plants valiant Peace. So *Cato* durſt
Be God-like good, when *Rome* was worſt.

IX.

God built he muſt be in his mind;
That is, part God: whoſe faith no wind
Can ſhake, When boldly he relies
On one ſo noble; he out-flies
Low chance, and fate of Deſtinies.

X.

Life as a middle way, immur'd
With Joy and Grief, to be indur'd,
Not ſpurn'd, nor wanton'd hence, he knows.
In crooked banks, a ſpring ſo flows
O're ſtone, mud, weeds: yet ſtill clear goes.

XI.

And as ſprings reſt not, till they lead
Meandring high, as their firſt head:
So ſouls reſt not, till man has trod
Deaths height. Then by that period,
They reſt too, rais'd as high as God.

XII.

Sum all! he happieſt is, that can
In this worlds Jar be Honeſt Man.
For ſince Perfection is ſo high,
Beyond lifes reach, he that would try
True happineſs indeed, muſt dye.

II.

To the Lady D. S.

MADAM,

I Would but praiſe, not flatter: yet
What flatters others, does your praiſe but fit.
I would have ſhun'd all Verſe too: but I knew
He muſt write meaſure, that would write of You.
So Geometrical has Nature fram'd
That, which can now no otherwiſe be nam'd,
But as a rule for all: each ſeveral part
Is all whole Axiom, to direct an Art.
That now, men skilful, doubt, to which is due,
More to thoſe noble Sciences, or You.
And thus I was created! for who can
Lie earth'd i'th' dull thoughts of a common man,
When you ſhall ſhine; and with your ſymmetry
Shew like the Springs new Genius; while your eye
Kindles each noble bloud with ſuch chaſte fire,
As cauſes Flame, and yet forbids Deſire?
And when your sky of vein ſhall gently flow,
Branching through both your Hemiſpheres of ſnow,
When crimſon Tulips, and the Roſe o'th'buſh,
Shall draw their tincture from your lip, and bluſh;
When that mild breath, which even the calmeſt Weſt
Fans from the Pink and Violet, from your breſt
Shall have its derivation; then you may
Confeſs your ſelf, our Morning and our Day.
And theſe might make you glorious: yet I dare
(Madam) tell you, that theſe but fading are,
Muſt bed i'th' ſhade, and ceaſe: and that I tell
This, ſhews there's ſomething that doth more excell,
Remaining in you: elſe the name Decay
I know would fright a Lady into clay.
And but to hear, ſhe muſt be old and dye,
Would make her weep till ſhe had ne're an eye.
But that which makes me daring thus, I find
Is that pure ſhine of Deity, your Mind,
So fill'd with ſweetneſs, that whoſe're ſhall ſee't,
Streight thinks of Virgin Nature, at whoſe feet
Stand all the Sects of old Philoſophy,
Paying their admiration by their eye.
So you amaze all knowledge, that even they
Which can but name and know you, do add day

Unto their own Life here. To prove this, I
Shall find this honour crown my memory,
By writing but of You, the world ſhall ſee,
I am the firſt drew truth to Poetry.

III.

The Sun and Wind.

WHy think'ſt thou (fool) thy Beauties rays,
Should flame my colder heart;
When thy diſdain ſhall ſeveral ways,
Such piercing blaſts impart?

Seeſt not thoſe beams that guild the day,
Though they be hot and fierce,
Yet have not heat nor power to ſtay,
When winds their ſtrength diſperſe.

So though thy Sun heats my deſire,
Yet know thy coy diſdain
Falls like a ſtorm on that young fire,
So blows me cool again.

IV.

On the Duke of Buckingham *ſlain by* Felton, *the* 23. *Aug.* 1628.

SOoner I may ſome fixed Statue be,
Than prove forgetful of thy death or thee!
Canſt thou be gone ſo quickly? Can a knife
Let out ſo many Titles and a life?
Now I'le mourn thee! Oh that ſo huge a pile
Of State ſhould paſh thus in ſo ſmall a while!
Let the rude *Genius* of the giddy Train,
Brag in a fury that they have ſtabb'd *Spain*,
Auſtria, and the skipping *French*: yea, all
Thoſe home-bred Papiſts that would ſell our fall:
Th' Eclipſe of two wiſe Princes judgments: more,
The waſt, whereby our Land was ſtill kept poor.
I'le pity yet, at leaſt thy fatal end,
Shot like a Lightning from a violent hand,
Taking thee hence unſum'd. Thou art to me
The great Example of Mortality.
And when the times to come ſhall want a Name
To ſtartle Greatneſs, here is *BUCKINGHAM.*

Faln

Faln like a Meteor: and 'tis hard to say
Whether it was that went the ſtranger way,
Thou or the hand that ſlew thee: thy Eſtate
Was high, and he was reſolute above that.
Yet ſince I hold of none ingag'd to thee,
Death and that liberty ſhall make me free.
Thy miſts I knew not: if thou haſt a fault,
My charity ſhall leave it in the Vault,
There for thine own accounting: 'Tis undue
To ſpeak ill of the Dead though it be true.
And this even thoſe that envy'd thee confeſs,
Thou hadſt a Mind, a flowing Nobleneſs,
A Fortune, Friends, and ſuch proportion,
As call for ſorrow, to be thus undone.
Yet ſhould I ſpeak the Vulgar, I ſhould boaſt
Thy bold Aſſaſſinate, and wiſh almoſt
He were no Chriſtian, that I up might ſtand,
To praiſe th'intent of his miſ-guided hand.
And ſure when all the Patriots in the ſhade,
Shall rank, and their full muſters there be made;
He ſhall ſit next to *Brutus*, and receive
Such Bays as Heath'niſh ignorance can give.
But then the Chriſtian (poiſing that) ſhall ſay,
Though he did good, he did it the wrong way.
They oft decline into the worſt of ill,
That act the Peoples wiſh without Laws will.

V.

Nay, when I ſerious was,
To beg but one poor grace,
I could not that obtain:
While he that leſs did love,
When he no ſuit did move,
Did two unasked gain.

Judge all you gods if theſe
Be not deep injuries:
Then if you quit this Elf,
Set me again but free,
And all the world ſhall ſee,
I'le whip the boy my ſelf.

VI.

Elegie on Henry *Earl of* Oxford.

WHen thou didſt live and ſhine, thy Name was then
Like a *Prometheus* giving fire to men.
Now thy brave Soul advanced is and free,
But to write *Oxford* is an Elegie
Sad as the grave thou ly'ſt in, whence if we
Could raiſe thy worth, we better might ſpare thee.
But That and Thou are loſt, and we have none
To keep us now, for our *Palladium's* gone;
Gone as a Pearl dropt in the Main; to get
Which we may ſink, but not recover it.
Why wert thou gone ſo ſoon? dull *Holland* why
[illegible] and War, and we ſend men to dye?
[illegible] nothing none but ill,

Gr rtues have this Grant, they never dye,
Bu ſime live to kiſs Eternity.
An men doubt which Name can cite a tear,
Or a Souldier, firſt, *Sidney* or *Vere*.
Yet in this laſt that dy'd, I'le tell thee how
Thou haſt deceiv'd thy ſelf: Know in him thou
Haſt ſlain a Tutelar god; and to prove this,
Think but the time when *Breda* ſwallowed is.
Oh ſince he dy'd with thee, why were't not ſworn
To ſave his bloud in ſome memorial Urn,
To which men ſhould have come for Valour, juſt
As ſick men to the *Spaw* for health, in truſt
There to have been ſupply'd: But now that he
And that is loſt, for thee and thine hear me;
Let not the place be known, leſt when men ſee
His worth, and come to know he dy'd for thee,
They curſe thee lower than thy ſtaple, Fiſh;
Thy own Beer-drinkers, or the *Spaniards* wiſh.
But if by curious ſearch it muſt be known,
Write by it thus, *Here* Belgia *was undone*.

VII.

On a Jewel given at parting.

WHen cruel time enforced me
Subſcribe to a dividing,
A Heart all Faith and Loyalty
I left you freſhly bleeding.

You in requital gave a ſtone,
Not eaſie to be broken;
An Emblem ſure that of your own
Hearts hardneſs was a token.

O Fate, what Juſtice is in this,
That I a heart muſt tender:
And you ſo cold in courteſies,
As but a ſtone to render.

Either your ſtone turn to a heart,
That love may find requiting:
Or elſe my heart to ſtone convert,
That may not feel your ſlighting.

VIII.

Upon my Fathers Tomb at *Babram* in *Cambridg-ſhire.*

M. P. Q. S. Memoriæ Poſterisque Sacrum.
Ex
Suffolciæ *ortus Comitatu*
THOMAS FELLTHAM,
Vir probus, Generoſus, ſciens
Ubique colendus.
Bonis,
Malis,
Adjutor, Obſtes;
Amiciſque fidelis.
Bene vivens, moriens pie,
Filios tres, totidemque Natas,
Superſtites relinquens,
11. *Martii, Salutis Anno* 1631.
Sed militiæ ſuæ 62.
Per natu Filium minorem,
Hic,
In vitam beatiorem
Ad Reſurgendum,
Poſitus.

IX.

The Cauſe.

THink not, *Clariſſa*, I love thee
For thy meer outſide, though it be
A Heaven more clear than that men cloudleſs ſee.

Thine Eyes ſo pure and Cryſtalline,
Once dead are worth no more than mine,
Nor can do greater wonders with their ſhine.

No 'tis thy ſoul, we may mix there,
Like two Perfumes in the ſoft air,
And as chaſt Incenſe play above the ſphere.

So ſhall we on in progreſs move
To clearer heights, and by this love
Grow ſtill Aſcentive till we centre *Jove.*

There ſhall men gaze our bleſt aboad,
And ſcarce miſtaking voice't abroad,
That two ſouls purely mingled make a God.

For

For when two ſouls ſhall towre ſo high,
Without their fleſh their rays ſhall fly,
Like Emanations from a Deity.

X.

The Vow-breach.

WHen thy bold eye ſhall enter here, and ſee
Nought but the Ebon'd night incurtain me.
Curſe not a womans lightneſs: Only ſay,
Here it lies veiled from eternal day.
This will be charity: but if thou then
Call back remembrance with her light agen,
Know thou art cruel: For thoſe rays to me
(Like flaſhes wherewithal the Damned ſee
Their plagues) become another Hell. And thou
Shalt ſmart for this hereafter, as I now.
For my whole Sex, when they ſhall find their ſhame
Told in my Vow-breach by thy fatal name;
Their ſpleen ſhall all in one eye pointed be,
And then like Lightning darted all on thee.

XI.

The Sympathy.

SOul of my ſoul! it cannot be,
That you ſhould weep, and I from tears be free.
All the vaſt room between both Poles,
Can never dull the ſenſe of ſouls,
Knit in ſo faſt a knot.
Oh! can you grieve, and think that I
Can feel no ſmart, becauſe not nigh,
Or that I know it not?

Th'are heretic thoughts. Two Lutes are ſtrung,
And on a Table tun'd alike for ſong;
Strike one, and that which none did touch,
Shall ſympathizing ſound as much,
As that which toucht you ſee.
Think then this world (which Heaven inrolls)
Is but a Table round, and ſouls
More apprehenſive be.

Know they that in their groſſeſt parts,
Mix by their hallowed loves intwined hearts;

This priviledge boaſt, that no remove
Can e're infringe their ſenſe of love.
Judge hence then our eſtate,
Since when we lov'd there was not put
Two earthen hearts in one breſt, but
Two ſouls Co-animate.

XII.

The Reconcilement.

COme now, my fair one, let me love thee new,
Since thou art new created. For 'tis true
When ſouls diſtain'd by looſe and wandring fears,
Once purge themſelves by penitential tears,
They gain a ſecond birth, and ſcorn to fly
At any mark but Nobleſt purity.
Then who can tell that e're there was offence,
Contrition does as much as Innocence.
Black lines in Tablets once expung'd, they are
Clear to each eye, and like their firſt age, fair.
When Colours are diſcharg'd, and after dy'd
Freſh by the Artiſt, can it then be ſpy'd
Where the ſoil was? So Convert *Magdalen*
Excell'd more after her Converſion, then
Before ſhe had offended: ſlips that be
'Twixt friends from frailty, are but as you ſee
Sad abſence to ſtrong lovers; when they meet,
It makes their warm imbraces far more ſweet.
Come then, and let us like two ſtreams ſwell'd high,
Meet, and with ſoft and gentle ſtruglings try,
How like their curling waves we mingle may,
Till both be made one floud; then who can ſay
Which this way flow'd, which that: For there will be
Still water; cloſe united Extaſie.
That when we next ſhall but of motion dream,
We both ſhall ſlide one way, both make one ſtream.

XIII.

A Farewel.

WHen by ſad fate from hence I ſummon'd am,
Call it not Abſence, that's too mild a name.
Believe it, deareſt Soul, I cannot part,
For who can live two Regions from his heart?

Unleſs

Unleſs as ſtars direct our humane ſenſe,
I live by your more powerful influence.
No: ſay I am diſſolv'd: for as a Cloud
By the Suns vigour melted is, and ſtrow'd
On the Earths face, to be exhal'd again
To the ſame beams that turn'd it into rain.
So abſent think me but as ſcatter'd dew,
Till re-exhal'd again to Vertue; You.

XIV.

FUNEBRE VENETIANUM.

On the Lady Venetia Digby, *found dead in her bed, leaning her head on her hand.*

RAſh Cenſure ſtay: not he, nor ſhe that's gone
Muſt be condemn'd: unleſs to *Jove* alone
Fate's folded up: So Lightnings ſubt'leſt flame
Melts the cas'd ſteel, to which, which way it came
No piercing eye can ſee: As well we may
Trace yonder fiſh which way ſhe ſwam at Sea,
Find th' Arrows flight, or by diſſection tell
Fancies that in that living brain did dwell.
Yet ſhe is gone; gone as the Dove which laſt
Toſs'd *Noah* ſent from his op'd Ark to taſte
Freedom at large; but never to return,
Till next a flood of fire the world ſhall burn.
So priſoned *Peter*, whom fierce *Herod* kept,
Th' Angel inlarges, while the dull Guard ſlept.
So while the body in a funeral flame
Crumbles to duſt, from whence at firſt it came,
In a dark odour ſadning brighteſt day,
Th' imagin'd ſoul, the Eagle ſteals away.
Yet there are thoſe, ſtriving to ſalve their own
Deep want of skill, have in a fury thrown
Scandal on her, and ſay ſhe wanted brain.
Botchers of Nature! your eternal ſtain
This judgment is. Can you believe that ſhe
Whoſe great perfection was, that ſhe was ſhe,
That ſhe who was all Charm, whoſe frail parts
Could captivate by troups even nobleſt hearts,
And from wiſe men, with flowing grace conquer
More than they had, until they met with her?
Can you believe a Brain, the common tye
Of each flat Sex, could ever towre ſo high,
As to ſway her, from whoſe aſpect did paſs
Life, death and happineſs to men? This was

So

So far beyond your bare no more than ſenſe,
That you ne'r thought of that Intelligence
Which did move her. Yet you may come to rail
At the Celeſtial Orbs when theirs ſhall fail,
'Cauſe they ſhould ſo ſtand ſtill. And this was it
Which made death mannerly, and ſtrive to fit
Himſelf with reverence to her; that now
He came not like a Tyrant, on whoſe brow
A pompous terror hung; but in a ſtrain
Lovely and calm, as in the *June* ſerene.
That now, who moſt abhor him can but ſay,
Gently he did imbrace her into clay:
And her, as Monument for time to come,
Left her own ſtatue, perfect for her tomb.
As a rough Satyr, tam'd with love, eſpies
Where his dear Nymph ſweetly repoſed lies,
Softly doth ſteal a kiſs, then ſhrinks away,
Leſt he awake his ſouls ſoul: ſo we may
Think death did here: So the pale amorous Moon
On *Latmos* kiſs'd ſleeping *Endymion*
In Muſic, wine and ſlumbers, ſo he try'd,
Courted and won her: That henceforth the Bride,
Freſh Youth, and Queens, ſhall in their braveſt trim,
The Bridegroom-ſports and Scepters, leave for him.
This more ſhall follow, no Stagyrian brain
Shall ever call him terrible again;
Nor yet name Death, but when he ſhall come to't,
He ſhall but only wink, and that ſhall do't.

XV.

An Epitaph on Robert *Lord* Spencer.

1. HEre much lamented lies four wonders: One
   Old Hoſpitality, in this Age gone.
   A *Spencer*! Free, lov'd for his bounteous mind,
2. He ſpent his means, yet kept it; Left behind
   A ſtate increas'd with honour. And the third
3. Was, in him dy'd a good man and a Lord.
4. The laſt, Theſe loſt, yet not the world undone;
   Since all ſtill hope them living in his Son.

XVI.
The Spring in the Rock.

HArsh Maid! suppose not this clear Spring
Can boyl thus cold by Natures course.
No, 'tis a miracle, a thing
That may thy hard hearts melting force.
Know this cold Spring thou now dost see
Was like me once: The Rock like thee.

This Spring was once a Lover true,
Turn'd all to Ice by coy disdain;
Till pitying gods his woes that knew,
Melted him thus to life again.
But love which always racks the will,
Restless thus makes him bubble still.

Nor did she scape the gods just doom,
She Rock was made and could not stir:
So he that living could no room
Obtain, by death now dwells in her.
Oh take heed then, repent and know
They that chang'd her can alter you.

XVII.
The Amazement.

FOol, why dost thou wonder that thou art
A statue turn'd, as if a dart
Transpierc'd thy breast when thou dost her behold?
When yet before thou seest her face,
Thou dost believe with feeling grace,
Thou canst the story of thy Love unfold.
Alas, bold wits that great appear,
And can inchant each Vulgar ear,
Blush when their tale to Princes must be told.

See the Roses being blown,
Shed their leaves and fall alone,
As shamed by a purer red of hers.
See the Clouds that cast their snow,
Which melts as soon as 'tis below,
When but a whiter white of her appears.
See the Silk-worm how she weaves
Her self to death among her leaves,
As broke with envy of her finer hairs.

See the Sun that guides the day,
Yet every Evening ſteals away,
And comes next morning bluſhing at his riſe:
Nor is it for the ſad miſhap,
That he muſt leave his *Thetis* lap,
But that he is out-ſhin'd by her fair eyes.
If then the Creatures in their pride
Withdraw themſelves, let wonder ſlide
Each high Aſpect the Senſes ſtupifies.

XVIII.

An Epitaph on the Lady Mary Farmor.

CHaſtly to live, one husband wed, he gone,
Gravely to ſpend a Widowhood alone.
Full ſeventeen tedious years in memory
Of that dear worth which dy'd when he did dye:
To make life one long act of goodneſs, gain
More love than the worlds malice e're could ſtain,
Then calmly paſs with ſighs of every friend,
Were thoſe brave ways which her ſo much commend,
That 'tis no ſtrong Line, but a Truth, to fix,
Here lies the beſt Example of her Sex.

XIX.

On a hopeful Youth.

STay Paſſenger, and lend a tear,
Youth and Vertue both lye here.
Reading this, know thou haſt ſeen
Vertue tomb'd at but Fifteen.
And if after thou ſhalt ſee
Any young and good as he,
Think his vertues are reviving
For Examples of thy living.
Practiſe thoſe and then thou may'ſt
Fearleſs dye where now thou ſtay'ſt.

XX.

An Answer to the Ode of, Come leave the loathed Stage, *&c.*

COme leave this saucy way
Of baiting those that pay
Dear for the sight of your declining wit:
'Tis known it is not fit,
That a sale Poet, just contempt once thrown,
Should cry up thus his own.
I wonder by what Dower
Or Patent you had power
From all to rap't a judgment. Let't suffice,
Had you been modest, y'had been granted wise.

'Tis known you can do well,
And that you do excell
As a Translator: But when things require
A *genius* and fire,
Not kindled heretofore by others pains;
As oft y'have wanted brains
And art to strike the White,
As you have levell'd right:
Yet if men vouch not things Apocryphal,
You bellow, rave and spatter round your gall.

Jug, Pierce, Peck, Fly, and all
Your Jests so nominal,
Are things so far beneath an able Brain,
As they do throw a stain
Through all th'unlikely plot, and do displease
As deep as *Pericles*,
Where yet there is not laid
Before a Chamber-maid
Discourse so weigh'd, as might have serv'd of old
For Schools, when they of Love & Valour told.

Why Rage then? when the show
Should Judgment be and Know-
ledg, that there are in Plush who scorn to drudg
For Stages, yet can judg
Not only Poets looser lives but wits,
And all their Perquisits.
A gift as rich as high
Is noble Poesie:
Yet though in sport it be for Kings a play,
'Tis next Mechanic when it works for pay.

Alcæus Lute had none,
Nor looſe *Anacreon*
Ere taught ſo bold aſſuming of the Bays,
When they deſerv'd no praiſe,
To rail men into approbation
Is new, is yours alone,
And proſpers not: For know
Fame is as coy as you,
Can be diſdainful; and who dares to prove
A rape on her, ſhall gather ſcorn, not love.

Leave then this humour vain,
And this more humorous ſtrain,
Where ſelf-conceit and choler of the blood
Eclipſe what elſe is good:
Then if you pleaſe thoſe raptures high to touch,
Whereof you boaſt ſo much;
And but forbear your Crown
Till the world puts it on:
No doubt from all you may amazement draw,
Since braver Theme no *Phœbus* ever ſaw.

XXI.

To Phryne.

WHen thou thy youth ſhalt view
Fum'd out, and hate thy glaſs for telling true,
When thy face ſhall be ſeen
Like to an *Eaſter* Apple gathered green:
When thy whole body ſhall
Be one foul wrinkle, lame and ſhrivell'd all,
So deep that men therein
May find a grave to bury ſhame and ſin:
When no claſpt youth ſhall be
Pouring thy bones into his lap and thee:
When thy own wanton fires
Shall leave to bubble up thy looſe deſires:
Then wilt thou ſighing lye,
Repent and ſmart, and ſo by two deaths dye.

XXII.

To Mr. Dover *on his* Cotſwold *Games.*

SUmmon'd by Fame (brave *Dover*) I can now
Tell what it was old Poets meant to ſhow
In their feign'd ſtories of their *Pegaſus*,
Muſes and *Mount*, which they have left to us:
Nor need we wonder ſuch a flow of years
Should roul away, when yet no light appears.
Since Propheſies and Fates predictions
Come to be known, and are fulfill'd at once.
So *Delphos* ſpake, and in a myſtic fold
Hid that, at once which acted was and told.
What then was typ'd by *Pegaſus*, but that
Proud Troup of fiery Courſers, muſter'd at
Thy *Cotſwold?* where like rapid ſpheres they hurld
Strain for a ſalt, the ſeaſoning of the world.
Then the ſagacious Hound, at loſſes mute
Alone, ſhews Natures Logic in purſuit.
But at thy other meeting, he is blind
That cannot Muſes and their muſic find:
Shewing that pleaſure would be cold and dye,
Without converſe and noble harmony.
The Ladies Muſes are, there may you chuſe
A Patroneſs, each Miſtreſs is a Muſe.
Nor does *Apollo*'s Harp e're ſound more high,
Than when 'tis vigour'd from a Ladies eye.
Now to complete the ſtory, I do ſee
How future times will learn to title thee
That *Youth'd Apollo:* So Mount *Helicon*
Will *Cotſwold* prove, which ſhall be fam'd alone,
And ſacred all unto thy happy Name,
That long ſhall dwell in the fair voice of Fame.
For great thou muſt be: and as firſt, have prize,
Or elſe, as th'*Exit* of the old Propheſies.

XXIII.

On Sir Rowland Cotton, *famous for Letters and other parts.*

IS *Cotton* dead? Then we may live to ſee
Wonder and Truth kiſs in an Elegie:
Nor ſhall the chaffy Vulgar dare to laugh,
Finding no flattery in an Epitaph.

All that here Art could ſpeak would credit have,
(Unleſs it be that he has found a Grave)
Not as Lay-Catholics, which do conclude
Sins vertuous, 'cauſe Superiours do obtrude
Penal belief upon them: But as things
To which Mankind ſad atteſtation brings,
For in what devious corner draws he breath,
That hearing, ſhrinks not at brave *Cottons* death?
For whoſe dear ſake great Nature ſeems to grone
And throb, as if an Element were gone.
At leaſt he was her Index, wherein we
Her Quadripartite Treaſury might ſee,
Viewing in brief her Jems: For ſure he knew
More Tongues than were at *Babels* building new:
And in ſo many Languages could write,
That he's learn'd now, that can but name them right.
That *Rubric* Sea of Learning which does drown
Niles raſh Impoſtors with their pufft-up Crown,
Fled before him checking her waves, and there
To his ſharp judgment left her bottom bare.
Theſe ſhew'd his greatneſs, that he did converſe
Not with ſome Nations, but the Univerſe.
So in his life from all extracting Art,
They all in his ſad loſs muſt bear a part.
And though thoſe hands, which had ſo active been
To out-do Nations, drew their vigour in,
'Twas not through want of any noble fire,
But as great Princes indiſpos'd retire.
Thus the not uſing feet of ſo rich price,
Shew'd how he grew a bird of Paradiſe,
Scorning the flag of man, till he became
Volant above in a Celeſtial flame;
Whoſe loſs we all now mourn. Yet that we might
Find fair concordance 'twixt his race and flight,
Having preſented rich and ſtately Scenes,
He ſcorn'd an *Exit* by the common means.
As *Moſes* pray'd he dy'd, *Aaron* and *Hur*
Lifting thoſe hands, that wearyed, could not ſtir.
Or elſe, when he had warr'd, and conquer'd all,
That ſubtle Schools abſtruſe and craggy call,
Triumph'd o're Arts, Vertues, the World, and Wit,
Strength, Natures weakneſs, and the clogs in it,
His own two Chaplains (to his height now grown)
Seem'd to conduct him to receive his Crown.

XXIV.

On a Gentlewoman, whose Nose was pitted with the Small-pox.

WHy (foul Disease) in cheek or eye
Durst not thy small Impressions lye?
Or why aspir'd'st thou to that place,
The graceful Promont of her face?
Alas! we see the Rose and Snow
In one thou couldst not overthrow:
And where the other did but please
To look and shine, they kill'd disease.
Then as some sulphurous spirit sent
By the torn Airs distemperment,
To a rich Palace; finds within
Some Sainted Maid, or *Sheba* Queen;
And, not of power for her offence,
Rifles the Chimney going hence.
So thou, too feeble to controul
The Guest within, her purer soul,
Hast out of spleen to things of grace,
Left thy sunk footsteps in the place.
Yet fear not Maid, since so much fair
Is left, that these can those impair.
Face-scars do not disgrace, but shew,
Valour well freed from a bold foe.
Like *Jacobs* lameness, this shall be
Honour and Palm to Time and Thee.

XXV.

Elegie on Mr. Fra. Leigh, *who dyed of the Plague*, May-day 1637.

WHat means this solemn damp quite through the *Strand*
To *Westminster?* Oh! see how sad they stand!
Sorrow invadeth all: as when a Prince
Lov'd, is in pomp of funeral waited hence.
The Town is sadned, and the *Temples* mourn,
As having lost what never can return.
The greedy Lawyer, and his proud pert Clark,
Lets fall his pleading and his pen, to mark
What 'tis amazes the litigious Hall.
When lo! the fatal murmur reaches all;
And through the shuffling throng the news is spread
In a faint whisper, Hopeful *Leigh* is dead!

Dead

Dead of the Plague! dead in his early Youth!
Leaving quite widowed Handſomneſs and Truth.
His ſhape was womans envy, and her ſtain;
His mind all ſweet, his converſation gain
To all, to whom he did the honour grant
T'enjoy thoſe parts, which Nobles boaſt, yet want.
If he had errors, they were ſuch as ne'r
Could grow to faults, but the next riper year
Would clean have chac'd away. For as from fire
At the firſt kindling ſome ſmoak will aſpire;
So youth muſt be allow'd his vapours, which
Maturity and time will turn to rich
And brightning flames, whereby the world may prove,
Though Man derive from Earth, he mounts to *Jove*.
Scorning his Soul ſhould any other food
Purſue, but that which is ſupremely good.
Thus he aſſur'd, yet theſe in him with grief
We find cut off by fate without relief.
Nor was this all: the Plague which humbly fed,
And only th'unfann'd Vulgar harraſſed;
Perhaps in pity, for to them a Grave
Is far more bleſt than that poor life they have;
Now is exalted grown, and ſhews more grim,
Boding a ſtroke at Gentry thorough him:
And though already thouſands be extinct,
Yet they ſhall be recorded but as linkt
In one dull maſs together: In whoſe fall
There ſhall no Plague be nam'd: but they that ſhall
Mention this time, their Annal thus ſhall run,
This year the firſt of *May* the Plague begun.
And for his ſake all our Succeſſors ſhall
This day *the ſecond evil May-day* call.

XXVI.

SONG.

GO, cruel Maid, reſtore again
Thy ſnow and rubied lip,
Thy orbed Suns, thy Sky of Vein,
Thy bluſh and jewell'd tip.
I dare be ſworn no Power Divine
E're meant them for that heart of thine.

I know, when th'Influence of the Pole
Fram'd thy cold heart of Ice,
Thou ſtol'ſt theſe from ſome kinder ſoul.
To blind the peoples eyes.

It could not be elſe thou ſhouldſt thus
Slight one whoſe love's Idolatrous.

The Cryſtal Heaven that ſpheres about,
Though it be fair to ſee;
Unleſs it ſends his moiſt Pearls out,
The world would ruin'd be:
So beauty mixt with coy diſdain,
Is but Heaven mark'd with murthers ſtain.

What though thou maiſt with thine eyes-wink
Check the preſuming Sun;
They are but Tyrants that can think
T'have all that may be done.
Gods, Kings and Miſtreſſes, ſhould they
Do all they might, this All would all decay.

XXVII.
Gunemaſtix.

COmmend a Womans mercy? 'Tis to ſay
Tygers are kind, to miſ-call night for day.
To ſay there's vertue in a Witches will,
Is truer far: their mercy's but to kill:
Nay, if they did that ſoon enough, I'de ſwear
They creatures all compact of pity were.
But they delight in lingring cruelty,
To ſee men fry in flames, and piece-meal dye.
Oh they are things, that Nature (vext with men)
Ordain'd for vengeance! and to plague them, then
When ſhe her ſelf bluſht at thoſe cruel things
She meant in them to practiſe. Like thoſe Kings
That ſmiling to carouſe in bloud, appoint
Inferior Executioners, to diſ-joint
Men doom'd for murther; while themſelves relent
To be but ſeers of the ptniſhment.
So Nature turning Tyrant, woman made
Mens ſpirits ſcourge; inſtructing her to trade
In racking of their ſouls, to flame their hearts,
And to diſſect them in a thouſand parts.
Their looks indeed ſpeak pity, but they are
Like Fowlers ſhraps, pleaſing but to inſnare;
That men being thrall'd once in their cuſtody,
They may delight to ſee how ſad they dye.
Caſt thy ſelf proſtrate at their mercy gate,
There ſue for pity: Ah; 'tis to throw thy fate

And liberty to Pirats: 'tis to give
Life unto thoſe that will not let thee live.
'Tis to commit the bleſſings to the wave
Of rugged Seas, in hope that That will ſave.
Oh! have but ſo much Faith as to believe,
They are the moſt obdurate things that live!
Tell them what plagues, what tortures and what wo,
What hell exceeding pains you undergo
For them; it is all one as if you told
A tale to Flint, Images, or Marble cold.
Their ſongs, their ſmiles, their glancings, ſeemings glad,
Are all but deaths in ſeveral Liveries clad.
If e're they ſeem to pity, 'tis to know
Your ſouls cloſe ſecrets, then to laugh at you.
Or elſe like Butchers, let their favours fall
To fat you for the ſlaughter and the Stall.
Or like the *Flemming*, that the *Turk* diſpatches,
Fills him with *Cates*, to fling him over hatches.
Live among women! ah, thou more ſafely may'ſt
Sleep in a bed with Snakes, with Scorpions jeſt:
They ſting the body, and it dyes; but theſe
Infeſt the ſoul with ſuch a ſad diſeaſe,
Whoſe plague lives everlaſtingly, and gives
Nor reſt, nor intermiſſion, while thou liv'ſt.
Their eyes falſe glaſſes are; that while the ſoul
Wings her fair courſe up to the ſtarry Pole,
They (like a Lark with daring) pull it down,
And then for ever thrall it to their frown,
Their tongues are *Syrens* notes, which ſtill do train
Th'hearers to death, which before they find, they gain.
Their faces are th'extracted beauties of
The world in one, which Nature made in ſcoff
Of all elſe Excellencies: but therein
She hid more treaſon than the world had ſin.
For well ſhe knew thoſe ills that would betide them,
Would ſhew too foul, without a Veil to hide them.
So that man might be lur'd, and not deſcry
In Angels ſhape, ſhe clad black miſery.
Envious Nature! ſince thou needs would'ſt make
Torture for man, thou might'ſt have given a ſhape
That ſhould have ſhew'd it like an enemy: ſo
Before he felt, he might have ſeen his wo:
And not have trod pits ſtrew'd with forged green,
Whereby as men take beaſts, ſo they take him.
Before ſhe was created, this world was
Still as the *Caſpian* Sea, quiet, a glaſs

Of firm contentment; wherein man might be
Frolick ſome years, and not curſe Deſtiny.
But being made, the firſt act ſhe did try
Seduc'd Mankind, inletted policy.
Taught him a way (which then he did not know)
To carry murther in a ſmiling brow.
Hence Fiſhers learn'd to angle, Huntſmen here
To pitch their Toyls, hence Fowlers to inſnare
With cozening lures, hence Lawyers to egg on,
And undo Clients with perſuaſion:
Flatterers to kill: hence Tradeſmen to deceive,
Phyſicians hence to gild the Pills they give.
That now the world ſeems but one ſhop to be
Of Stratagems, of Fraud and Roguery.
She's miſchiefs powder-plot! that at one blow
Gave Man and all the world an Overthrow.
So primitively ill, that ſhe ne'r cou'd
Yet tell the ſenſe of honeſty or good.
And therefore at the firſt was forc'd to creep
Into the world, while Man was dead aſleep:
Then in her young Creation wrought ſuch ſmart,
As tore the Rib out that lay next his heart:
For had he wak'd, and had but half his ſenſe,
He ſooner would have cop'd with Peſtilence,
Than joyn'd with her; who ſo of joy bereft him,
That e're night came, ſhe for the Devil left him.
And if it had not been to damn him too,
Sh'had ne'r return'd, ſhe lik'd his company ſo.
The Serpent ſure that tempted her, could be
But a meer Type of one more ſubtil ſhe,
Or elſe her own ill diſpoſition
The Serpent was, by which ſh'was ſet upon.
Haſt thou a friend thou wiſheſt free from ſcorn,
From Hell within him? wiſh when he was born
A ſea-deep grave his mother did interre,
And that the world of women dy'd with her.
So if he never knew what woman was,
He may in mirth and quiet his time paſs.
But he that after a worlds joy doth come
But to ſpell Woman, is undone! undone!
Her name is *Exorciſm*, and the moſt fair
Inchantreſſes the worſt of witches are.
Elſe how could they infatuate the ſouls
Of wiſeſt men, and ſooneſt ſuch? when fools,
Not having noble room enough to hold
Unbounded Love, are free by being cold.

Oh you Celeſtial Powers! why did you lend
Accurſed man a ſoul, to be impenn'd
In womens breaſts; who uſe it with deſpite,
When damning of their own can but requite?
Yet that they may appear in ſome good ſtrain,
In pities name they'l wrap up their diſdain,
So murther you with tears and kindneſs; when
They only weep that you are not the Man.
And will you call this pity, when it is
Spirit of torture, ſoul of miſeries?
Who's plagu'd thus, boldly may dare Nature to
Find ſuch another plague, man ſo t'undo.
For they that love, and do not meet with it,
Are gnawn with burning Furies, which do ſit
Whipping their anguiſht ſouls in them, while they
Are mad to dye, and cannot find the way.
Paſſion and Fury pulls that from my pen
I never thought of: For they are to men
(When they are loving) things ſo precious,
That man out of their ſight is ruinous.
Whatever large Philoſophy could find
Of Virtue, had *Idea* from their mind.
Whatever Jems, Stars, Flowers, or Metals ſhow
Of beauty, does advanc'd in Women flow.
A Temple for the Deity ſo fit,
As Gods great Son left Heaven to dwell in it.
From whence (when man was forfeit to the Law)
He choſe life and immortal fleſh to draw.
Nor can the world, with all that is below,
A ſecond ſhape ſo brave as Woman ſhow.
And I have heard, when Heaven and Nature did
Study what bleſſings to pour on mans head,
It was agreed (his ruines to repair)
He ſhould enjoy a Woman good, kind, fair,
So if they tax thee for thy pens amiſs,
Tell 'em thou mean'ſt they ſhould read only this.
Though all but ſhe, that this converted hath,
Are ten degrees beyond a Poets wrath.

XXVIII.

To the Painter taking the Picture of the Lady Penelope, *Counteſs of* Peterburgh.

FOrbear! This face, if taken true,
Ruines thine Art: For when men view
So new a model of a Face.
So chaſt, ſo ſweet, 'twill quite diſgrace

All

All thy old Rules: but if thy will
Presume to limn new Laws for skill,
Upon thy Pallat (fram'd by Art
O'th' splinter of some conquer'd heart)
Temper the Elements, be sure
They be all four most calm and pure:
From these perhaps thou may'st descry
Her ev'n complexions harmony.
For either Cheek, when you begin,
Draw me a smiling Cherubin.
For lips thou may'st the *Gemini* track
Of some high Holy-day *Zodiac*:
For Brow and Eyes thou shalt display
The Ev'n and Morn, Creations day:
It must be such a dawn and shade
As that day cast, wherein was made
The Sun before mans damning Fall
Threw a fogg'd guilt upon this All.
Over this Figure raise me high
Figures for stars i'th' convex'd skie;
But give no colour, they will rise
Bright from her efficacious eyes.
Last, draw thy self and Pencil thrown
Beneath her feet: For 'twill be known
She's mistress of far braver Arts,
Thou Faces tak'st, but she takes Hearts.

XXIX.

Upon a breach of Promise.

SONG.

I Am confirm'd in my belief,
No Woman hath a Soul
They but delude, that is the chief
To which their Fancies roul.

Else how could bright *Aurelia* fail,
When she her faith had given?
Since Vows that others ears assail,
Recorded are in Heaven.

But as the Alch'mists flattering fires
Swell up his hopes of prise;
Till the crackt Spirit quite expires,
And with his Fortune dies.

So though they ſeem to cheer, and ſpeak
Thoſe things we moſt implore,
They do but flame us up to break,
Then never mind us more.

XXX.

To this written by a Gentlewoman, the Anſwer underneath was given.

BElieve not him whom Love hath left ſo wiſe,
As to have power his own tale to tell;
For Childrens griefs do yield the loudeſt cryes,
And cold deſires may be expreſſed well.
In well-told love moſt often falſhood lyes.
But pity him that only ſighs and dyes.

His Anſwer.

Yet truſt him that a ſad tale tells,
With ſighs and tears in's eyes:
For Love with torture often dwells,
And can make Ideots wiſe:
Racks make the ſtrongeſt roar, Love ſticks no dart,
But tips the tongue as well as wounds the heart.

Who loves, and dyes, and makes no ſhow,
Hath Heart and Paſſion weak;
Since paſſions that are deep, we know,
Can make the dumb to ſpeak.
Then never pity him whom death can cure,
But pity him that lives and muſt endure.

XXXI.

SONG.

CUpid and *Venus!* who are theſe?
A Boy and common Tit,
Two lyes that Poets made in eaſe,
Or in ſome drunken fit.
Away, away, for I can prove
That *Vulcan* only is the god of Love.

He throws his fire in our veins,
The Baſtards ſhafts he headeth;
Mars and Loves Mother caught in chains,
He as his Priſoner leadeth.

And now I know the light that flyes,
Is his bright Flame, calm'd by *Clariſſa*'s eyes.

His locks and bolts can keep us out,
And to our bliſs convey us;
He can ſecure us round about,
And then he can betray us.
He keeps me from my happineſs, and he
Does prove great *Cupid* when he lends his key.

XXXII.

The enſuing Copy the late Printer hath been pleaſed to honour, by miſtaking it among thoſe of the moſt ingenious and too early loſt, Sir John Suckling.

WHen, Deareſt, I but think on thee,
Me thinks all things that lovely be
Are preſent, and my ſoul delighted:
For beauties that from worth ariſe,
Are like the grace of Deities,
Still preſent with us, though unſighted.

Thus while I ſit and ſigh the day,
With all his ſpreading lights away,
Till nights black wings do overtake me:
Thinking on me thy beauties then,
As ſudden lights do ſleeping men,
So they by their bright rays awake me.

Thus abſence dyes, and dying proves
No abſence can conſiſt with Loves,
That do partake of fair perfection;
Since in the darkeſt night they may
By their quick motion find a way
To ſee each other by reflection.

The waving Sea can with ſuch flood,
Bath ſome high Palace that hath ſtood
Far from the Main up in the River:
Oh think not then but love can do
As much, for that's an Ocean too,
That flows not every day, but ever.

SONG.

XXXIII.

SONG.

NOw (as I live) I love thee much,
And fain would love thee more,
Did I but know thy temper ſuch,
As could give o're.

But to ingage thy Virgin Heart,
Then leave it in diſtreſs,
Were to betray thy brave deſert,
And make it leſs.

Were all the Eaſtern Treaſures mine,
I'de pour them at thy feet:
But to invite a Prince to dine
With air, 's not meet.

No, let me rather pine alone,
Then if my fate prove coy,
I can diſpenſe with grief my own
While thou haſt joy.

But if through my too niggard Fate
Thou ſhouldſt unhappy prove,
I ſhould grow mad and deſperate
Through grief and love.

Since then though more I cannot love
Without thy injury;
As Saints that to an Altar move,
My thoughts ſhall be.

And think not that the flame is leſs,
For 'tis upon this ſcore,
Were't not a love beyond exceſs,
It might be more.

XXXIV.

Upon a rare Voice.

WHen I but hear her ſing, I fare
Like one that raiſed, holds his ear
To ſome bright ſtar in the ſupremeſt Round;

Through

Through which, beſides the light that's ſeen,
There may be heard, from Heaven within,
The Reſts of Anthems, that the Angels ſound.

XXXV.

Conſiderations of one deſign'd for a Nunnery.

'Tis to be thought upon,

WHether i'th' bud and prime of blooming Youth
(When each ſmall *fibre* of the Soul ſhoots forth
Warm'd by that Vernal Sun, which then invites it)
I ſhall my ſelf and future life give up,
Immur'd, a ſacrifice to Avarice
And Opinion: For if it be not ſuch,
What can my being thus a cold Recluſe
Be to th'advantage of my Parents ſouls?
My Charity ſhall be my own, not theirs;
Nor can my Vigils, or abſtemious froſt,
Or cool or expiate, the ſmalleſt fume
Of their intemperate heat; but it will on,
Not minding me, or my pale Oriſons.
Nay, had they mued up thus themſelves, I had
No being had at all, to argue this.
Why then being come into the world by Providence,
May not I take that turn the gods have given me,
Without (as ſoon as entred, like a thing
Imperfect made) to be turn'd out again,
As quite unworthy thoſe great beauteous favors,
Heaven and free Nature had deſign'd me to?

Oh but the benefits.

To avoid the thraldom of imperious Love,
The hazards of contempt, and calumny,
The Heat and Hectics both of Fear, and Love,
The qualms, and throws of Married life, the frets
And cumbers, humming 'bout the Heards of families:
To ride ſecure out of the reach of Fortune,
O're-looking all thoſe tides of Fate,
Which worldlings ſtill are hurried with? and then
To be wrapt up in Innocence, a Privado
Dear, and familiar to the Deity,
Is ſurely a condition to be catcht at,
With all th'expanſions both of mind, and body.
But then again to weigh the Cancelling
Of what I'm born to, tugging all my life

Againſt

Againſt the Tyde; ſtill ſtreining up the hill:
The Plains and pleaſant Vallies ever hidden.
What is it leſs than the bold undertaking
Of a perpetual war with Nature? which how well
I can come off with, is to me unknown.
Though, being in, I muſt go on, whatever
Stops I meet: Vows lock us up for ever,
Without their leaving of a key to looſe us.
Muſt I not then, in ſpight of all reluctance,
Wade on, however the deep current drives me?
But does not Nature in her general courſe,
Deſign all Creatures to their fixed end?
Did the wiſe God of Nature give me Sex
Only to caſt it off? were all our flames
Rais'd, to be kept but in perpetual ſmother?
Muſt we have fire ſtill glowing under us,
Only that we with conſtant Lading may
Keep our ſelves cool, and check our boyling fervor?
Our Paſſions, our Affections, and Deſires,
We are injoyn'd to regulate, not depoſite quite.
Why were their Objects lent us, ſet before
Our open eyes, and we forbid to view them?
Our joys, our hopes, the feathers of the ſoul,
Were never meant us to become our torment.
I cannot think ſo meanly of the Deity,
That it ſhould fill our ſails with pregnant gales,
And yet forbid us touch thoſe pleaſing Coaſts,
That thereby we are driven to. Vile diſguiſe
Is Impotency's child, and Noble Nature ſcorns,
(Looking ſtreight on) but once to glance aſide
In all the Elements. What one creature is there
That is not acted by the flames of Love?
The Mole, that wears no window for the Sun,
Finds yet a light that leads to genial love.
Thoſe birds, that yearly ſleep a Winters death,
Each ſpring to mighty Love reſuſcitate.
The fiſh that freezeth under floors of Ice,
In his ſet ſeaſon thaws and kippers love.
Who taught cold worms from their dark holes to meet,
And in an amorous cloſe to glue themſelves
Till Natures work be done? If Love be fire,
As 'tis the blaze of life, it then muſt have
Fuel to feed on. All ſpiritual is
Too fine for fleſh to live by; and too groſs
Is food corporeal all: As man is mixt,
So his affections object muſt. Love temper'd right

Is chaſt as cold Virginity. And ſince
He merits more, that means unbound to pay,
Than he that is ty'd up to ſtrict Conditions:
I'le rather chuſe to keep my ſelf in that
Eſtate my wiſe Creator did appoint me,
Than to miſtruſt his Grace, and out of fear
Lock up in forced chains my free-born Soul.

XXXVI.

In *Gulielmi Laud*, Archiepiſcopi Cantuarienſis, Decollationem, *Jan.* 10. 1643.

Stupeſce Viator! & miranda fati lege:
Ex plebeia ſtirpe, quem ad ſummum provexit Cæſar
Conſervare nequit.
Subditorum uſurpata Poteſtas,
Juſta Regum, major nunc irrepta eſt.
Inſons autem, ergo & Intrepidus cecidit.
Ac poſtquam Scotorum Illecebra, diu factus,
Sine Lege,
Legis Libamen *exciderit;*
Ordinatione *inopinata & temporaria,*
Vita (nunquam redimendâ)
In perpetuum dempta eſt.
Magna auſus improſperè,
Parabat odium.
Quod noxium, dum incapitalem *pronunciat,*
Præcanum tamen Capite truncatum voluit:
Et per quadriennium, cum cauſa ægrè inveſtigata,
Rabies Civium, Livor Populi,
Comitiorum arbitraria libido (ſuffulta gladio)
Tandem propalarunt.
Tanta mundanorum omnium ſphæriſteria,
Ut dum Antiſtes patitur,
Antiſtes & ſupplicii extat.
Quocum Majeſtas Principum, Procerum Tutela,
Eccleſiæ Patrimonium,
Libertas Subjecti,
Et Britannici Orbis immunitas,
Simul pro tempore tumulantur.
Abi Viator, Luge; ut mortem conculcares,
Vivito bene.

XXXVII.

On Thomas *Lord* Coventry, *Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of* England, *who dyed* Decemb. 1640.

WE need not ſearch for pen'tent ſinners tears,
For Blacks — the widow or wrong'd Orphan wears,
For ſighs from Kings depoſed, or for grief
From ſhipwrackt Merchants, baniſht all relief.
Nor need we here Laments t'embalm this Herſe,
That flattering Poets ſtrain from bleeding Verſe.
Here petty ſtreams not only Currents pay,
But all the Ocean flouds each dryeſt way.
'Tis not an Angle, Province, that or this
That weeps: The general Kingdom Mourner is.
Nor is't a Plank or Prop that's loſt by Fate,
But 'tis a Capital Column of the State.
Which here ſo ſummons grief, that all men good
Approach, and bring ſad Tribute to the floud:
That now this Iſle not only ſeems to be
Inviron'd round with waves, but waves to be.
Our *London* is turn'd *Venice*, and our gay
Palaces Peer, as plac'd in a ſalt Bay.
Where Tydes of ſorrow make us think we meet
Not men on Land, but Rowers in the ſtreet.
And when we hence a ſtage or two ſhall paſs,
We ſhall ſee clearer what our laſt Scene was.
Who is't hereafter that ſhall dare to draw
A Line to part Prerogative and Law?
And ſhew from each — Man may, by fair Acquiſt,
Be both a Patriot and a Royaliſt?
Who can diſpatch ſo much ſo well, ſo free
From Fear, from Favour, ſtain or Bribery?
Who ſhall diſcover now thoſe flouriſht ſleights,
The Lawyers offer for pretended rights?
When all their Pleadings, Oratory, Law,
Is but the Judge to judge amiſs, to draw.
Who ſhall at firſt relation hear, and ſpy
The knot? and that not cut but well untye;
Who ſhall like *Virgo* in the Zodiac (ſit)
Between bold *Leo* and juſt *Libra* ſit,
Stern Juſtice to pronounce? which they that loſe
Muſt praiſe, becauſe they have not power to chuſe,
Unleſs they forfeit Conſcience firſt: and then
'Tis not in gods to give content to men.

Who

Who ſhall ſpring up his heir of Brain? ſo keen,
So ſolid and ſo ſtrong, as had he been
The living Volume of the Law, he cou'd
Not have done more, or more diffuſive good.
Th'unfriended's Patron, the oppreſſed's ſhield;
The Fort of Truth, untaught by charms to yield:
That knew his right of Place, and durſt 'gainſt all
Maintain't; whilſt none durſt it in queſtion call.
The Subjects Anchor; yet in's juſt intent
His Royal Princes nobleſt inſtrument.
Strong proof 'gainſt all corruption; and 'gainſt all
Malice could vent from her invenom'd Gall
He was triumphant ſtill: not the leaſt ſtain
But did glide off, as from oyl'd Satten rain.
Advanc'd on Judgments Throne, he did not riſe
T'ore-look himſelf, or others to deſpiſe.
For well he knew, ev'n Kings are not exempt,
But if they ſow Diſdain, they reap Contempt.
His were not Courts alone, but Readings; there
The Bar was throng'd rather to learn than hear.
Nor were men check'd or jeſted from their right,
Council he did but rectifie, not bite.
Not empty, ſwell'd with State; as if his word
Could leſs with reaſon awe, than with My Lord.
No payments with Court-frowns; or ſuch ſowre looks
As could blot debts from ſome poor Tradeſmens books.
No itch, nor yet contempt of Fame; which flies
Yet moſt to thoſe who merit more, than prize.
Not choleric out of greatneſs: Such i'th' ſky
Of Honour, drawn up by the Suns heat high,
Hang fir'd, and ſparkle, threat ſome dire event
To fright the world with; but their ſlime once ſpent,
They then, not in vaſt Seas or Royal *Thames*,
But in ſome Puddle quench their Bearded Flames.
In midſt of Tempeſts calm! He had command
In paſſions ſtrain'd Career to make a ſtand.
So Armies bravely diſciplin'd, exalt
In winged Marches, and then make an Alt.
Not hurried into rage by weakneſs; Wit
And Judgment never with wild Fury ſit.
The Sun in's temperate Zone does gently turn
The Spring: In Torrid, does not warm but burn.
True Wiſdoms God is never found in noiſe;
But that God was found in the cool ſoft voice.
A life in all ſo blemiſhleſs, that we
Enoch's return may ſooner hope, than he

Should be out-ſhin'd by any. *More*'s learn'd wit,
Nor *Bacon*'s miracl'd Fancy e're can ſit
Loftier in Fames high Tower, than what we ſee
Flows from his laſting Names integrity.
Nor is this Fancy, catcht report, or gueſs,
For all have ſeen what all theſe lines profeſs.
So though the Poet be left out, yet I
From Truth and Him may reach Eternity.
These ſhadows were; he that would do him right,
Muſt Hiſtory, and not a Poem write.
He muſt draw *Cato*, *Solon*, *Cicero*,
Even all the Sages, and our own Laws two.
For in that Hiſtory he muſt deviſe
To paint out all Philoſophy calls wiſe.
He muſt deſcribe the gods *Olympus*, where
Honours beſt Exerciſes acted were.
Whoſe Baſe was firm and fruitful, but we find
His calm top dwelt above or Clouds or Wind.
He muſt limn ſpirits never tir'd; ſuch parts
As had of equal rule all the beſt of Arts.
He muſt two wonders tell; in him (both eas'd)
The Prince and People fifteen years well pleas'd.
The other; All his ways ſo ballanc'd were,
As no baſe wit in Libel durſt appear.
Then he muſt dye, to make the world confeſs
A wiſe man only is than one God leſs.
Laſt, let there be a generous Odor fann'd
By ſoft perfumed winds through all the Land:
Then like rich eſſence in the locks of Fame,
If't ſtick and laſt for ever, that's his Name.

XXXVIII.

Upon Aboliſhing the Feaſt of the Nativity of our bleſſed Saviour, Anno 1643.

SHall Bloud and Ruine find a day
To feaſt and play?
Shall we go out in rage, and ſtill
Rejoyce when Brothers Brothers kill?
Shall we each year the growing State
Of our great Senate celebrate?
Shall annual Rights, and heightned mirth,
Frolick each petty Princes Birth?
And ſhall the Lord of Life's bleſt day
Be thrown away?

Dear

Dear Day! thy memory to me
Shall precious be.
Since God at firſt his ſtamp did ſet,
And man till now continued it,
I'le ſhew my joy and thanks: Suppoſe
That very day no Mortal knows,
Yet ſince juſt power does one command,
That one to me as well ſhall ſtand,
As leaving *Ægypt*; which in one,
Yet was not done.

No day ſince the Creation yet
Was grac'd like it:
Crouded with miracles it came
Into the world: the Heavens proclaim
By new created light, the Thing;
While th'Hoſts of God deſcend and ſing,
The joy to Shepherds th'Angel brings,
And a bright Star does ſummon Kings.
To all glad tydings flyes,
To th'weak and wiſe.

And where the Prince does not forbid,
The Subject's ty'd
T'obey him in his Vice-Roy: So
Where God my Father ſays not No,
There my bleſt Mother, his chaſt Spouſe,
The Church, as Miſtreſs, rules the Houſe.
No Steward of a private Farm
Shall there my juſt Obedience charm.
Jews may reject the day, but I
Will Chriſtian dye.

XXXIX.

On Mr. Mynſhall.

MIſtake not this, 'tis not his Monument;
That worth is poor can in a Tomb be pent.
Imagine Man unfaln! conſtant to Truth:
Thereby you may collect what was his Youth.
Propoſe the Schools in practice, marry th'Arts
To ſweetneſs, till they prove a charm for hearts;
Erect a Centre, where the fervent Love
Of Lord and Labourer together move

And meet: till there be made by it agen
Atonement 'twixt the worlds frail gods and men.
Think that brave name which ſcorns to have an end,
Th'unſound *Idea* of a perfect friend.
Let him live lov'd as Women, th'Spring or Health
By Fever'd men, or as by th'Uſurer wealth.
And when he dyes, let all that Intereſt have
In goodneſs, pay ſad Tribute to his grave.
When thou haſt ſcann'd all this, thou then may'ſt ſee
What 'tis theſe poor Materials would tell thee.
For 'tis the Trophy of thoſe Breaſts that grieve,
That *Mynſhul* being all this, does not ſtill live.

XL.

AN EPITAPH

To the Eternal Memory of CHARLES *the Firſt, King of* Great Britain, France, *and* Ireland, *&c. Inhumanely murthered by a perfidious Party of His prevalent Subjects*, Jan. 30. 1648.

WHen he had ſhewn the world, that He was King
Of all thoſe Vertues that can Honour bring;
And by his Princely Graces made it known,
That Rule was ſo inherently His Own,
That His great parts might juſtly Him prefer
Not to two Iſles, but the worlds Emperor.
When His large Soul in ſufferings had out-ſhin'd
All *Jobs* vaſt Patience: and in His clear Mind
Had rival'd *Solomons* Wiſdom, but out-gone
His Temperance in his moſt tempting Throne.
When by a Noble Chriſtian Fortitude,
He had ſerenely triumph'd o're all rude
And barbarous Indignities that men
(Inſpir'd from Hell) could act by hand or pen.
When He to ſave the Church had ſhed His blood,
And dy'd for being (only) Wiſe and Good:
When His three Kingdoms in a well-weigh'd ſenſe
He'd rather loſe, than a good Conſcience:
As knowing 'twas a far more glorious thing
To dye a *MARTYR*, than to live a *KING*.
When he had copy'd out in every Line,
Our Saviours Paſſion, (bating the Divine)
Nay, even His Prayers and Goſpel, if we look
Impartially upon His peerleſs Book;

A Book ſo rarely good, we read in one
The Pſalms and Proverbs, *David-Solomon*;
With all that high-born Charity, which ſhines
Quite through the great Apoſtles ſacred lines:
That, ſpight of rage, next future Ages ſhall
Hold it (with Reverence ſtamp'd) Canonical.
When *Herod*, *Judas*, *Pilate*, and the *Jews*,
Scot, *Cromwell*, *Bradſhaw*, and the ſhag-haird *Mews*
Had quite out-acted, and by their damn'd Cry
Of injur'd Juſtice, leſſen'd Crucifie:
When He had prov'd, that ſince the world began,
So many Tears were never ſhed for Man:
Since ſo belov'd he fell, that with pure grief
His Subjects dy'd, 'cauſe he was 'reft of Life:
When to convince the Heretic worlds baſe thought,
His Royal Bloud true miracles had wrought:
When it appear'd, he to this world was ſent,
The Glory of *KINGS*, but ſhame of *PARLIAMENT*:
The ſtain of th' *Engliſh*, that can never dye;
The Proteſtants perpetual Infamy:
When he had roſe thus, Truths great Sacrifice,
Here CHARLES the Firſt, and CHRIST the Second lies.

XLI.

On the Lady E. M.

HEr Prudence, Wit and Memory being told,
Death ſeiz'd her ſtreight; miſtook her to be old.
A ſheet of *Bacon*'s cateh'd at more, we know,
Than all ſad *Fox*, long *Holinſhead* or *Stow*.
She was but Eight; yet judgment had ſuch ſtore,
Upon a juſt Compute ſhe dy'd Threeſcore.
Ladies, take heed how to be wiſe you try,
For 'tis reſolv'd, who will be wiſe muſt dye.

FINIS.

A BRIEF

CHARACTER

OF THE

Low-Countries

UNDER THE

STATES.

Written long since.

Being three Weeks Observation of the Vices and Virtues of the

INHABITANTS.

— *Non Seria semper.*

LONDON:

Printed *Anno Dom.* 1677.

THE PRINTER TO THE READER.

AS I live, Gentlemen, I am amaz'd how any Piece could be made such minc'd-meat as this hath been by a twice-printed Copy, which I find flying abroad to abuse the Author, who long since travelling for companies-sake with a Friend into the Low-Countries, would needs for his own recreation write this Essay of them as he then found them: I am sure as far from ever thinking to have it public, as he was from any private spleen to the Nation, or any person in it; for I have moved him often to print it, but could never get his consent, his modesty ever esteeming it among his puerilia, and (as he said) a Piece too light for a prudential man to publish: The truth is, it was meerly occasional in his Youth, and the time so little that he had for observation (his stay there not being above three Weeks) that it could not well be expected he should say more; and though the former part be jocular and sportive, yet the seriousness of the latter part renders the Character no way injurious to the people. And now finding some ruffled feathers only presented for the whole bird, and having a

perfect Copy by me, I have presumed to trespass so much upon the Author, *as to give it you (in vindication of him) so as I am confident it was dressed by his own Pen. And after I have begged his pardon for exposing it without his warrant, I shall leave you to judge by comparing this and the former Impressions, whether or no he hath not been abused sufficiently.*

Three Weeks

OBSERVATIONS OF THE LOW-COUNTRIES: ESPECIALLY *HOLLAND.*

THey are a general Sea-land: the great Bog of *Europe*. There is not such another Marsh in the world, that's flat. They are an universal Quagmire; Epitomiz'd, *A green Cheese in pickle.* There is in them an *Æquilibrium* of mud and water. A strong Earth-quake would shake them to a *Chaos*, from which the successive force of the Sun, rather than Creation, hath a little amended them. They are the Ingredients of a Black-pudding, and want only stirring together: Marry, 'tis best making on't in a dry Summer, else you will have more blood than grist; and then have you no way to make it serve for any thing, but to spread under it *Zona Torrida*, and so dry it for Tufts.

Says one, it affords the people one commodity beyond all the other Regions; If they dye in perdition, they are so low, that they have a shorter cut to Hell than the rest of their Neighbors. And for this cause perhaps all strange Religions throng thither, as naturally inclining towards their centre. Besides, their Riches shew them to be of *Pluto*'s Region, and you all know what part that was which the Poets did of old assign him. Here is *Styx*, *Acheron*, *Cocytus*, and the rest of those muddy Streams, that have made matter for the Fablers. Almost every one is a *Charon* here, and if you have but a *Naulum* to give, you cannot want or Boat or Pilot. To confirm all, let but some of our Separatists be asked, and they shall swear that the *Elysian Fields* are there.

It is an excellent Country for a despairing Lover, for every corner affords him Willow to make a Garland of; but if Justice doom him to be hang'd on any other Tree, he may in spight of the Sentence live long and confident. If he had rather quench his spirits than suffocate

focate them, ſo rather chuſe to feed Lobſters than Crows; 'tis but leaping from his window and he lights in a River or Sea; for moſt of their dwellings ſtand like Privies in Moted houſes, hanging ſtill over the water. If none of theſe cure him, keep him but a Winter in a houſe without a Stove, and that ſhall cool him.

The Soil is all fat, though wanting the colour to ſhew it ſo; for indeed it is the Buttock of the world, full of veins and blood, but no bones in't. Had Saint *Steven* been condemn'd to ſuffer here, he might have been alive at this day; for unleſs it be in their paved Cities, Gold is a great deal more plentiful than ſtones; except it be living ones, and then for their heavineſs you may take in almoſt all the Nation.

'Tis a ſingular place to fat Monkies in; there are Spiders as big as Shrimps, and I think as many. Their Gardens being moiſt, abound with theſe. No Creatures; for ſure they were bred, not made: Were they but as venomous as rank, to gather herbs were to hazard Martyrdom. They are ſo large, that you would almoſt believe the *Heſperides* were here, and theſe the Dragons that did guard them.

You may travail the Country though you have not a Guide; for you cannot baulk your Road without the hazard of drowning: there is not there any uſe of a Harbinger: whereſoever men go, the way is made before them. Had they Cities large as their walls, *Rome* would be eſteemed a bauble: Twenty miles in length is nothing for a Waggon to be hurried on one of them, where if your Fore-man be ſober, you may travail in ſafety, otherwiſe you muſt have ſtronger Faith than *Peter* had, elſe you ſink immediately. A ſtarting horſe endangers you to two deaths at once, breaking of your neck, and drowning.

If your way be not thus, it hangs in the water, and at the approach of your Waggon ſhall ſhake as it were Ague-ſtrucken. Duke *D'Alva*'s taking of the tenth penny frighted it into a Palſey, which all the *Mountebanks* they have bred ſince could never tell how to cure.

'Tis indeed but a bridge of ſwimming earth, or a flag ſomewhat thicker than ordinary; if the ſtrings crack your courſe is ſhortned, you can neither hope for Heaven nor fear Hell, you ſhall be ſure to ſtick faſt between them. Marry, if your Faith flow Purgatory-height, you may pray if you will for that to cleanſe you from the Mud ſhall foyl you.

'Tis a Green-ſod in water, where if the *German Eagle* dares to bathe himſelf, he's glad again to pearch that he may dry his wings.

Some things they do that ſeem wonders: 'Tis ordinary to ſee them fiſh for fire in water, which they catch in Nets and tranſport to Land in their Boats, where they ſpread it more ſmoothly than a Mercer doth his Velvet, when he would hook in an heir upon his coming to age. Thus lying in a field you would think you ſaw a Cantle of green Cheeſe ſpread over with black Butter.

If *Ætna* be Hells mouth or Fore-gate, ſure here is found the Poſtern. 'Tis the *Port-Eſquiline* of the world, where the full earth doth vent her crude black gore, which the Inhabitants ſcrape away for fuel, as men with Spoons do excrements from *Civit-cats*.

Their ordinary Pack-horſes are all of wood, carry their Bridles in their tails, and their burdens in their bellies. A ſtrong Tyde and a ſtiff Gale are the ſpurs that make them ſpeedy: when they travail they touch no ground, and when they ſtand ſtill they ride, and are never in danger but when they drink up too much of their way.

There is a Province among them, where every woman carries a Cony in a *Lamb-skin*. 'Tis a cuſtom, and not one that travels ever leaves it behind her. Now gueſs if you can, what beaſt that is, which is clad in a Fur both of hair and wool.

They dreſs their meat in *aqua Cœleſti*, for it ſprings not as ours from the Earth, but comes to them as *Manna* to the *Iſraelites*, falling from Heaven. This they keep under ground till it ſtinks, and then they pump it out again for uſe: So when you waſh your face with one hand, you had need hold your noſe with the other; for though it be not cordial, 'tis certainly a ſtrong water.

The Elements are here at variance, the ſubtile overſwaying the groſſer; the Fire conſumes the Earth, and the Air the Water: they burn Turfs, and drein their grounds with Wind-mills; as if the Colic were a remedy for the Stone; and they would prove againſt Philoſophy the worlds Conflagration to be natural, even ſhewing thereby that the very Element of Earth is combuſtible.

The Land that they have, they keep as neatly as a Courtier does his Beard; they have a method in Mowing: 'tis ſo intervein'd with water and rivers, that it is impoſſible to make a Common among them. Even the *Browniſts* are here at a ſtand, only they hold their pride in wrangling for that which they never will find. Our Juſtices would be much at eaſe, although our *Engliſh* Poor were ſtill among them; for whatſoever they do, they can break no hedges. Sure had the wiſe men of *Goatham* lived here, they would have ſtudied ſome other death for their *Cuckoe*.

Their Ditches they frame as they liſt, and diſtinguiſh them into nooks, as my Lord Mayors Cook doth his Cuſtards. Cleanſe them they do often; but 'tis as Phyſicians give their Potions, more to catch the fiſh than caſt the mud out.

Though their Country be part of a main Land, yet every houſe almoſt ſtands in an Iſland: and that, though a Boor dwell in it, looks as ſmug as a Lady that hath newly lockt up her Colours, and laid by her Irons. A gallant Maſquing Suit fits not more complete than a Coat of Thatch, though of many years wearing.

If it ſtand dry, 'tis imbraced by Vines, as if it were againſt the nature of a Dutch-man not to have *Bacchus* his Neighbour. If you find it lower ſeated, 'tis only a cloſe Arbor in a plump of *Willows* and *Alders*;

Alders; pleasant enough while the Dog-days last, but those past once, you must practise wading, or be prisoner till the next Spring. Only a hard frost with the help of a Sledge may release you.

The Bridge to this is an outlandish Plank, with a box of stones to poise it withal, which with the least help turns round, like the Executioner when he whips off a head. That when the Master is over, stands drawn, and then he is in his Castle.

'Tis sure his fear that renders him suspicious: That he may therefore certainly see who enters, you shall ever find his Window made over his door. But it may be that is to shew you his Pedigree, for though his Ancestors were never known, their Arms are there; which (in spight of Heraldry) shall bear their Atchievement with a Helmet for a Baron at least. Marry, the Field perhaps shall be charged with their Basquets, to shew what Trade his father was.

Escutcheons are as plentiful as Gentry is scarce. Every man there is his own Herald, and he that has but wit enough to invent a Coat, may challenge it as his own.

When you are entred the house, the first thing you encounter is a Looking-glass: No question but a true Emblem of politic hospitality; for though it reflect your self in your own figure, 'tis yet no longer than while you are there before it: when you are gone once, it flatters the next comer, without the least remembrance that you e're were there.

The next are the Vessels of the house, marshalled about the room like Watchmen: All as neat as if you were in a Citizens wives Cabinet; for unless it be themselves, they let none of Gods creatures lose any thing of their native beauty.

Their houses, especially in their Cities are the best eye beauties of their Country: for cost and sight they far exceed our *English*, but they want their magnificence. Their Lining is yet more rich than their out-side, not in Hangings but Pictures, which even the poorest are there furnisht with: Not a Cobler but has his toys for ornament. Were the knacks of all their houses set together, there would not be such another *Bartholomew-Fair* in *Europe*.

Their Artists for these are as rare as thought, for they can paint you a fat Hen in her feathers; and if you want the Language, you may learn a great deal of *Dutch* by their Signs, for what they are they ever write under them. So by this device hang up more honesty than they keep.

Coaches are as rare as Comets: and those that live loosely need not fear one punishment which often vexes such with us; they may be sure, though they be discovered, they shall not be carted.

All their Merchandize they draw through the streets on Sledges; or as we on Hurdles do traitors to execution.

Their rooms are but several sand-boxes: if so, you must either go out to spit, or blush when you see the Mop brought.

Their beds are no other than land-cabines, high enough to need a ladder

ladder or ſtairs. Up once, you are walled in with Wainſcot, and that is good diſcretion to avoid the trouble of making your Will every night, for once falling out elſe would break your neck perfectly, but if you die in it, this comfort you ſhall leave your friends, that you dy'd in clean linnen.

Whatſoever their eſtates be, their houſes muſt be fair. Therefore from *Amſterdam* they have baniſht Sea-cole, leſt it ſoil their buildings, of which the ſtatelier ſort are ſometimes ſententious, and in the front carry ſome conceit of the Owner. As to give you a taſte in theſe

ChrIſtVs ADIVtor MeVs;
Hoc abdicato Perenne Quæro;
HIC MeDIo tVtIVs ItVr.

Every door ſeems ſtudded with Diamonds. The nails and hinges hold a conſtant brightneſs, as if ruſt there were not a quality incident to Iron. Their houſes they keep cleaner than their bodies; their bodies than their ſouls. Go to one, you ſhall find the Andirons ſhut up in net-work. At a ſecond, the Warming-pan muffled in Italian Cut-work. At a third, the Sconce clad in Cambrick, and like a Crown advanced in the middle of the houſe, for the woman there is the head of the husband, ſo takes the horn to her own charge, which ſhe ſometimes multiplies, and beſtows the increaſe on her Man.

'Tis true, they are not ſo ready at this play as the *Engliſh*, for neither are they ſo generally bred to't, nor are their men ſuch linnen-lifters. Idleneſs and Courtſhip has not baniſh't honeſty. They ſpeak more, and do leſs; yet doth their blood boil high, and their veins are full, which argues ſtrongly that when they will they may take up the cuſtom of entertaining ſtrangers: And having once done it, I believe they will be notable; for I have heard they trade more for love than money, but 'tis of the ſport, not the man, and therefore when they like the paſtime they will reward the Gameſter; otherwiſe their groſs feed and clowniſh breeding hath ſpoiled them for being nobly minded. And if you once in publick diſcover her private favours, or pretend to more than is civil, ſhe falls off like Fairy wealth diſcloſed, and turns like Beer with lightning to a ſowrneſs, which neither Art nor labour can ever make ſweet again.

But this I muſt give you on report only; experience herein hath neither made me fool nor wiſe.

The People are generally Booriſh, yet none but may be bred to a States-man, they having all this gift, not to be ſo nice-conſcienced, but that they can turn out Religion to let in Policy.

Their Countrey is the god they worſhip, war is their Heaven, peace is their Hell, and the *Spaniard* is the Devil they hate. Cuſtom is their Law, and their will, reaſon.

You may ſooner convert a *Jew*, than make an ordinary *Dutch-man*

yield to Arguments that croſs him: An old Baud is eaſilier turned *Puritan*, than a Waggoner perſwaded not to bait thrice in nine miles: And when he doth, his horſes muſt not ſtir, but have their Manger brought them into the way, where in a top-ſweat they eat their graſs, and drink their water, and preſently after hurry away; for they ever drive as if they were all the ſons of *Nimſhi* and were furiouſly either purſuing an enemy, or flying him.

His ſpirits are generated from the *Engliſh* Beer, and that makes him head-ſtrong: His body is built of Pickled-Herring, and they render him teſty: Theſe with a little Butter, Onyons and *Holland*-Cheeſe, are the Ingredients of an ordinary *Dutch-man*; which a Voyage to the *Eaſt-Indies*, with the heat of the *Equinoctial*, conſolidates.

If you ſee him fat, he hath been rooting in a Cabbage-ground, and that bladdered him. Viewing him naked, you will pray him to pull off his Maſque and Gloves, or wiſh him to hide his face, that he may appear more lovely. For that, and his hands are *Ægypt*, however his body be *Europe*. He hath expoſed them ſo much to the Sun and Water, as he is now his own diſguiſe, and without a Vizor may ſerve in any *Anti-maſque* you put him in.

For their condition they are churliſh as their breeder *Neptune*; and without doubt very ancient for they were bred before Manners were in faſhion, Yet all they have not they account ſuperfluity, which they ſay mendeth ſome and marreth many.

They ſhould make good Juſtices, for they reſpect neither perſons nor apparel: A Boor in his liquor'd Slop, ſhall have as much good uſage as a Courtier in his bravery; nay more, for he that is but Courtly or gentile, is among them like a *Merlin* after *Michaelmas* in the field with *Crows*. They wonder at and envy, but worſhip no ſuch Images. Marry with a Silver hook you ſhall cath theſe Gudgeons preſently: the love of gain being to them as natural as water to a Gooſe, or Carrion to any Kite that flies.

They are ſeldom deceived, for they truſt no body; ſo by conſequence are better to hold a Fort than win it; yet they can do both. Truſt them you muſt if you travel; for to ask a bill of particulars, is to purre in a Waſps neſt: you muſt pay what they ask, as ſure as if it were the aſſeſſment of a Subſidy.

Complement is an idlemeſs they were never train'd up in, and 'tis their happineſs that Court-vanities have not ſtole away their minds from buſineſs.

Their being Sailors and Souldiers have marred two parts already, if they bath once in Court-oyl, they are painted Trap-doors. And ſhall then let the *Jews* build a City where *Harlem Mere* is, and after cozen 'em on't.

They ſhall abuſe a ſtranger for nothing, and after a few baſe terms ſcotch one another to a *Carbonado*; or as they do their *Roches* when they fry them.

Nothing

Nothing can quiet them but money and liberty, yet when they have them they abuſe both; but if you tell them ſo, you awake their fury, and you may ſooner calm the Sea than conjure that into compaſs again. Their anger hath no eyes, and their judgment doth not flow ſo much from reaſon as paſſion and partiality.

They are in a manner all *Aquatiles*, and therefore the *Spaniard* calls them Water-dogs. To this though you need not condeſcend, yet withal you may think they can catch you a Duck as ſoon. *Sea-gulls* do not ſwim more readily, nor *Moor-Hens* from their neſt run ſooner to the water. Every thing is ſo made to ſwim among them, as it is a queſtion if *Elizeus* his Ax were now floating there, it would be taken for a miracle.

They love none but thoſe that do for them, and when they leave off they neglect them. They have no friends but their Kindred, which at every Wedding, feaſt among themſelves like Tribes.

All that help them not they hold Popiſh, and take it for an argument of much honeſty, to rail bitterly againſt the King of *Spain* And certainly this is the badge of an ill nature, when they have once caſt off the yoak, to be moſt virulent againſt thoſe to whom of right they owe reſpect and ſervice. Grateful diſpoſitions, though by their Lords they be exempt from ſervice, will yet be paying reverence and affection. I am confident, that had they not been once the Subjects of *Spain*, they would have loved the Nation better: But now out of dying duties aſhes all the blazes of hoſtility and flame. And 'tis ſufficient to continue their eternal hate, to know the world remembers, they were once the Subjects of that moſt Catholick Crown.

Their ſhipping is the Babel which they boaſt on for the glory of their Nation: 'tis indeed a wonder, and they will have it ſo, but we may well hope they will never be ſo mighty by Land, leſt they ſhew us how doggedly they can inſult where they get the maſtery.

'Tis their own Chronicle buſineſs, which can tell you that at the Siege of *Leyden*, a Fort being held by the *Spaniſh*, by the *Dutch* was after taken by Aſſault; the Defendants were put to the Sword, where one of the *Dutch* in the fury of the ſlaughter ript up the Captains body, and with a barbarous hand tore out the yet living heart, panting among the reeking bowels, then with his teeth rent it ſtill warm with blood into gobbets, which he ſpit over the Battlements in defiance to the reſt of the Army.

O Tigers breed! the *Scythian* Bear could ne're have been more ſavage: to be neceſſitated into cruelty, is a misfortune to the ſtrongly tempted to it; but to let ſpleen rave and mad it in reſiſtleſs blood, ſhews nature ſteep'd i'th livid gall of paſſion, and beyond all brutiſhneſs diſplays the un-noble tyranny of a prevailing Coward.

Their Navies are the whip of *Spain*, or the Arm wherewith they pull away his *Indies*. Nature hath not bred them ſo Active for the

land as ſome others; but at Sea they are water-devils, to attempt things incredible.

In Fleets they can fight cloſe, and rather hazard all than ſave ſome, while others periſh: but ſingle they will flag and fear like birds in a buſh, when the *Sparrow-Hawks* bells are heard.

A *Turkiſh* Man-of-war is as dreadful to them as a *Falcon* to a *Mallard*; from whom their beſt remedy is to ſteal away: But if they fall to blows, they want the valiant ſtoutneſs of the *Engliſh*, who will rather expire bravely in a bold reſiſtance, than yield to the laſting ſlavery of becoming captives to ſo barbarous an Enemy. And this ſhews they have not yet learned even Pagan Philoſophy, which ever preferred an honourable death before a life thralled to perpetual ſlavery.

Their Ships lye like high Woods in Winter; and if you view them on the North ſide you frieze without hope, for they ride ſo thick, that you can through them ſee no Sun to warm you with.

Sailers among them are as common as Beggars with us: they can drink, rail, ſwear, niggle, ſteal, and be lowſie alike; but examining their uſe, a meſs of their Knaves are worth a million of ours: for they in a boiſterous rudeneſs can work, and live, and toil, whereas ours will rather laze themſelves to poverty; and like Cabages left out in Winter, rot away in the loathſomneſs of a nauſeous ſloth.

Almoſt all among them are Seamen born, and like Frogs can live both on land and water. Not a Countrey Vrieſter but can handle an Oar, ſteer a Boat, raiſe a Maſt, and bear you out in the rougheſt ſtraits you come in. The Ship ſhe avouches much better for ſleep than a bed. Being full of humours that is her Cradle which lulls and rocks her to a dull phlegmaticneſs, moſt of them looking like a full grown Oyſter boil'd. Slime, humid air, water and wet dyet, have ſo bagg'd their cheeks, that ſome would take their paunches to be gotten above their chin.

The Countreys government is a *Democracy*, and there had need be many to rule ſuch a Rabble of rude ones. Tell them of a King, and they could cut your throat in earneſt: the very name carries ſervitude in it, and they hate it more than a *Jew* doth Images, a woman old age, or a Non-conformiſt a Surplice.

None among them hath Authority by inheritance, that were the way in time to parcel out their country to Families. They are choſen all as our Kings chuſe Sheriffs for the Counties; not for their ſin of wit, but for the wealth they have to bear it out withal; which they ſo over-affect, that *Myn Here* ſhall walk the ſtreets as Uſurers go to Baudy-houſes all alone and melancholy: And if they may be had cheap, he will daub his faced Cloke with two penny worth of Pickled herrings, which himſelf ſhall carry home in a ſtring. A common voice hath given him preeminence, and he loſes it by living as he did when he was a Boor. But if you pardon what is paſt, they are about thinking it time to learn more civility.

Their

Their Juſtice is ſtrict if it croſs not policy: but rather than hinder Traffique, tolerates any thing.

There is not under heaven ſuch a Den of ſeveral Serpents as *Amſterdam* is, you may be what devil you will, ſo you puſh not the State with your horns.

'Tis an Univerſity of all Religions, which grow here confuſedly (like ſtocks in a Nurſery) without either order or pruning. If you be unſetled in your Religion, you may here try all, and take at laſt what you like beſt. If you fancy none, you have a patern to follow of two that would be a Church by themſelves.

'Tis the Fair of all the Sects, where all the Pedlers of Religion have leave to vent their toyes, their Ribbands, and Phanatic Rattles. And ſhould it be true, it were a cruel brand which *Romiſts* ſtick upon them; for (ſay they) as the *Chameleon* changes into all colours but white, ſo they admit of all Religions but the true: for the *Papiſt* only may not exerciſe his in public; yet his reſtraint they plead is not in hatred but juſtice, becauſe the *Spaniard* abridges the *Proteſtant*: and they had rather ſhew a little ſpleen, than not cry quit with their enemy. His act is their warrant, which they retaliate juſtly; and for this reaſon, rather than the *Dunkirks* they take ſhall not dye, *Amſterdam* having none of their own, ſhall borrow a Hangman from *Harlem*.

Now albeit the *Papiſts* do them wrong herein, yet can it not excuſe their boundleſs Toleration, which ſhews they place their Republic in a higher eſteem than Heaven it ſelf; and had rather croſs upon God than it. For whoſoever diſturbs the Civil Government is lyable to puniſhment; but the Decrees of Heaven and Sanctions of the Deity, any one may break uncheck'd, by profeſſing what falſe Religion he pleaſe. So *Conſulary Rome* of old brought all the ſtragling Gods of other Nations to the City, where blinded Superſtition paid an Adoration to them.

In their Families they are all equals, and you have no way to know the Maſter and Miſtriſs, but by taking them in bed together: It may be thoſe are they; otherwiſe *Malky* can prate as much, laugh as loud, be as bold, and ſit as well as her Miſtreſs.

Had *Logicians* lived here firſt, Father and Son had never paſſed ſo long for Relatives. They are here Individuals, for no Demonſtrance of Duty or Authority can diſtinguiſh them, as if they were created together, and not born ſucceſſively. And as for your Mother, bidding her goodnight, and kiſſing her, is punctual bleſſing.

Your man ſhall be ſaucy, and you muſt not ſtrike; if you do, he ſhall complain to the *Schout*, and perhaps have recompence. 'Tis a dainty place to pleaſe boys in: for your Father ſhall bargain with your School-maſter not to whip you: if he doth, he ſhall revenge it with his knife, and have Law for it.

Their apparel is civil enough, and good enough, but very uncomely; and hath uſually more ſtuff than ſhape. Only their *Huykes* are

are commodious in winter: but tis to be lamented, that they have not wit enough to lay them by when Summer comes.

Their Women would have good faces if they did not mar them with making. Their *Ear-wyres* have so nipt in their Cheeks, that you would think some Fayry to do them a mischief, had pincht them behind with Tongs. These they dress, as if they would shew you all their wit lay behind, and they needs would cover it. And thus ordered, they have much more forehead than face.

They love the *English Gentry* well; and when Souldiers come over to be billeted among them, they are *emulous* in chusing of their guest, who fares much the better for being liked by his *Hostess*.

Men and Women are there *starched so blue*, that if they once grow old, you would verily believe you saw *Winter* walking up to the neck in a Barrel of *Indigo*: And therefore they rail at *England* for spending no more *Blewing*.

Your man among them is else clad tolerably unless he inclines to the Sea-fashion: and then are his breches yawning at the knees, as if they were about to swallow his legs unmercifully.

They are far there from going naked, for of a whole woman you can see but half a face. As for her hand, that shews her a sore Labourer; which you shall ever find as it were in recompence loaden with Rings to the cracking of her fingers. If you look lower, She's a Monkey chain'd about the middle, and had rather want it in dyet, than not have silver links to hang her keys in.

Their Gowns are fit to hide great Bellies, but they make them shew so unhandsome that men do not care for getting them. Marry this you shall find to their commendation, their smocks are ever whiter than their skin.

Where the Woman lies in, the Ringle of the door does pennance, and is lapped about with linnen; either to shew you that loud knocking may wake the child; or else that for a month the Ring is not to be run at. But if the child be dead, there is thrust out a Nosegay tyed to a sticks end; Perhaps for an emblem of the life of man, which may wither as soon as born; or else to let you know, that though these fade upon their gathering, yet from the same stock the next year a new shoot may spring.

You may rail at us for often changing, but I assure you, with them is a great deal more following the fashion, which they will plead for as the ignorant Laity for their Faith; they will keep it because their Ancestors lived in it. Thus they will rather keep an old fault, though they discover errors in it, than in an easie change to meet a certain remedy.

For their dyet, they eat much and spend little: When they set out a Fleet to the *Indies*, it shall live three months on the Offals, which we here fear would surfeit our Swine; yet they feed on't, and are still the same *Dutchmen*.

In their houses, Roots and Stock-fish are staple commodities: If they

they make a feaſt, and add fleſh, they have art to keep it hot more days than a Pigs head in *Pye-corner*. Salt meats and ſowr Cream they hold him a fool that loves not, only the laſt they correct with Sugar, and are not half ſo well pleaſed with having it ſweet at firſt, as with letting it ſowre that they may ſweeten it again; as if a woman were not half ſo pleaſing being eaſily won, as after a ſcolding fit ſhe comes by man to be calmed again.

Fiſh indeed they have brave and plentiful; and herein practice hath made them Cooks as good as e're *Lucullus* his later kitchin had, which is ſome recompence for their wilfulneſs, for you can neither pray nor buy them to alter their own Cookery.

To a Feaſt they come readily, but being ſet once you muſt have patience: they are longer eating meat then we preparing it. If it be to ſupper, you conclude timely, when you get away by day-break. They drink down the Evening-ſtar, and drink up the Morning-ſtar. At thoſe times it goes hard with a ſtranger, all in courteſie will be drinking to him, and all that do ſo he muſt pledge; till he doth, the fill'd Cups circle round his Trencher, from whence they are not taken away till emptied: for though they give you day for payment, yet they will not abate of the ſum. They ſit not there as we in *England*, men together, and women firſt; but ever intermingled with a man between: and inſtead of March-panes and ſuch Juncates, 'tis good manners (if any be there) to carry away a piece of Apple-pie in your pocket.

The time they there ſpend, is in eating well, in drinking much, and prating moſt: For the truth is, the completeſt drinker in *Europe* is your Engliſh Gallant: There is no ſuch conſumer of liquor as the quaffing off of his Healths. Time was, the *Dutch* had the better of it, but of late he hath loſt it by prating too long over his pot: He ſips, and laughs, and tells his tale, and in a Tavern is more prodigal of his time than his Wine: He drinks as if he were ſhort-winded, and as it were eats his drink by morſels, rather beſieging his brains than aſſaulting them. But the *Engliſhman* charges home on the ſudden ſwallows it whole, and like a haſty Tide, fills and flows himſelf, till the mad brain ſwims and toſſes on the haſty fume. As if his Liver were burning out his ſtomach, and he ſtriving to quench it, drowns it. So the one is drunk ſooner, and the other longer; as if ſtriving to recover the wager, the *Dutchman* would ſtill be the perfecteſt Soaker.

In this Progreſs you have ſeen ſome of their Vices *now view a* fairer Object.

Solomon

Solomon *tells us of four things that are ſmall and full of* wiſdom; *the* Piſmire, *the* Graſs-hopper, *the* Coney, *and the* Spider.

FOr *Providence* they are the *Piſmires* of the world, and having nothing but what graſs affords them, are yet, for almoſt all proviſions, the Store-houſe of whole *Chriſtendom*. What is it which there may not be found in plenty? they making by their induſtry all the fruits of the vaſt earth their own. What Land can boaſt a priviledge that they do not partake of? They have not of their own enough materials to compile one ſhip, yet how many Nations do they furniſh? The remoter angles of the world do by their pains deliver them their ſweets; and being of themſelves in want, their diligence hath made them both *Indies* nearer home.

They are frugal to the ſaving of Egg-ſhells, and maintain it for a Maxim, that a thing laſts longer mended than new.

Their Cities are their Mole-hills; their *Schutes* and *Fly-boats* creep and return with their ſtore for Winter. Every one is buſie, and carries his grain; as if every City were a ſeveral *Hive*, and the *Bees* not permitting a Drone to inhabit; for idle perſons muſt find ſome other manſion. And leſt neceſſity bereave men of means to ſet them on work, there are public Banks, that (without uſe) lend upon pawns to all the poor that want.

There is a ſeaſon when the *Piſmires* flie; and ſo each Summer they likewiſe ſwarm abroad with their Armies.

The *Ant*, ſays one, is a wiſe creature, but a ſhrewd thing in a Garden or Orchard. And truly ſo are they; for they look upon others too little, and upon themſelves too much: And whereſoever they light in a pleaſant or rich ſoil, like ſuckers and lower plants, they rob from the root of that Tree which gives them ſhade and protection; ſo their wiſdom is not indeed Heroic or Numinal, as courting an univerſal good, but rather narrow and reſtrictive, as being a wiſdom but for themſelves. Which to ſpeak plainly, is deſcending into Craft; and is but the ſiniſter part of that which is really Noble and Cœleſtial.

Nay in all they hold ſo true a proportion with the *Emmet*, as you ſhall not find they want ſo much as the ſting.

For dwelling in Rocks they are Conies. And while the *Spaniſh* tumbler plays about them, they reſt ſecure in their own inacceſſible Berries. Where have you under Heaven, ſuch impregnable Fortifications? Where Art beautifies Nature, and Nature makes Art invincible; Herein indeed they differ; The Conies find Rocks, and they make them. And as they would invert the miracle of *Moſes*, They raiſe them in the boſom of the waves: where within

theſe

these twenty years, ships furrowed in the pathless Ocean, the peaceful plough now unbowels the fertile earth, which at night is carried home to the fairest Mansions of *Holland*.

Every Town hath his Garrison, and the keyes of the Gates in the night time are not trusted but in the State-house. From these holds they bolt abroad for provisions, and then return to their fastnesses replenished.

For war they are Gras-hoppers, and without a King, go forth in bands to conquer Kings. They have not only defended themselves at their own home, but have braved the *Spaniard* at his. In *Anno* 1599. under the command of *Vander Does*, was the Grand *Canary* taken, the chief City sackt; the King of *Spain*'s Ensigns taken down, and the colours of his Excellency set up in their room. In the year 1600 the battel of *Newport* was a gallant piece, when with the loss of a thousand or little more, they slew 7000 of their enemies, took above 100 Enfigns, the Admiral of *Arragon* a prisoner. The very furniture of the Arch-Duke's own Chamber, and Cabinet, yea the signet that belonged to his hand.

In 1607 they assailed the *Armado* of *Spain* in the Bay of *Gibralter*, under covert of the Castle and Towns Ordnance, and with the loss of 150 slew above 2000, and ruined the whole Fleet. Certainly a bolder attempt hath scarce ever been done. The *Indian* Mastiff never was more fierce against the angry Lion. Nor can the Cock in his crowing valour, become more prodigal of his bloud than they.

There hardly is upon earth such a school of Martial Discipline. 'Tis the Christian worlds *Academy* for Arms; whither all the neighbour-Nations resort to be instructed; where they may observe how unresistible a blow many small grains of powder will make being heaped together, which yet if you separate, can do nothing but sparkle and die.

Their recreation is the practice of Arms; And they learn to be souldiers sooner than men. Nay, as if they placed a Religion in Arms, every Sunday is concluded with the Train'd-Bands marching through their Cities.

For Industry they are *Spiders*, and are in the Palaces of Kings. Of old they were the guard of the person of the *Roman* Emperor; And by the *Romans* themselves declared to be their friends and companions. There is none have the like intelligence; Their Merchants are at this day the greatest in the Universe. What Nation is it where they have not insinuated? Nay, which they have not almost anatomized, and even discovered the very intrinsick veins on't?

Even among us, they shame us with their iuduſtry, which makes them seem as if they had a faculty from the worlds Creation, out of water to make dry land appear. They win our drowned grounds which we cannot recover, and chase back *Neptune* to his own old Banks.

All that they do is by ſuch labour as it ſeems extracted out of their own bowels. And in their wary thrift, they hang by ſuch a ſlender ſuſtentation of life, that one would think their own weight ſhould be enough to crack it.

Want of idleneſs keeps them from want. And 'tis their Diligence makes them rich.

A fruitful Soil increaſeth the Harveſt. A plentiful Sun augmenteth the Store; and ſeaſonable ſhowers drop fatneſs on the Crop we reap: but no Rain fructifies more than the dew of Sweat.

You would think being with them you were in old *Iſrael*, for you find not a beggar among them. Nor are they mindful of their own alone but ſtrangers alſo partake of their Care and Bounty. If they will depart, they have money for their Convoy. If they ſtay, they have work provided. If unable, they find an Hoſpital. Their Providence extends even from the Prince to the catching of flies. And leſt you loſe an afternoon by fruitleſs mourning, by two of the clock all Burials muſt end. Wherein to prevent the waſte of ground, they pile Coffin upon Coffin till the Sepulchre be full.

In all their Manufactures they hold a truth and conſtancy: for they are as fruits from Trees, the ſame every year that they are at firſt; Not Apples one year and Crabs the next; and ſo for ever after. In the ſale of theſe they alſo are at a word, they will gain rather than exact, and have not that way whereby our Citizens abuſe the wiſe, and cozen the ignorant; and by their infinite over-asking for commodities, proclaim to the world that they would cheat all if it were in their power

The Depravation of Manners they puniſh with Contempt, but. the defects of nature they favour with Charity. Even their *Bedlam* is a place ſo curious, that a Lord might live in it; Their *Hoſpital* might lodge a Lady: So that ſafely you may conclude, amongſt them even Poverty and Madneſs do both inhabit handſomely. And though Vice makes every thing turn ſordid, yet the State will have the very correction of it to be neat, as if they would ſhew that though obedience fail, yet Government muſt be ſtill it ſelf, and decent. To prove this, they that do but view their *Bridewel* will think it may receive a Gentleman though a Gallant. And ſo their priſon a wealthy Citizen. But for a poor man it is his beſt policy to be laid there, for he that caſt him in muſt maintain him.

Their language, though it differ from the higher *Germany*, yet hath it the ſame ground, and is as old as *Babel*. And albeit harſh; yet ſo lofty and full a Tongue, as made *Goropius Becanus* maintain it for the ſpeech of *Adam* in his Paradiſe. And ſurely if there were not other reaſons againſt it, the ſignificancy of the Ancient *Teutonic* might carry it from the primeſt Dialect. *Steven* of *Bruges* reckons up 2170 Monoſyllables, which being compounded, how richly do they grace a Tongue? A Tongue that for the general profeſſion is extended further than any that I know. Through both the *Germanies*, *Denmark*, *Norway*, *Sweden*, and ſometimes *France*, *England*, *Spain*,

Spain. And ſtill among us all our old words are *Dutch*, with yet ſo little change, that certainly it is in a manner the ſame that it was 2000 years ago, without the too much mingled borrowings of their neighbour-Nations.

The *Germans* are a people that more than all the world I think may boaſt ſincerity, as being for ſome thouſand of years a pure and unmixed people. And ſurely I ſee not but their conduction by *Tuiſco* from the building of *Babel*, may paſs as unconfuted Story, they yet retaining the Appellation from his Name.

They are a large and numerous people, having ever kept their own, and tranſported Colonies into other Nations. In *Italy* were the *Longobards*; In *Spain* the *Goths* and *Vandals*; In *France* the *Franks* or *Franconians*; In *England* the *Saxons*: having in all theſe left reverend Steps of their Antiquity and Language.

It is a noble Teſtimony that ſo grave an Hiſtorian as *Tacitus* hath left ſtill extant of them, and written above 1500 years ago, *Deliberant dum fingere neſciunt: Conſtituunt dum errare non poſſunt.* They deliberate when they cannot diſſemble: and reſolve when they cannot err. Two hundred and ten years he reckons the *Romans* were in conquering them. In which ſpace on either ſide were the loſſes ſad and fatal. So as neither the *Samnites*, the *Carthaginians*, the *Spaniards*, the *Gauls*, no nor the *Parthians* ever troubled them like the *Germans*. They ſlew and took priſoners ſeveral Commanders of the higheſt rank, as *Carbo*, *Caſſius*, *S. Caurus Aurelius*, *Cervilius Cepio*, and *M. Manlius*. They defeated five *Conſulary Armies*, and *Varus* with three Legions, yet after all this he concludes, *Triumphati magis quam victi ſunt*. They were rather Triumphed over than conquered. To confirm this, the keeping of their own Language is an argument unanſwerable. The change whereof ever follows upon the fully vanquiſhed, as we may ſee it did in *Italy*, *France*, *Spain*, *England*.

And this he ſpeaks of the Nation in general: nor was the opinion of the *Romans* leſs worthy in particular concerning theſe lower Provinces, which made them for their valour and warlike minds, ſtile them by the name of *Gallia Belgica*, and eſpecially of the *Batavians*, which were the *Hollanders* and part of the *Guelders*. You may hear in what honourable terms he mentions them, where ſpeaking of the ſeveral people of *Germany* he ſays, *Omnium harum gentium virtute præcipue Batavi: Nam nec tributis contemnuntur, nec publicanus atterit: exempti oneribus & collationibus, & tantum in uſum præliorum ſepoſiti, velut tela atq; arma bellis reſervantur.* Of all theſe Nations the principal in valiant vertue are the *Batavians*: for neither are they become deſpicable by paying of Tribute, nor oppreſſed too much by the Farmer of public Revenues, but free from Taxes and Contributions of ſervility, they are ſpecially ſet apart for the fight, as Armor and Weapons only reſerved for war.

All this, even at this day they ſeem to make good: For of all the world they are the people that thrive and grow rich by war, like the

porcupiſce, that plays in the ſtorm, but at other times keeps ſober under the water.

War which is the worlds ruine, and ravins upon the beauty of all is to them proſperity and Ditation. And ſurely the reaſon of this is their ſtrength in ſhipping, the open Sea, their many fortified Towns, and the Countrey, by reaſon of its lowneſs and Irrigation, becoming unpaſſable for an Army when the Winter but approaches. Otherwiſe it is hardly poſſible, that ſo ſmall a parcel of Mankind ſhould brave the moſt potent Monarch in Chriſtendom, who in his own hands holds the Mines of the wars ſinews, Money; and hath now got a command ſo wide, that out of his Dominions the Sun can neither riſe nor ſet.

The whole ſeventeen Provinces are not above a thouſand *Engliſh* miles in circuit, and in the States hands there is not ſeven of thoſe: yet have they in the field ſometimes 60000. Souldiers, beſides thoſe which they always keep in Garriſon, which cannot be but a conſiderable number, near 30000 more. There being in the whole Countries above two hundred wall'd Towns and Cities; ſo that if they have people for the war, one would wonder where they ſhould get money to pay them, they being when they have an Army in the field, at a thouſand pound a day charge extraordinary.

To maintain this, their Exciſe is an unwaſted Mine, which with the infiniteneſs of their Traffic, and their untired induſtry, is by every part of world in ſomthing or other contributed to.

The Sea yields them but two ſorts of Fiſh only, *Herings* and *Cod*, ſixty thouſand pounds *per annum*, for which they go out ſometimes ſeven or eight hundred boats at once, and for greater ſhips they are able to ſet out double the number.

Their Merchandiſe amounted in *Guicciardines* time to fourteen Millions *per Annum*. Whereas *England*, which is in compaſs almoſt as large again, and hath the Ocean as a Ring about her, made not above ſix millions yearly: ſo ſedulous are theſe Bees to labour and enrich their Hive.

As they on the Sea, ſo the women are buſie on Land in weaving of Nets, and helping to add to the heap. And though a husbands long abſence might tempt them to laſcivious ways: yet they hate adultery, and are reſolute in Matrimonial chaſtity. I do not remember that ever I read in Story, of any great Lady of that nation, that hath been tax'd with looſneſs. And queſtionleſs, 'tis their ever being buſie makes them not have leiſure for luſt.

'Tis idleneſs that is *Cupids* Nurſe; but buſineſs breaks his Bow and makes his Arrows uſeleſs.

They are both Merchants and Farmers. And there act parts, which men can but diſcharge with us. As if they would ſhew that the Soul in all is maſculine, and not varied into weaker ſex as are the bodies that they wear about them.

Whether

Whether this be from the nature of their Country, in which if they be not laborious they cannot live; or from an Innate Genius of the people by a Superiour Providence adapted to them of such a situation; from their own inclination addicted to parsimony; from custom in their way of breeding; from any Transcendency of active parts more than other Nations; or from being in their Countrey, like people in a City besieged, whereby their own vertues do more compact and fortifie. I will not determine. But certainly in general they are the most painful and diligent people on earth: And of all other the most truly of *Vespasians* opinion, to think, that *Ex re qualibet bonus odor lucri*, Be it raised from what it will, the smell of gain is pleasant.

Yet are they in some sort Gods, for they set bounds to the Sea, and when they list let it pass them. Even their dwelling is a miracle; They live lower than the fishes in the very lap of the floods, and incircled in their watry Arms. They are the *Israelites* passing through the Red-Sea. The waters wall them in, and if they set ope their sluces shall drown up their enemie.

They have strugled long with *Spains Pharaoh*, and they have at length inforced him to let them go. They are a *Gideons* Army upon the march again. They are the *Indian* Rat, gnawing the bowels of the *Spanish Crocodile*, to which they got when he gap'd to swallow them. They are a Serpent wreathed about the legs of that *Elephant*, They are the little sword-fish pricking the belly of the *Whale*. They are the wane of that Empire which increas'd in *Isabella*, and in *Charles* the fifth was at full.

They are a glass wherein Kings may see; that though they be Soveraigns over lives and goods, yet when they usurp upon Gods part, and will be Kings over conscience too, they are sometimes punisht with loss of that which lawfully is their own. That Religion too fiercely urg'd, is to stretch a string till it not only jars but cracks, and in the breaking whips (perhaps) the streiners eye out.

That an extreme Taxation is to take away the honey while the Bees keeps the Hive; whereas he that would take that, should first either burn them or drive them out. That Tyrants in their Government, are the greatest Traitors to their own Estates. That a desire of being too absolute, is to walk upon Pinacles and the tops of *Pyramides*, where not only the footing is full of hazard, but even the sharpness of that they tread on may run into their foot and wound them. That too much to regrate on the patience of but fickle Subjects, is to press a thorn till it prick your finger. That nothing makes a more desperate Rebel than a Prerogative inforced too far.

That liberty in man is as the skin to the body, not to be put off, but together with life That they which will command more than they ought, shall not at last command so much as is fit.

That moderate Princes sit faster in their Regalities, than such as being but men, would yet have their power over their Subjects as the

the gods, unlimited. That Oppreſſion is an Iron heat till it burns the hand. That to debar ſome States of Ancient Privileges, is for a Falcon to undertake to beat a flock of wild Geeſe out of the Fens. That to go about to compel a ſullen reaſon to ſubmit to a wilful peremptorineſs, is ſo long to beat a chain'd Maſtiff into his Kennel, till at laſt he turns and flies at your throat. That unjuſt policy is to ſhoot as they did at *Oſtend*, into the mouth of a charged Cannon, to have two Bullets returned for one. That he doth but endanger himſelf, that riding with too weak a bit provokes a headſtrong horſe with a ſpur. That 'tis ſafer to meet a valiant man weaponleſs, than almoſt a Coward in Armor. That even a weak cauſe with a ſtrong Caſtle, will boil ſalt blood to a rebellious Itch. That 'tis better keeping a craſie body in an equal temper, than to anger humours by too ſharp a Phyſic.

That admonitions from a dying man are too ſerious to be neglected. That there is nothing certain that is not impoſſible. That a Cobler of *Vluſhing* was one of the greateſt enemies that the King of *Spain* ever had.

To conclude, the Country it ſelf is a moted Caſtle, keeping a Garniſh of the richeſt Jewels of the world in't, the Queen of *Bohemia* and her Princely Children.

The people in it are Jews of the new Teſtament, that have exchanged nothing but the Law for the Goſpel: and this they rather profeſs than practiſe. Together, a man of war riding at Anchor in the Downs of *Germany*.

For forreign Princes to help them, is wiſe ſelf-policy: when they have made them able to defend themſelves againſt *Spain*, they are at the Pale; if they enable them to offend others, they go beyond it. For queſtionleſs were this thorn out of the *Spaniards* ſide, he might be feared too ſoon to graſp his long intended Monarchy. And were the *Spaniard* but poſſeſſed Lord of the Low-Countries or had the States but the wealth and power of *Spain*, the reſt of *Europe* might be like people at Sea in a ſhip on fire; that could only chuſe whether they would drown or burn. Now, their war is the peace of their Neighbours: So *Rome* when buſied in her civil broils, the *Parthians* lived at reſt; but thoſe concluded once by *Cæſar*, next are they deſign'd for conqueſt.

If any man wonder at theſe Contraries, let him look in his own Body for ſo many ſeveral humours, in his own Brain for as many different fancies, in his own Heart for as various paſſions; and from all theſe he may learn, That

There is not in all the World ſuch another Beaſt as MAN.

FINIS.

LETTERS.

I.

A Letter to his Friend, perſuading him to a wife.

YOUR Letter with much joy, your News without ſorrow I received. For, as I think, he wants good nature that is not glad to hear from his friends; ſo I hold him over-tender, that for a ſtranger, or one that was no friend, can be paſſionate. Some men have more brains than they can be quiet with; and the death of ſuch, if not a triumph, yet is a repoſe to themſelves, and who were their acquaintance: And therefore though I know not how to rejoice at the death of any, yet I would not be guilty of raiſing the little man from a peaceable grave, to the troubleſome life he led here in the world. And now if I were ſure it might not offend, I would tell you what a fair opportunity you are preſented with, of doing a work (in my opinion) meritorious: However I am confident it would be grateful to your own heart, for that I am ſure every vertuous and brave action leaves ſuch an odour in the mind, as ever after, like a rich perfume, breaths ſweetneſs and contentment to the thoughts of the Author.

And this is, if you make my Excellent Couſin your Wife; how good a one ſhe will prove I need not tell; your own experience of her ſweetneſs of Converſation cannot but tell you: if I ſhould praiſe her extremely, her merit would make all that I ſhould ſpeak a Truth: Since thoſe that deſire to be good in the height, though they may be praiſed, cannot be flattered; for what ever good you ſpeak of them, they have, albeit not in action, yet in intention doubtleſs. A Diſpoſition there is, whoſe affabilty may ſweeten life, and baniſh vexation. Ingenuity, that even to a man well parted, may make her capable of being a wife a friend; without which for my part, I ſhould hold marriage a yoke and preſſure; and if at all a Sacrament, even a Sacrament of diſlike and ſadneſs. I like not a wife for the night alone; they are dark pieces that cannot pleaſe by day-light: She is proviſion but for the worſer part of our life, if ſhe cannot

cannot but offend awake out of bed. Of a wife ſhould a man make his choice as he would do of his Armour; if too thick and heavy, it loads and wearies ere his march be done, begets complaint, and helps his Foes to conquer: if too light and thin, it may be a little pleaſant, but not ſafe; 'twill trouble and betray him. So when a man takes a wife, if ſhe be dull and ſottiſh, ſhe may indeed keep the houſe, but ſhe is to her husband coming home but like a Paſſion picture, preſenting ever ſadneſs and melancholy. If ſhe be light and petulant, ſhe is then the diſhonour of him that choſe her, apt with every puff to be blown off; and perhaps may (like a Pleaſure Boat) ſerve in ſhallows for a ſummer voyage, but in Winter, or when ſtorms ariſe in Deeps, ſhe is then of no other uſe, but only to indanger him to the hazard of wreck.

If God had not made Woman with a mind to ſute with *Adam*'s, any of the Beaſts he made would as well have ſerved for Quench as ſhe. It is more pleaſure, that a man may with a ſure affiance, pour out his retired-thoughts in a faithful and wiſe wives boſom, than by only a skin-deep beauty have the vaniſhing Itches of a Frailty find allay. Nor will I ever believe, but 'tis more happineſs to lie with a beautiful ſoul than a beautiful body.

But here if you go on, you have both; for he that will not allow her perſon handſom, muſt either want eyes, or elſe hath lived among the *Moors* where for beauty deformity is miſtaken.

Her years are ſuch as cannot be found fault withal, from which you may expect rather comfort than diſtaſt: and when you ſhall approach to *Davids* ſeventy, like another *Shunamite* ſhe may add new warmth to the then decays of Nature.

All you can except againſt is matter of Eſtate, which to you that have ſo fair a one is none at all. He that (having ſufficient) weddeth for wealth, is rather covetous than wiſe; neither (where there is no want) can money be a cauſe conſiderable for breach. Fitneſs and a competency is beyond abundance alone. When *Adam* had the world, God did not give him another with *Eve*, it was ſufficient that He had for both. If it be but in managing of your houſe, and like a faithful Steward looking to your Family and affairs, it will more than recompence the charge that ſhe can bring you. Then whereſoever your occaſions lead you, you may be ſure of fidelity at home; and by taking delight to be at home, find a profit, which perhaps by abſence now you loſe. Let me give you a ſtory of a Father, that on his death-bed told his Sons, That though he had no wealth to leave them for the preſent, yet there lay buried in his Vine-yard a great Treaſure, where if they digg'd they ſhould be ſure to find it. When he was dead they fell to work, but found none; yet by their digging, the Vines that year became ſo fruitful, as the increaſe to them did prove a maſs of riches. The Application is, that though you find no preſent Fortune, yet fair intentions and your diligences join'd, may become a wealth above your expectation. Beſides,

whereas

whereas now you want an Heir to your wealth, it may pleaſe God by this match to give you children, that may rejoice in the good you ſhall leave, and to your honour perpetuate your name to all poſterity. But he that wilfully makes himſelf fruitleſs, falls like a dry Tree, which for want of fruit, the Goſpel does adjudge to fire: whereas in *Deut.* 20. 19. even in war, the Trees that did bear fruit were forbidden to be deſtroyed.

Tell me, if it be not a Content of the higheſt nature, when you ſhall have been abroad, either wearied with buſineſs, or delighted with News, you may to a vertuous wife tell your diſcontents, and have them leſſened; but your joys, and have them more increaſed? For Grief diſclos'd divides, but Joy imparted multiplies. When as he that has a houſe, and not a wife to govern it, comes to his Home but as a Traveller to his Inn, being brought thither by neceſſity, and carried off for want of company that may be ſuitable. For neighbours do not dwell there; and Servants though they be as ſafe rooms to lock us groſſer wares in, yet they are not as a wife, a Cabinet for privacies: Beſides, not being tied to their Maſters Fortunes, they ſometimes ſtudy themſelves to his loſs; but a Wife has her aim for her husbands good, as knowing ſhe is brightned by his Honour, but muſt be darkned if he ſuffer Eclipſe.

Nor can I believe but that even in your Reputation you ſhall do your ſelf a right, and by this Match confirm to all, your Converſation has been more out of true reſpect to Vertue, than any other ſiniſter ends. Otherwiſe what can men judge of his intents, who profeſſing a reſpect while ſhe was anothers, falls off when lawfully he may make her his own: And beyond all theſe, you know how ſhe has ſuffered for you; ſo as you ſhall not only do an Act of Juſtice, and bravely recompence all her Indurances; but alſo do a Courteſie to your ſelf, in Cancelling thoſe Obligations that are on you. For though I know you have not been in this way ſhort, yet he is likeſt God, that ſcorning to be a Debtor to any, by a noble and Benevolent hand unties his own ingagements, and by ſhowring down favours puts chains and bonds upon others: It was but a cavil againſt Women, of him that ſaid, though a Man marries, and his Wife be fair, yet ſhall he have but a little beauty, and a great deal of ill. Nor did *Socrates* any other than play the *Cynic*, when he anſwered to one that asked him, whether it were beſt for him to marry or live ſingle? That which ſoever he did, he ſhould be ſure to repent. Marriage, as it ought to be, is the Completion of Love; and Love, as it ought, is the Completion of the Law. However it is a tie of the nobleſt affection in Man, and which even the Scripture prefers before all the Obligations of the World beſides: For Parents, and the neareſt bloud muſt all for this be laid by and ſepoſited. He that hath a Wife which loves him hath two ſelfs, and poſſeſſes all his faculties double: So even in abſence his defence is left. And his hand, his eye, and mind it ſelf, he can at once leave faithful at home, and carry faithful abroad.

broad. With this Ordinance was the wife *Cato* so much taken as he did not stick to maintain, that it was more honour to be a good husband than a great Senator.

Pardon me that I am thus long, and free; my true respects to you both, have made me thus busie in wishing: If you like it, I have said enough, if you do not, too much. Though I am confident it cannot much displease, seeing I am not capable of having any other aim in it, than a future happiness to you both. Therefore when you have remembred my best wishes to her; I have only this to say more, If you go on you hold me for ever in bonds, if not, I will still be held so; for I am resolved not to rest upon any terms without being

Your most faithful friend to serve you.

II.

To Oliva.

SInce Men (as *Balsac* tells us) did ever pay a Reverence to Vertue, though they found it but in a Romance, or long since carried into another World. You are no whit beholden to me for the Admiration that I pay you, as a living example of that Judgment and Goodness which oft is feign'd in story. Who falls in love with the Picture only, prostrates all that he is Master of, when the substance once appears. Besides so much you have engaged me by your favours, that I hold it necessary for me to become like some mountains after Winter, that are covered with huge snows; who when they cannot pour down all their moisture at one, distill daily in a grateful watering of their Neighbour-plains. I shall endeavour not to imitate, but exceed the best patterns, and shall never esteem my self once dutiful, unless I be always

Your most obedient Son.

III.

To Meliodorus.

SIR,

WHatever part of the World I rest in, it seems I am destin'd to be your disturber. Merit is a Load-stone that operates at a Region distance, and this makes me now not only to intreat your favour in presenting these to the better part of my self. Where I have treasur'd up all the felicity I expect in this world: but also that you will accept of my thanks for those large Testimonials of friendship and affection, which from the very Infancy of my acquaintance with you, you have heaped on me; for which assuredly I should quarrel my own disposition, did I not find them intirely prevailing to Constitute me, *Absolutely and for ever yours.*

IV.
To Clariſſa.

HOw could I arraign the vanity of Poets, that tell us of the Plagues of Love? Since I find ſo many Solaces in the aſſurance of your affection, that like the Swan I could be ſinging in the midſt of waves. Certainly, the invention of thoſe pleaſant ſhades below, ſprung from the Genius of a Lovers breſt. Whether it be your own excelling ſweetneſs, that charms me to be always with you, even at this diſtance: or whether it be the clearneſs of my own Paſſions, aiming at nothing but Honour and your Felicity, I diſpute not: but ſure I am, the Zeal I bear, not all the Phrenſies this Nation is now giddy with, can alter. And though it be debar'd the preſent happineſs of your Converſation; yet upon your leaſt command is it ever ready to take wing and flie unto your boſom. A Sanctuary which being once attain'd, I ſhall diſclaim the thought of being any thing but, Dear,

Your faithful Servant.

V.
To Meliodorus.

I Have tir'd you, Sir, ſo often with my trivial Letters, that I fear you may reckon me as one of your ſcourges, among the common Calamities of theſe times. But indeed I differ from either Faction, in than I have no deſign, but to approve my ſelf your Servant. Can the Sun ſhine, and the dew fall, and not the Earth return her Germinations? and you may not be diſpleaſed then, that my thanks for all your favours are not withering, but rather of the Nature of thoſe Plants that even with Snow upon their tops retain perpetual greenneſs. For ſurely ſuch you ſhall ever find the endeavours of him, who begs your aſſiſtance in preſenting theſe incloſed, and then that you will believe, I am ever and every where, as well as in this paper, Sir

Your moſt affectionate Servant.

VI.
To Clariſſa.

GUarded by your better Genius, like a Partridge dredg'd and roaſted, I have paſs'd the heat and duſt of the way to my own Habitation; where without your preſence (which to me can make a Cottage beautiful) I find every room a Cell, and my ſelf turning *Hermit*; who (wanting you) can like of nought but melancholy.

But as the Angels (beſides their obedience to their Makers Commands) in their diſpatches, can endure Earth a little ſeaſon, out of their apprehenſions that they ſhall ſpeedily again return to Heaven: So all my Comfort is, that the time of my Privation is but ſhort, and in my ever buſie thoughts, I at this diſtance dwell with you, to whom nothing in my abſence will (I hope) preſume to bring the leaſt of trouble. To this end you ought for my intereſt ſake, now to be kind to your own Goodneſs, and to ſuffer nothing that is not calm and mild as it, to come near it. Dear, fail not to preſent my humble duty to my honoured Father, and beſt Mother, nor to make much of your ſelf, as you tender the Happineſs and Contentment of him, who is for ever

All and only yours.

VII.
To Oliva.

WHat is it that (in appearance) a little Rill can contribute to the Sea? Though all the acknowledgments I can make, can never be ſuitable to the Obligations that I owe you: yet I ſhould hold it a very ill Argument, that becauſe I cannot pay what I would, I therefore ſhould not pay what I can. Is he worthy of a favour, that becauſe he cannot be thankful as he ſhould, reſolves to be totally dumb? Such Divinity would quickly turn the whole World Atheiſt, extinguiſh all Morality, and truly, would leave me in a habitation darkned with perpetual bluſhes: Nay, if I had been frighted with merit in others, or want of deſert in my ſelf, I had never arriv'd to that happineſs, which (through your Conduct) by the fruition of your Daughters Converſation, I now enjoy without envying, even all thoſe Pleaſures that a bounteous Spring can give. Like ſpiritual Bleſſings I find them more in Poſſeſſion than Expectation. So that I verily believe to Cure all the hereſies and prejudices that have been taken up againſt Marriage, there needs but to propoſe my ſelf, that I might convince the World of the Felicities that are in it. Nay, I am confidently of opinion, if all men that have married had been as happy as I believe my ſelf, even in the Romiſh Church, there never had been Erection of Monaſtery or Nunnery: were the wives in *Spain* of ſuch diſpoſitions, the State might ſave their Matrimonial privileges, wherewith now they are glad to encourage men to Martyrdom, leſt their Country prove unpeopled. But, dear Mother, though this be truth; yet I pray print it not: though I hug my own opinion, I am not bound to impoſe it on the World, wherein none lives more in health than your Daughter, I think, without any ill opinion of Me or my Country: if there be any Infelicity attends us, 'tis that we are depriv'd the Honour of your Company, which whereſoere it beſtows it ſelf, can both Civilize and Sanctifie:

So

So is Prerogativ'd at once to Create both a City and Church. And to whom I had ſooner preſented my ever thankful duty, had there not been a ſupply from that hand, which was content to give a heart to

Your ever moſt obedient Son.

VIII.

To a Gentleman, that having a fair and vertuous Wife of his own, yet would needs take a fancy to Kitchin-wenches and Drudges.

AND prethee, *Roger*, why this dirty fancy, that when a *Venice*-glaſs is ſet before thee, thou long'ſt to drink only out of Black-Jacks and the *Bedlams* Horn? What a mad thirſt haſt thou got, that nothing can quench it but puddle water; Like the *Duck* that ſwims in the clear ſtream, yet feeds on *Frogs* among the weeds, the ſlime and mud: And when thou haſt a gallant *Hertfordſhire* way, to travel in, nothing will content thee, but thou muſt leap hedges to ride in Moors, in *Suffolk* Lanes, and *Eſſex* Hundreds. Wouldſt thou not thy ſelf pull off the head of that *Hawk*, that having *Partridge* upon wing, will continually turn tail, yea go out at *Crows* and quarry there? What a Dog-trick is this now come upon thee, that thou leaveſt thy own clean ſtraw and pleaſant green Sweard, to tumble up and down in Carrion? Doſt thou think Nature is not ſomething miſtaken in thee, and would make thee believe, that Kitchin-ſtuff has the ſmell of Musk? or art thou ſure thou art truly bred, for I durſt be hang'd if any right Spaniel would ever be brought to touch theſe Fowls, though cook'd up and ſauc'd handſomly? will not all the world take thee for one of the worſt ſort of worms, that thus affect'ſt corruption, delighting to feed and craul there? Surely that hand expoſes it ſelf to even unpitied hazard, that will needs lay by its own fair Glove, and eagerly pull on that polluted one it finds upon a Dunghill. Who would not nauſeate to dip but his finger in that diſh of water, where the Male and Female Scullions have lately rins'd off their mingled ſooty ſweat and greaſe; To have for thy diſeaſe a wholeſom remedy of thy own at hand, and yet to ſeek out naſty and forbidden Cures, is a Phrenſie that would deſerve more than a chain and a dark room. Is not thy own *Venus* the greater part of all the excellency in woman; what has the whole Sex more than one alone that is handſom?

Faith *Roger*, ſhall I tell thee, for a married man at all to range after forreign game, is but buying of a ſtock at *Gleek*; he lays out, and bids high in hope to find a Tib there, and when all is done, he hath for the moſt part better Cards in his own hand. How wouldſt thou bluſh through all the darkneſs that thou ſinn'ſt in, to be diſcovered trafficking with ſuch night and oyl.

What

What would *Solomon* have censur'd of this humour of thine, when even of the trick'd-up Curtezan he says, *Among the young men he saw a* Fool *that was taken with her beauty*; as if he would tell us that to make up one Incontinent there goes a twofold weakness, Youth and Folly. A Whore is a deep Ditch, and he whom God is angry with, shall fall therein. Is not this enough, but thou resolvest to have it foul too,----to go to the Devil in a Slough?

'Slid, like the Great Turk, I would sooner have a Trade, and make Horn-rings, than humour the leisure of such a sordid *Cupid*; for business (by being diversion) is a preservative. And for a man to be a slave to such a passion, as shall throw off that Reputation and Gallantry, which is bred in him as a Gentleman and a man; is to degrade his Creation into the scale of that with Beasts, who are hurried only by their brutish sense and appetite, with exclusion both of judgment and reason.

I remember three ways the Ancients had to Antidote themselves against the *Syrens*: The first was to stop their ears, and surely though this was prescribed to the Vulgar whose dull spirits have not fortitude to see and forbear; yet the prescription is good, because a pleasurable Vice is too prevalent upon Humanity: and the bravest constitution in a Gentleman differs from a Clown, but as a Garden from the common Field, who being of the same earth, would be overgrown with the same Weeds and Bushes, were he not daily kept clean by dressing, pruning, and with industry.

A second was with *Ulysses*, to tie themselves to the Mast, and this was for the nobler sort, yet morally wise and politic; who by the strength of their own resolution could hear, and stand bound by their constancy from yielding to their pleasing charms.

But the third and most sublime was that of *Orpheus*, who by his Cœlestial Music and his songs of the gods, drowned the very sound of their loudest and most enticing Notes. And certainly the contemplation of Religion, the deity, and those incorruptible Essences, that so purely mount upon the pinions of the wings of Reason, will bear up the exalted Soul out of the air, and reach, of these low and subterraneous passions, though appropriated to such shapes as most do take the senses: and will in the end by degrees inthrone the mind in such a delight in them, as she shall therein truly find more solid and more ravishing solaces, than in all those momentaneous blandishments that the flesh can bubble up. But if thou beest not hardned in this, think but how thou couldst digest a Grooms admission by thy wife, and do but call to mind the solemn Ingagement that thou mad'st at Marriage, against which Incontinence is not the least offence, since God, his Church, the Congregation, and Record, will be ever ready to witnesses to sentence and condemn thy perjury. Which in those that are wedded is so great, that the looseness (though highly criminal) is lost in the very name of the fault: It being styled alone *Adultery*, as contrary to that sacred Vow attested by such Evidence.

Lastly,

Lastly, remember but how thou likest thy self when thou com'st off, and then if thou wilt continue *Indian* and worship these *Dæmons* still, I know nothing that can sooner cool this Devotion, than a deeper place in the Pool than either Huntsmen or Falconers found; and though it would be some trouble to see my friend there yet it would be better then the Guelding block, or wasting like a *Deer* after Rutting time, which is much feared by

Thy Friend, PHILANDER.

IX.

With some of his Poems, and the Character of the Low-Countries.

MADAM,

I Cannot so forfeit my Judgment as to make you Patroness to these light Trifles, they are wealthier Fancies that would be dignified by your Name. When I have lookt on things of this nature, I have never done it without something of Severe in my Thoughts, having ever held of Poetry as the *Cynic* did of Love, that 'tis but the idle Mans business: And such short compositures as are these at best, are but as Fire-works at Triumhps. They crackle, shine and offer at Heaven it self, but in a moment they fall and are extinct unprofitably. As I now present them, you are at liberty to censure without Obligation of defence; and if you please to take me favourably, I have only presumed to obey: which sin my Conscience will persuade me to be more Venial, if your Ladiship, with your pardon permit me to enjoy the much coveted Honour of remaining (Madam)

Your most obedient Servant.

X.

To a Doctor of Physic.

Faith Doctor,

SInce the weather is like to frieze your Physic, I may presume to find you at home at leisure to read this running Letter, which purposely hasts to tell you, that by this weeks Carrier you shall receive the Module of the World in a Box.

For since the great business of Kingdoms and Common-wealths (if clearly viewed) according to the observation of *Sixtus Quintus*, are often managed by the same weak grounds, and easie deceipts that Children guide their play with: Why may they not be represented by what I now have sent you?

And therefore if at first you take them for the Pope and his Conclave, it cannot be much out of the way, since the Learned play of Goose

Gooſe was gravely there invented. And though by their poſture and pecking toward that great noddle, you would ſwear them to be a Houſe of Commons and their Speaker; Yet conſidering how ſilently and cloſely they carry things, you will incline rather to believe them a Council of State and the Preſident. Eſpecially when reaſon tells you, the Gooſe cannot keep ſweet in the place above a month at moſt.

Well, when I ſee their Ruffs and gravity, methinks the Lord Mayor and the Court of Aldermen are before me, unleſs you will take in the Common-Council too, for the more wiſely ordering their Militia and their Privileges.

But by the Lark being there, who ſings and ſoars high, as if ſhe meant to ſhew us Heaven and Reformation, it ſhould be the late Aſſembly of Divines and their Prolocutor. For if you obſerve when ſhe is mounted to her higheſt pitch, ſhe falls at once and beds in the earth the baſeſt of the Elements.

Becauſe ſhe is a water-fowl, ſome perhaps may take them for the Admiral and his Mariners. But ſurely he was nearer truth that cry'd them up for a Committee and the Chair-man. They ſit as cloſe as if all were withdrawn and they at their Vote, and this doubtleſs had been the right meaning, but that there is never a Rook or Bird of prey among them.

If you remember how you have ſeen the ſalacious and devouring Sparrow beat out the harmleſs Marten from his neſt, that he may chirp it where he never built; You will be poſitive, they are Country-Sequeſtrators, if not Haberdaſhers-Hall.

By their order and attention, who would not take them for an *Independent* and his Congregation, yet I confeſs the erecting of their Bills looks ſo like hands lifted up at the Covenant, that it could not but mind me of the ſhort-liv'd *Presbytery*; But then obſerving the Plover there, who like the Hypocrite uſes to cry here 'tis, here 'tis, as if it would ſhew us ſome new light; though the deſign is only to fool you further off from her own haunt. I never doubt but 'tis a Conventicle, and ſome Lay-brother teaching them.

Oh! But beholding the long-Bills, I durſt do no other but allow it for an Army and their General, and eſpying a *Diver* with a black headpiece among them, I was the more confirm'd in't, he was ſo like a *Jeſuit*.

By the Partridge lagging behind, methought it appear'd like a Country-Seſſions with both the Juries about it liſtning to the Charge, where undignifi'd birds perch it on the Bench, while the Gentry (if any at all) are fain to ſneak but in the train or tail.

When the writing quality of the Gooſe comes to mind, I ſtraight think of the Univerſity and her Chancellour.

But indeed after all, when I look upon them with their heads off, I am reſolved they were of the Royal party; ſo muſt be either the Biſhop and his Dioceſs, or the late Houſe of Lords with their Keeper.

Thus

Thus you see they may fit all Societies you shall please to apply them to, even from the Emperor and his Nobles to the meanest Master and his Family; and you will believe this the truer, when you know that in a Pye as part of my thanks, there is an inthron'd Goose, attended with Woodcocks, Plovers, Wild-fowl, Partridge, Larks and Sparrows. Venison is so wild, as 'tis run out of our Country. Being a Princely dish, it was necessary it should fall with its Master. This though a dead commodity, hopes to be made welcome in *London*. Citizens are ever kind to their kindred, and for this reason perhaps neither you nor they will be angry with me, who it may be am the greatest fool of all for writing thus, though in earnest

Your affectionate Servant.

XI.

To the Lord C. J. R.

My LORD,

BEing put upon a Trial for vindicating the right of the Ancient Inheritance of my Family, gained from me by a Verdict last Assizes, by what means I shall forbear to speak: I cannot but think my self very happy to have it heard before your Lordship, whose knowledge in the Laws and unalterable Integrity are so conspicuously eminent, that as the unjust cannot hope, so the just can never fear a partiality. God knows I am so far from taking away anothers right, as I would not do revenge to preserve my own. I shall therefore say nothing at all of the Cause, but submit it wholly and freely to your Lordships upright Judgment, as upon a full hearing it shall appear before you. Only I thought it might very well become me (for the just fame of your Merit in this Common-wealth,) to manifest not only this, but the desire I have to be esteemed

Your Lordships affectionate Servant.

XII.

To Remilia.

It is you alone, Madam,

WHo I think have that gracious Prerogative of convincing Ignorance with delight. For you have made so much of me, and afforded me so much excellency of Conversation by your goodness and Friendship, that I do confess (besides the infinite Obligation that lies on me by your Favours) I find my self deceived even beyond my own expectation. For I thought I had known you so long, that I had been throughly acquainted with those excellent endowments, which even from your youth have grown up with you. But I see vertue is a perpetual Spring, ever budding forth some fresh

beauty or other to take the apprehenſion of the beholder. Thus the longer I know, the more I admire; as if you had a faculty beyond the condition of your own frail Sex, to honour your years with the luſtre of new graces. Like ſome rare Plants that content not themſelves with one ſingle Flower, though excellent: but glory ſtill in the ſucceſſion of varieties, through which you have the advantage of the ordinary ſort of Ladies; who while in a ſhort time their whole ſtock of goodneſs may be eaſily found, yours bordering on Heaven does thereby grow eternal: So Jewels of tranſcendent value ſcarce ever come to be terminated by the eye, but the more we gaze the greater Radiance do we find; and when we think we have viewed all, ſome new ray is darted which ſtill keeps up our wonder. Certainly, had the World of Women been thus qualified, Man would have thought he had been ſtill in Paradiſe, or at leaſt that he had met with this life but as an earneſt of the happier to come. Thus you hold me ſtill with you in my thoughts, and they cannot but owe you my beſt thanks and my beſt prayers too, That you may continue to be happy till you arrive at that wherein you ſhall continue ever, and I hope be attended by (Madam)

Your ever faithfully devoted Servant.

XIII.

To a Perſon of Honour.

My Lord,

IT is certain that every day was S. *Swithens*, till your Letter like the Dove ſhewed the abatement of the Waters, and dry'd up thoſe floods that dwelt in our eyes: So welcome was the news of your own wiſhed health and the Generals high civility. Certainly, your Family muſt erect ſome Statue to his Name, for you are as much obliged to his Courteſie as the Nation to his Courage and Conduct, which ſhews how victorious he can be without his Arms. And that there are other ways to clear the Complexion, beſides thoſe of blows and bloud-letting; ſince by ſuch ſoft ways of Peace he can caſt ſuch everlaſting chains upon others. And however his favours may lead to a proſperous ſucceſs in your affairs, yet I am confident they will retain no diminution of their Luſtre by any the leaſt Injuſtice in your friends proceeding.

In that of the Lady *W.* I have drawn up what is to be conſidered, and what to be urged; which may ſhew the grounds that thoſe with you are to limn the piece upon, and will be much better from the living voice, than the dead Paper. Of your friends in *C.* I hear no ſound at all. If I ſhall ſhortly get to *London*, I ſhall then enquire, and preſently tranſmit the account thereof to your Lordſhip, ſince in any buſineſs that relates to your concernments I ſhall find the content of declaring my ſelf

Your Lordſhips moſt humble Servant.

XIV.
To Mr. S. T.

SIR,

BEing last week at *D.* where I met your affectionate Letter, I have been forced to let the answering of it lie upon my score till now; though even the Horses and the Groom now sent, be it self an answer to part of what you advised. Your intelligence was well received at *D.* which though it hath recourse to *London*, yet is so between the *Academics*, as tis rather the centre of both than partaker of either. I shall not desire to give you the trouble of relating in writing the Excommunication of the two Women at *Exeter*, but if you pleased to let Mr. *W.* know of it, I shall hear it from him. D. *Heylins* book *Respondet Petrus* I have; 'tis a Pen from which every thing does usually drop readily and handsomly, and I am confident in an Age capable of enduring Truth, it shall merit much commendation. But 'tis a hard matter for particular Truth to combate against a general Errour, or to bear up against Arguments and Assertions back'd with edges; especially when they have been so long inseminated in a loomy and tenacious Earth, that they can hardly be weeded up, without pulling up the roots and earth together. The Papal Presbyterian is as unconfutable as his Holiness in his Chair; who must never admit to be in any one Errour, lest thereby it be concluded that he may be guilty of more. They put me in mind of what *Pliny* said of him that first invented to saw stones, *Fuit quidam importuni ingenii*; who though they would make us believe that it were the sharpness of their Engine; yet if ever they cut through any thing, 'tis not so much it, as the tumbling to and fro of the Sand, that by a perpetual grating dispatches their work for them. For the other book you write of *Hell-Fire quenched*, I have heard of it, but have not yet seen it; it is to be had; I shall take it for a favour to receive it from you by Mr. *W.* who will pay for it. I would see what Arguments can be used for the prodigious debasing of man, and destroying not only Christian, but all Religions else: How he can out-go the honest Heathen, whose Reason found a future compensation after this life, to be necessary for vindicating the Justice of their gods.

From *London* we hear for certain, the Lady *E. C.* hath undone the Cavalier party by dying on *Fryday* last; perhaps by Providence sentenced thereto for Felony, she by her civility having stoln the peoples love from all the rest of her Tribe. A Lady so well cut out by Nature, that she might have pass'd for a Jewel of the larger-siz'd esteem, had she not been set in a Medal, that never could endure the Touch.

XV.

To Sir C. F.

You have, Sir,

SO seaſon'd me with your freedom and favours, that I muſt take time to wean my ſelf from thoſe contents I had in your company: Thus wooden Veſſels fill'd with precious liquor, retain a long time after both their ſcent and fragrancy. Whereſoever I am, *G.* and Sir *F.* are ſtill in my thought: and I can do any thing ſooner than not remember them. So you need not wonder that I give you this trouble, ſince indeed I am acted by a Genius that compels me to't; unleſs I would take up a war with my ſelf, and attempt to ſmother thoſe inclinations within me, which are at once both pleaſing and juſt. There wants yet one thing to make up my Obligation full, and I ſhall not be ſetled to my liking till you pleaſe to grant it me; That if you have it not already (as I hope you may) you will diſcover ſome way whereby I may declare, that there is neither pains, nor any faculty I am a Maſter of, or can aſpire unto, but it is wholly deſtin'd to your ſervice. Seriouſly, Sir, I am ſo charmed by your goodneſs, your flowing freeneſs, your readineſs to aſſiſt me, the pertinency and gratefulneſs of your diſcourſe, that I do not know I ever yet left any company with more unwillingneſs, or enjoi'd it with more content. And if after this Fit I be leſs in love with the futurity of my own life, I muſt blame my own Province that hath afforded me ſo little of ſo delightful a converſation. I am now getting a while to *London*, which appears to this Region as the heart to the body, through which its buſineſs as the ſtirring bloud hath all its circulation, if you have not in the Country, you may have ſomething to do there. While I ſtay you cannot want an Agent that will glory in your imployment, and with much earneſtneſs beg that you will accept of all the thanks I am capable of giving, for all thoſe noble expreſſions of friendſhip, that at my being with you, you were pleaſed to confer upon

Your faithful and humble Servant.

XVI.

To his much reſpected Loving Friend, Mr. Owen Fellthan *Gent. Author of the* Reſolves, *by theſe delivered at* London.

Pax Chriſti & vera fides, &c.

WOrthy Gentleman, your witty, grave, and ſententious Book, the gift of a Friend, I read greedily, taking delight in your pithy diſcourſes, admiring your grave and ſententious conceits; untill I came to the 16. *Reſolve, of the ch[illegible] Religion*; where I find it

is to be true that which you grant in your Preface, That you do not profeſs your ſelf a Scholar: at leaſt here you ſhew your ſelf no Divine, blotting the perfection of your former diſcourſe, with the black ſpot of errour and ignorance in true Divinity. Remember you ſay, *That this not knowing, makes us not able to judge*; why then do you preſume to judge and condemn ſo raſhly the Roman Church and Religion, which you know not, and whoſe grounds and Doctrine you underſtand not? But I wonder not. You confeſs, *That before you could diſcern the true Religion, you were brought up in Hereſie, ſucking Hereſie with your milk; and that even at mans age you did not examine the ſoundneſs of it, but retained it as the Faith of your Parents.* What marvel then that you condemn the true Roman Faith, whoſe Solidity and Truth you never examined, being brought up in errour, with an averſion of it? But alas! why do you neglect that upon which depends an Eternity of Torments or Joys? Is it fit that ſuch a worthy wit, as yours is, ſhould build your ſalvation upon the weak and falſe Opinion of weak and unlearned Miniſters, deſpiſing the infallible Authority of the Catholic Church? I appeal to your ſelf in this point, you ſhall be Judge. You ſay, *The Religion of the Church of England is the beſt*: your reaſon is, *That it makes moſt for Gods glory and mans quiet.* But here you are deceived and deceive: Is it glory to God to deprive his Church of five Sacraments, as Proteſtants do? Doth it make for Gods glory to deny his Love, Wiſdom and Power, as Proteſtants do, denying his real preſence in the Euchariſt or bleſſed Sacrament of our Lords Supper? Do not Proteſtants derogate from Gods glory, making him the Author of ſin, and that he predeſtinates men to eternal death by his only Will, without any fault? Is it not againſt Gods glory to teach Doctrine expreſly againſt the Scripture, and to make Apocryphal and deny divine Authority to the two Books of *Maccabees*, *Toby*, *Eſther*, *Eccleſiaſticus*, *Wiſdom*, *&c.* as Proteſtants do, and the book I ſend you will demonſtrate? Is it not againſt Gods glory to deny the honour of an Interceſſour to his Mother the bleſſed Virgin, and to the reſt of his Saints, as Proteſtants do? Is it not againſt Gods glory to diſobey his Church, perſecuting her, and perverting her by teaching Hereſies, as Proteſtants do? Finally, what glory is it to God, to deny him the holy Sacrifice of the Maſs, and forſake the ancient Roman Religion, the Apoſtles preached to the world, and God hath preſerved inviolable from error? And what Quiet to man, that holds that his Church may err, and hath no infallible Authority nor power to unburthen his Conſcience, nor abſolve him from his ſin, as Proteſtants hold? wherefore Proteſtant Religion cannot be the true Faith, which denieth the glory to God, and peace to men; which the Roman Church and Religion grants. Yea, but ſay you, *The Papiſts detract from God painting him as an old man, and by this means diſ-deifie him*: O, how doth paſſion wrap your great wit in the veil of ignorance! Sir, we detract not from God, to whom we give all Honour,

Calvin lib. 1. inſtitut. cap. 18. Sect. 1. 3. & Sect. 4. lib. 3. cap 21. Sect. 1. 5. & cap. 3. Sect. 1.

Honour, Glory and Praiſe; acknowledging his Deity and Trinity, one Deity and Nature in three Perſons, yet not three but one God. It is true, we paint him as an old man, not repreſenting by that Picture the Divine Eſſence it ſelf; for ſeeing God is inviſible, incomprehenſible, without members great, without colours fair, without parts meaſurable; no lineaments of body, no luſtre of Art, no proportion of ſhape can faſhion or deſcribe him: The reſemblances of God the Father in the form of an old Man, of the Holy Ghoſt in the form of a Dove, are but Explications of the Hiſtories recorded in Scripture, or Remembrances of the ſhape in which they appeared. And why may not God be expreſſed without detracting from his Deity, in the ſame form and manner wherein he hath manifeſted himſelf to mortal eyes; as to the Prophet *Iſaiah, chap.* 6. and to *Daniel, chap.* 7. *ver.* 9. So that you calumniate the Church, when you affirm us by Images to diſ-deifie Almighty God.

Neither do we derogate from his Royalty and Glory, interpoſing our Merits as you falſely impute. For as St. *John* ſaith, *Chriſt is the Vine, we are Branches.* Now as it no ways detracteth from the Glory of the Vine, that the Branches be fruitful; but rather augmenteth the ſame: So doth it neither diminiſh the Glory of Chriſt, but rather addeth thereunto; if his Servants through Faith, Charity and other Vertues inſpired and given by him, do produce ſuch works as are truly Juſt and Meritorious. Neither are the Merits of Man requiſite for any inſufficiency of the Merits of Chriſt, but rather for proof of their great vertue and efficacy. For the works of Chriſt, not only merited with God our Eternal Salvation, but alſo that we might obtain the ſame through his Grace and Merits by our own Merits. To give light to the World by the Sun, or to give heat thereto by fire doth not derogate from the power of God, but rather more proveth his Omnipotency, whereby he could work thoſe things not only himſelf, but likewiſe could give to his Creatures the power of working. This is the Doctrine of the Catholic Church, and it is inſolent Madneſs, and intolerable Pride, not to believe her being directed and governed by the Holy Ghoſt.

You further yet charge us with abſurd and wicked Tenets, as to hate our enemies to death, to judge it no ſin to revenge injuries. To think it Meritorious to kill an Heretic. That no faith or fidelity is to be kept with him. Is it poſſible that ſuch a Worthy Judicious Gentleman as your ſelf ſhould be ſo far overwhelmed with hatred to our Religion, that you could harbour in your Judgment ſuch a wicked opinion of the Catholic Church, where Wiſdom, Learning and Sanctity flouriſheth in the higheſt degree? Pardon me, Sir, you were much to blame, and amongſt Catholics loſt a great deal of Credit by publiſhing to the World ſuch abſurd Doctrine for ours, which we deteſt and hate as much as you your ſelf. What you were ignorant of you ſhould reverently admire, and not Calumniate, nor ſet for our Tenets, the errours our Adverſaries impoſe

John 16.

poſe upon us. What ſatisfaction can you give for the injury done to Gods Church, unleſs by a Recantation and Correction of your Books? What account will you give to Chriſt, when you are ſummoned at his Tribunal ſeat for the Calumniations you laid upon his Church, by which many ſouls were deceived and with-held from embracing the true Ancient Roman Religion?

What Ranſom can you give for thoſe deceived ſouls which giving Credit to your Book, perſiſted till death in the Proteſtant Religion, and were damned for their Hereſie? What Recompence for the Bloud of *Chriſt Jeſus* ſpilled and loſt in their damnation, which will cry louder than the bloud of *Abel* for Revenge againſt you? If you deſire therefore to give a good account and ſave your ſoul, read this Book, follow the Doctrine it teacheth you. Take once a good Reſolution to live and die a Roman Catholic, then do Pennance for your ſins, recall and correct the errours of your Book by the help of ſome Catholic Divine: There are others that muſt be corrected in your Reſolve of the choice of Religion, concerning the Roman Faith, which ſtands more for Gods Glory, and the quiet and Eternal good of the ſoul; and without this there is no hope of Salvation. Believe me, Sir, I love your perſon, but hate your errours, and the zeal of your Salvation moved my Pen far inferiour to yours in Eloquence to write theſe rude lines. If my counſel take effect, I ſhall think my ſelf happy, if not, I ſhall juſtifie Gods Cauſe, do my duty to which my eſtate, *& Charitas Chriſti urget nos.* I beſeech Almighty God of his mercy, to give you light, that you may ſee the errrors of your new Religion, the Truth of ours; That entring here into the Militant Roman Church, you may deſerve hereafter to be a Member of the Triumphant in Heaven: So expecting your anſwer, I reſt, committing you to the protection of ſweet Jeſus,

From Cadiz *and the Colledge of the Society of* Jeſus *the* 23. Decemb. 1637.

Your aſſured Friend and Servant in Chriſt, WILLIAM JOHNSON.

XVII.

THE ANSWER.

For Mr. William Johnſon *of the Colledge of the Society of* Jeſus *in* Cadiz *theſe.*

To my Wonder (Sir)

ABout *Auguſt* laſt, I received your Letter, where I find you admire my Wit, and tax my Honeſty: and truly I think are deceived in both. For as I may not allow your Praiſe of the one, ſo I muſt not endure the Condemnation of the other; Since Flattery and Diſpraiſe (though their looks be contrary) are ſo near ally'd, as they both

both agree in men ingenuous to raiſe the rebuking bluſh. And had your Letter been as full of Truth as it pretends Charity, I ſhould have met that Candor in it which now I muſt complain it wants. Nor is it the property of Love (which you ſeem to profeſs) to take a worſe ſenſe where a better is more probable, as even in the beginning you are pleas'd to fall upon. *That I ſay I do not profeſs my ſelf a Scholar*, you object as matter of Ignorance, forgetting that to any unpartial underſtanding, it will be conceived a Scholars life is not my profeſſion. For I have liv'd in ſuch a courſe, as my Books have been my delight and recreation, but not my Trade: though perhaps I could wiſh they had. The next that you bid me remember that I ſay, *This not knowing makes us not able to Judge*: and 'tis true I ſay ſo, and am ſtill of that opinion. I tell you Religions are in ſome things ſet in heights beyond our reaſons reach. *What think you of faith?* S. *Paul* will tell you, 'tis the evidence of things unſeen, and ſo unknown. Let me be a little bold to ask you, if your reaſon can track the Miraculous Conception of our bleſſed Saviour? Can your reaſon ſatisfie you in the Hypoſtatical Union of his Divine and Humane Nature, or in the Myſtery of the Trinity, the Reſurrection and Immortality of the Soul? In theſe and many others I do confeſs my weakneſs, but does this therefore conclude that I know not the Roman Church nor Religion? How come you to know that I know it not? I'm ſure I never told you ſo. Next you ſay I confeſs that before I could diſcern the true Religion, I was brought up in Hereſie, ſucking in Hereſie with my milk; and that even at Mans Age I did not examine the ſoundneſs of it, but retained it as the Faith of my Parents.

Heb. 11.

Certainly, if I did this I ſcarce deſerv'd your Charity. 'Tis a degree of impiety I have not heard of, that any did continue to live in that Religion which his own Conſcience did tell him was falſe, and he ſo told the World. When you think what an unpardonable ſin you accuſe me of, I am confident you will repent your Charge. For to my apprehenſion, It may be the ſin againſt the Holy Ghoſt; if there be but Malice (which you cannot ſee) and I wiſh all Chriſtians free from.

But (Sir) can you or any man juſtly from my writings infer this? Go again to your own breſt and ſee whether I ſpeak as *ex Confeſſo* of my ſelf, or as a complaint, that 'tis a miſery to which mankind is incident; and therefore the very next words are, *What a lamentable weakneſs is this in Man?* Accompanied with ſo many complaints againſt it, as I think it is not poſſible any thing of reaſon can conclude, I mean my ſelf. What think you of this in St. *Auguſtine*?---- *Simplices & Indocti Regnum Cœlorum rapiunt, & nos cum literis noſtris ad Infernum deſcendimus:* The ſimple and unlearned get up to Heaven, while we with our knowledge ſink down into Hell. As I take it the manner of ſpeech is the ſame: yet I hope you will not out of this conclude that St. *Auguſtine* confeſſes himſelf to be damned. If

In Mat. 11.

you

you would have writ, you ſhould have offer'd Grain, not Chaff, this ſhames your Pen.

After this you charge the *Proteſtants* of being prejudicial to Gods glory by robbing his Church of five Sacraments. I deny not but ſome of thoſe may in ſome ſenſe be ſo called; and are ſo termed by ſome of the Fathers. But we have not like Authority from Scripture or Primitive practice, as we have for the other two. Nor do any of the Ancient Fathers certainly define the number ſeven. Nor do they all ſo much as in words acknowledge all. In our two all agree and ever have agreed. For them we have warrant from our Saviour, *Ite Baptizate, &c. Hoc facite, &c.* Go and Baptize, &c. Do this, &c. Mat. 28. 19. 1 Cor. 11. 24.

For the real preſence (as you hold it) I take it for the Monſter of your Church. In Religion there may be things above reaſon: but croſſing and overthrowing plainly the Fundamentals of Nature and Reaſon, I believe there are not. Whether you grant your *Tranſubſtantiation* by *converſion* as the *Dominicians*, or by *ſucceſſion* as the *Franciſcans*, yet in the *Main* you acknowledge a *Miracle*, elſe 'tis not *Tranſubſtantiate*. Now if any Author *Divine* or *Humane* you can tell me of a *Miracle* wrought, and yet no *Miracle* appear, as 'tis in this where you will have Fleſh and Bloud under the *Species* of Bread and Wine, then I have done and ſhall recant my error. When Chriſt turned the water into Wine, it appear'd Wine. When he told the people *Jairus* daughter was not dead but aſleep, they laughed him to ſcorn, becauſe to their ſenſe they ſaw it otherwiſe. And if he had brought her out ſtill dead, and told them ſhe was alive, would they have believ'd him, or would they not have laugh'd much more? If ſhe had not appear'd alive, where had been his *Miracle*, or their belief? Reaſon, Nature, and Senſe cannot in this kind be deluded with either words or fallacies. But for me to believe that to be Fleſh, which I ſee and taſte Bread, is to turn Mad-man, and for an unwarrantable Faith forfeit both my Reaſon and Senſe. Mark 5. 39, 40, &c.

For Predeſtination you urge *Calvin*. But (Sir) the Church of *England* is not bound to his Tenets, nor do I hold my Faith from him, but from my bleſſed Saviour and his Apoſtles. Let it ſuffice, I hold man faln to be the ſubject of Predeſtination. I believe no man ſaved but by Gods Mercy: No man damned but by his own default.

The books which are Canonical, I hold to be thoſe which were ſo held by the *Jews*, cited and owned by Chriſt and his Apoſtles, and the Primitive Church. And this I take for good Authority, further I dare not go unleſs I could ſee better grounds.

Nor do I deny the Interceſſion of the bleſſed Virgin and the reſt of the Saints, by praying for the Church in general. But Invocation is out of my Road, I uſe to pray to nothing that I do not ſee, but what I know Omnipotent, Omniſcient, and Ubiquitary.

Gods Church though it be not Roman, I obey without teaching Hereſies.

In the Sacrament of the Lords Supper, we do not wholly deny a Sacrifice. But a proper propitiatory Sacrifice as you hold, we deny justly. If it be proper, shew us the Body and the Immolation? if that be Invisible, how is it proper?

Surely, the true Ancient Roman Religion, which Christ and his Apostles taught, we hold, and you do not: having super-structed so many Additions and Deviations, that the right old Roman Religion and the now professed Roman are two Religions.

And certainly, if the Judges may be indifferent, we have much the advantage of you: For we have the sacred Scriptures, our blessed Saviour, his Apostles, and the purer Primitive Times, and the late Reformation, or Revivement rather, all on our side: And you have only the intervention of 800 years, for some things it may be more, and for others much less; and these either groundless or against grounds.

As for Gods Church, we believe that it agreeing with Scripture cannot err, I believe before the Scriptures were written, the Churches power was absolute and Arbitrary, guided by the Spirit of God: But they being written by Divine Inspiration, and she accepting them from her Rule, became tyed to them, which she did confirm, not make. If you urge things warrantable by these, or not against them, we obey; if crossing these, the Answer is with the Apostles, *Whether it is better to obey God or Man, judge you.* Act. 4. 19.

Every man has liberty allowed him by our Church to disburthen his own Conscience, to which (though not compelled) he is exhorted; and if he does, the Priest has Authority to absolve him. And this in these things I understand for the Doctrine of our Church: which are so well vindicated by men so infinitely above my abilities, as in my reason I am so well satisfied, as I desire not to be further Controversial.

I deny not but some private men, by the too much liberty of the Press, (which I acknowledge a fault) may perhaps have publish'd some things not so Orthodox; but what are these to me, while they wander from Foundations? I am neither *Zuinglian*, nor *Lutheran*, nor *Calvinist*, nor *Papist*, but *Christian*; for I build not on men, but on God and his Church agreeing. His Church I believe may err, I mean a particular Church, which yet may be a true Church, and so his: But this of his universal Church lawfully congregated and free, in matters of Faith, I averr, not.

Well, you are now come to charge me with imposing Tenets on your Church, which you say she holds not. But in this Charge you charge me with more than ever I put upon you, as *To hate your Enemies to death, To judge it no sin to revenge Injuries*; these, if you read again, you will find I charge on the *Jews*, not you; to clear which you have it,--*That he deserves not the name of a* Rabbi, *that hates not his enemies to death.* I confess they are put promiscuously, but so as any that would not willingly mistake, may distinguish them. And

you

you may as well say, I charge you with *Turcism* as with these *Judaisms*, for all are spoken alike.

No (Sir) they are only four things I charge you with: Two, I suppose you will not deny; and the other two, I think, I may prove.

The first is that you derogate from God the Father by pourtraying him as an old man; and this I cannot believe but you do. You say, they are but Explications in *Isaiah* and *Daniel*; in *Isaiah* I find him not described after this manner, but *Sitting on a Throne with such a glory, as filled the whole Earth; and at the brightness of whose presence even the Angels* (as not able to endure it) *covered their faces with their cœlestial wings.* If you could paint such a Glory, I could say something in excuse: Surely 'tis a vain attempt in man, when in the most elevated speculations of his mind he cannot comprehend a Deity, that he will yet presume by a Painters dull hand and deader colours to decipher him. In *Daniel* I find him called *the Ancient of days, and his hair as pure Wool*: But what Authority is this to shape all his parts like man? In either Vision there is some thing not delineable; In *Isaiah* the Lintels of the door moved at the Voice, and in *Daniel* the Books were opened: Or if he did thus out of special favour to his beloved Prophets, assume a shape to comply with their Capacities, who yet knew to them he was not in himself contemplable; shall we dare to obtrude him flatted by a Pencil, to the gaze of such as judge but what they see? If we were to paint Man, we could not give him less; and shall we so limn God, as not to give him more? These were Visions extraordinary, which we have not warrant to draw into ordinary practice. Gods Commandments are to be followed by us, but all his actions draw not into example; especially such as these whereof we find no encouragement, but in several places absolute prohibitions, as —*All Nations are to him as nothing, less than nothing and vanity; to whom then will ye liken God? or what similitude will ye set up unto him?* and this repeated in the 25. Verse. And a little after God says, *He will not give his praise to Images.* Yea, and in *Deut. Moses* delivers it with a —*Cavete valde; for ye saw no similitude in the day that the Lord spake unto you in* Horeb, *out of the midst of the fire.* Methinks for this you might take Gods own word to *Moses*,—*Thou canst not see my face, for there shall no man see me and live*—. How then can we represent that which yet we never could, and God himself says we cannot see? By his glorious Attributes God is known, but no corporeal shape could ever yet express him. What dimensions will you give to him that has none? He that will paint himself a God, guesses out an Idol; and even his *Back-parts* (as they are called) were so bright, as by *Moses* they were undescribable: His conversation with God in the Mount sticking such a glory upon him, as the People were not able to look on. How detestable it was to the *Jews* I need not tell; nor do I believe in the primitive times that you can find a Father pleading for't:

Isa. 40. 17, 18.

Chap. 42. 8.

Chap. 4. 15.

Exod. 33. 20.

Can. 36. The Council of *Eliberis* says,— *Placuit picturas in Ecclesia esse non debere, ne quod colitur, aut adoratur, in parietibus depingatur*: We conceive there ought to be no pictures in the Church, lest that which ought to be adored and worshipped, be painted upon the walls.

In Psal. 118. Saint *Ambrose* was not of your opinion when he said,— *Invisibilis Dei Imago non in eo est quod videtur, sed in eo utiq; quod non videtur*, The invisible Image of God is not in that which is to be seen, but in that which is not seen. And again,— *Nec corporalibus oculis Deus quæritur, nec circumscribitur visu, nec tactu tenetur*: God is not to be sought with corporal eyes, neither is he circumscrib'd by sight, nor can he be retain'd by any corporal feeling. How then can such be set in Figure? *Insipientiæ summæ est, & impietatis, figurare quod divinum est*: It is the highest folly and the greatest Impiety, to make any draught of that which is Divine. Saith *Damascene*, to which also *Durand* does accord, —*Fatuum est imagines facere ad repræsentandum Deum*: It is a sottish thing to make any Image wherewith God may be represented. And your *Aquinas*, 500 years after him, has it positively thus,— *Ipsi autem vero Deo, cum sit incorporeus, nulla Imago corporalis potest poni*: For the true God since he is incorporeal, there ought no corporeal Image to be made. Saint *Augustine* comes home to your own phrase of Explication, *Nescio quid in nobis spiritualiter & corporaliter facit Deus: quod nec sonus sit qui percutiat, nec color qui oculis discernatur, nec odor qui naribus capiatur, nec sapor qui faucibus indicetur, nec durum & molle quod tangendo sentiatur: & tamen aliquid est, quod sentire facile, explicare non possibile*: I know not how it is, that both spiritually and corporally God still worketh in us; since he is neither a sound that is audible, nor any colour discernable by sight, nor any scent that is taken by the Nostrils, nor any taste that is gustable by the Palate; he is neither hard nor soft, nor to be perceived by feeling: and yet he is something to discern, but not possibly unfold or explicate. Yea, even before the Gospel it seems it was the opinion of the wiser sort of Philosophers,— *Zenophon formam Dei veri negat videri posse, & ideo quæri non oportere.— Quem colimus Deum, nec ostendimus nec videmus; imò ex hoc Deum credimus, quod cum sentire possumus, videre non possumus*: *Zenophon* denied that ever the form of the true God could be seen, and therefore we ought never to be in quest of it. The God that we worship we neither shew nor can see; and even from this we know him to be God, That though we can perceive him, yet with corporal eyes we never can behold him, Says the eloquent Lawyer.

Lib. 1. *super Luc.*

Lib. 4. *cap.* 15.

Lib. 3. *dist.* 9. *quæst.* 2.

Pars. 3. *quæst.* 25. *art.* 3.

Aug. super Johan.

Minut. Fœlix.

If there were no more but the evil consequence, it were enough to deter all Christians from it. For, however your more learned know he is not portrayed, yet the poor and uncapacious Vulgar think him to be such as they see: Whereby the Fools Jeer in the Psalm falls upon them, —*Thou thoughtest I was even such as thy self, but I will reprove thee, &c.* And sure in so many Fathers of *Trent*, it may appear a kind of Solecism in judgment, that they would teach

Psal. 53. 21.

one

one thing by Example, and yet give the contrary in precept; as to allow the illuſtration of the Divinity by Figures, and yet teach the people that the Divinity cannot be figured. Beſides all this that it does among the ruder Chriſtians, it infinitely ſcandals our Religion and God among ſtrangers: If the ignorant *Indian* or remote *American* ſhall find the Chriſtians God an old man, and ſometimes with three faces to one body, as I have ſeen the lewd Idol of the Trinity; and ſometimes two bodies and a Dove; or an old Man, a Lamb and a Pigeon: They have no reaſon but to think as well of their own proper Idols; and of the two, Heathen *Jupiter* may as well be lik'd, for he was figur'd as man in his ſtrength, naked, and with Lightning in his hand: But yours is in decrepid age, weaponleſs, and wrap'd in Furs, as if he needed warmth. And for the other, the old Roman *Trivia* may as well be reckon'd on.

Seſſio 9. de Invocat. Sanctorum, &c.

In Miſſale ſecundum uſum Eccleſ. Sarum, Impr. 1520.

Theſe are not only guilty of diſ-deifying him, but they turn God into a prodigy, and confirm ſuch as are yet no Chriſtians more ſtrongly in their own Idolatry,——*Sic à cœlo deorſum gravant; & à Deo vero ad materias avocant*: Thus groſly they ſink down from Heaven, and from the true God unto dull materials lead their Proſelytes. Thus from being a moſt pure, omnipotent and incomprehenſible ſpiritual Eſſence (and by being ſo conceived, aweth the inquiſitive and revolutive Soul of man) he is hereby degraded, and thruſt down into the ſcale of the ſinful, weak corruptible creature, which needs muſt load him with contempt.

Minut. Fœlix

To my apprehenſion the Apoſtles is even a home Tax to this, ——*When they profeſſed themſelves to be wiſe they became fools: For they turned the glory of the incorruptible God to the ſimilitude of the Image of a corruptible Man.* Queſtionleſs it was to avoid this; That God in all his Colloquies and Appearances to man, did ever come in ſomething that was ſhadow; as if he would be ſo inveloped as man ſhould not know how to pencil him; ſuch was the *Burning Buſh*, the *Pillar of fire*, the *Cloud*, the *thick Darkneſs*, the *Whirlwind*, the *ſmall ſtill Voice*, and the like.

Rom 1.22, 23.

And even to this may be added that which Saint *Ambroſe* ſays, after he had wholly condemned the deſcribing God in a bodily ſhape, when God ſhewed himſelf in any outward Figure, *Non Pater intelligitur, ſed Filius*: The Son, and not the father is underſtood.

For the figuring of the Holy Ghoſt by a Dove, it may be pleaded that the appearance was more open, as being *ſub dio*, in the clear day, and witneſſed by many; whereas the other were Viſions, and not perſpicable with corporal but mental eyes. Of this I find two Opinions; one that it was a real Dove that appeared, thus *Tertullian*, Saint *Auguſtine*, and your *Maldonate*: If this be true, how muſt the Holy Ghoſt be alwaies put in this form? You may with the ſame reaſon for the Devil paint a Herd of Swine, becauſe with our Saviours leave he entred and precipitated them into the Sea. The other

Maldonat. in Mat. 3.

other opinion is, that it was an assumed shape: not that it was a Dove indeed, but appeared so to the Beholders: and this seems to sute with the words of the Text, which says it was *quasi Columba*, as if it had been a Dove: And if it were but like, it could not be the thing really, so not the shape of the Holy Ghost upon every occasion to be put upon it, since at other times it varied. So that though perhaps the historical use restrained to that story only, may not be totally unlawful; yet in regard no hurt can come by omitting it, and there may be harm by the representation, (for which we have no Authority from Scripture) I think it were better forborn. And because the Cannon forbids the expressing Christ by the form of a Lamb, *Caranza* from the same reason concludes, — *Prohibuerunt Spiritum Sanctum sub Columba figurari*: They forbad the Holy Ghosts being represented in the form of a Dove.

6 Concil. Constantinopolitan. can. 82.

The second is that I charge you with interposing of Merits; 'tis confess'd I do so; and I perswade my self most justly: You will not deny but your works through grace are meritorious; Thus *Bellarmine*, *Opera bona justorum absolutè esse meritoria vitæ æternæ ex condigno*: The good works of just men absolutely, and out of condignity do deserve eternal life. And *Vasques* plainly in a manner excludes the Merits of Christ; he hath it thus, —— *Cum opera justi condignè mereantur vitam æternam, tanquam æqualem mercedem & præmium, non opus est interventu alterius meriti condigni, quale est meritum Christi, ut iis reddatur vita æterna*: Since the works of the just do worthily merit eternal life as an equivalent reward and recompence, there is no need of the intervention of any others merit of condignity (as is the merit of Christ) whereby eternal life may be obtained. And the Council of *Trent* blusters out *Anathema*, Accursed, to those who do not hold it. 'Tis true in a regenerate man I believe the essence of the work is good, because Grace is the *primus motor*, First mover: but in all men these works are stained most privatively and positively: Privatively, by want of perfect Charity, —— *Plenissima charitas est in nemine, illud autem quod minus est quam esse debet, ex vitio est; ex quo vitio non est justus in terra*: Perfect charity is not in any body, and that which is less than it ought to be, is from defect and sin; and by this means there is not any man just in this world. Can you think your charity, while you have your flesh about you, can bear that noble flame it ought? Can you love God as you ought, and that without distraction? Can you heighten it to that clear brightness which the Apostle gives it? Certainly, if I should think so, though my Faith were very strong, I should have cause to doubt my own salvation: Nay, the stronger it were, the more I were in danger; because at last I should find it misplaced, and my Faith would be in works, and not in Christ that saveth.

De Just. lib. 5. 17.

1,2. quest. 114. *disp.* 222. *c.* 3.

Sess. 6. cap. 16. *can.* 32.

Aug. Epist. 29.

1 Cor. 13.

Secondly, There is in all mans works a positive ill, and this is Concupiscence. Surely you will not deny but that Saint *Paul* was a regenerate man when he wrote his Epistle to the *Romans*, yet he is plain

plain in this case and says, *That when he would do good, he is thus yoked, that evil is present with him.* And after he has found a deliverance from this by Christ, lest he might in himself be thought without sin, he concludes thus, *Then I my self in mind serve the Law of God, but in my flesh the Law of sin.* *David* of himself will not own any such perfection, but makes God the *God of his righteousness.* Psal.4.1: The forenamed Apostle held on in the same steps, and says, *By the grace of God I am what I am:* and lest this speech might be taken of his Vocation, in the same Verse he speaks the same of his works, *I laboured more abundantly than they all, yet not I, but the grace of God which is in me.* 1 Cor.15.10.

Job, of all we read, was the most confident of his own Integrity, (which indeed was rare and gloriable:) To men he boasted loud, and thought it such, that he began to brave the Almighty: But alas! when God came to argue, —*Who is this that darkens counsel by words without knowledge?*——Then *Job* flags, and falls, and cries out, *he is vile*; will in humble silence with his own hand close his mouth, and at last abhor himself, and repent in dust and ashes. Merit in your sense! why sure a Subject, though he spend his Estate, his Life, his Fame, and all he has, for the service of his natural Prince; yet he cannot call that service Merit: For all (if need require) by the Laws of God and man is in duty owing to him. And will you yet believe you can deserve from God, from whom that you had at all a being, or that Christ was ever sent, was meerly mercy? —*We are justified freely by Grace*, and (which must needs be after it in time) ——*Eternal life is the gift of God.* Job 38.2. 42.36. Rom.3.28. 6.23.

And even in that Commandment, which is so oft left out among you, (the Second) in the end God says,——*He will shew mercy unto thousands of them that keep his Commandments.* If he calls that Mercy which he shews to those that do observe them, who shall dare to stile it Merit, exacting reward meerly for the works sake? Oh vain and empty boasting! That Man, who cannot but be daily conscious to himself of his own Imperfections, should yet dare to contest with God, and challenge Heaven as debt for the worth of the work he hath wrought?

It cannot be called Merit in your acceptation, without such a ballance of worth as to over-weigh, or at least fully to counterpoise, the thing that it obtains. And in this way towards merit Man cannot go higher than in Martyrdom; but how much inferior all the works, all the Perpessions of Man are (of which God has no need) in comparison of Eternal Life, and the unchangeable felicity of the Saints, be you but judge; or do but remember how the Apostle sleights them with a —*Reor minimè pares, &c.* I think them not fit to be compared. Rom.8.18.

Further, it is not in the power of any Creature, by it self to raise it self to a higher perfection, than in its first creation it was set in: Now the height of mans perfection was a —*Posse non peccari*, That he might

might not have ſinned; and there he might have ſtood: But now in his glorification he attains to a —*Non poſſe peccare*, That he cannot ſin; to which by himſelf or his own nature he could never riſe, but as he is carried by his merits that was more than man. 'Tis Chriſts Magnetic force which draws the faithful after him; who touch'd by him, though they have the adhering quality, yet like Needles as they hang they quiver, when all the attraction is in the Load-ſtone only.

You may pleaſe to conſider beſides, That whatſoever is Gods own peculiarly, the creature cannot have an Intereſt in, but by his free donation. Joys unſpeakable and glorious are Gods alone: their fountain is in him. Man may do good works, actions brave and ſplendid; and God may beſtow thoſe in recompence of theſe: yet had they all the perfections Humanity can be capable of, I ſee not how they can merit that from God, which but meerly by his mercy he is not bound to part withall. Let a Subject do his Prince never ſo great, never ſo goodly ſervice; 'tis true, I believe the Prince both may and will reward him (as is uſual) with one or other Title of Honour: But though he does, even that which we do call reward, is in him an act of bounty, which if he did not do he did no wrong, becauſe the root of Honour is in himſelf, and freely 'tis in his own choice, whether he will impart it or no. Good works to be rewardable we acknowledge as well as you; nay more, we believe God has bound himſelf to reward them, but 'tis by his meerly gracious mercy, and his free voluntary promiſe, and no way for the value of the work done.

And it ſeems to me, that the Princes of this world, as led by the ſame inſtinct, and jealous of their own Prerogatives; though they have highly rewarded their Favourites with Honours, yet they have cared for the moſt part to have thoſe rewards expreſſed as the acts of their own free grace and bounty. Thus *Philip le Beau* of *France*, creating *John* the ſecond Duke of *Bretaign* into the title of a Peer of the Realm, after enumeration of many Services, the Patent runs thus, —*Ipſum degratia noſtra promovemus in Parem, &c.* Of our favour we advance him to the degree of a Peer, &c.

Anno 1297. *Bertrand. d'Argent. Hiſt. de Bret. lib. 5. cap.* 32.

Anno 1433. the Succeſſor of the ſaid Duke made *Jean de Beaumanoire* Lord of *Bois*, *&c.* and the Patent hath it thus, ——*Pour parte de remuneration, de noſtre grace,---avons donne, &c.* In part of recompence, of our grace and favour we have given, &c. And *Spaniſh* Patents I have ſeen having it, ----*E ſatisfaction delos dichos ſervicios de mi proprio motu, &c.* In ſatisfaction of the ſaid ſervices of my proper motion, &c. In *England* anciently they ſaid, ----*Sciatis quod nos de gratia noſtra ſpeciali, & mero motu noſtris,---conceſſerimus, &c.* Know ye, That of our ſpecial grace and our free motion we have granted, &c. In the Bull of *Pius* the fifth, whereby he created *Coſmo di Medicis*, *Magnum Etruriæ Ducem*, Great Duke of *Tuſcany* or *Florence*; the words are theſe,--*Motu proprio---& mera liberalitate noſtris*

Aug. du Paz. Hiſt. de pluſte maiſons, de Bret.

Alonſo Lopez. in Nobiliario part 1.

P. Math. in Summ. Conſt. Con. Pii. 5.

---*creamus*

—*creamus*, Of our proper motion-- and our meer bounty-- we create, *&c.* And though ſomtimes perhaps they call'd thoſe ſervices Merits (as comparatively I deny not but they might) yet they never held them ſuch as could exact reward, but as their bounties prompted them.

P. Math. in Summ. Chriſt. Con. Pii. 5.

It ſeems that the Fathers of former times had no ſuch haughty conceits. The opinion of St. *Gregory* concerning merits, is of another ſtrain, when he affirms, ——*Omne virtutis noſtræ meritum eſſe vitium, omnem humanam Juſtitiam eſſe injuſtitiam, ſi deſtricte judicetur*: If it come to be preciſely judged of, all the Merit of our Vertue is Vice, all human Juſtice is Injuſtice. For which he had Authority ſufficient, *Pſal.* cxliii. 2. *Job* ix. 20. *Pſal.* cxxx. 3. St. *Bernard* is as Orthodox where he ſays, ——*Hoc totum hominis meritum, ſi totam ſpem ſuam ponat in eo qui totum ſalvum fecit. Sufficit ad meritum ſcire quod non habemus merita.* All the merit of man is to put his whole truſt in him that can wholly ſave us. It ſufficeth for our merit, to know that we have none. That of St. *Chryſoſtom* ſuits with this Doctrine. —*Etſi millies moriamur, etſi omnes virtutes animi expleamus, nihil dignum gerimus ad ea quæ ipſi à Deo percepimus:* Should we die a thouſand deaths, ſhould we complete all mental vertues; yet could we do nothing worthy of thoſe things that God beſtows upon us. And in one of his Homilies he is yet plainer ——*Si totum tempus vitæ hujus occupant obſequia, laudes teneantur, gratiarum actiones inſiſtant, non poteris penſare quod debet:* Should our whole life time be ſpent in obedience in ſinging Praiſes and giving Thanks; yet could we never repay what we moſt juſtly owe. St. *Ambroſe* cries out, —*Unde mihi tantum meriti cui indulgentia pro corona eſt:* How ſhould I come by any thing of merit, when indulgence is the only Crown I have? In the Council of *Aurange* it is as rightly ſaid, —*Debetur merces bonis operibus ſi fiant, ſed Gratia quæ non debetur precedit ut fiant. Neminem niſi Deo miſerante ſalvari*--*&, multa in homine bonò fiant, quæ non facit homo. Nulla vero facit homo bona quæ non Deus præſtet ut faciat homo.* There is a Reward due to good Works when they are done, but grace that is not due precedes them that can be done; without mercy from God there is not any man that can be ſaved——and, there are many good things done by man which man does not do: But yet does man do nothing that is good, but what God firſt does work in him, that thereby he may be able to do it.

Mav. 9. cap. 1. 14.

Serm. 53. De Compunct. cordis.

Exhortat. ad Virgines. Can. 18. & 20.

But ſay you, Chriſt merited that we might obtain Salvation by our own merits. The plenitude of Chriſts merits we acknowledg, but any properly our own, unleſs *Ex pacto*--- By Covenant, by Gods free Mercy and Promiſe we deny: 'Tis true, Chriſt merited for us, and by the application of his merits through Faith we are ſaved: But where are any our own from the dignity of works, but in the late writings of ſome of your ſide? I ſay ſome, for all are not of this opinion. But ſuppoſe your own poſition ſhould be granted (which we do not) yet ſince you cannot merit but by vertue of Chriſts merit,

why will you rather call this your own merit than his? Since the effect must be ever in debt to the Cause. And even to come to your own instance, though the branches be fruitful, yet men do not attribute their fruitfulness to themselves, but to the Vine, without which they could not be at all. If they could be fruitful of themselves cut off from the Vine, it then were theirs peculiarly: But when they must owe it to another. —The Donor is dishonored, when the Donee is intitled to more than can be his due. *It is not in him that willeth, nor in him that runneth, but in God that sheweth Mercy. And he it is that worketh in us both the Will and the Deed even of his good pleasure.*

Rom. 9. 16.

Phil. 2. 13.

For my part, for man to lean against the rotten wall of his own works, I hold to be presumption and a hazard. To plant all my expectation in my blessed Saviour can be neither; his merits are sufficient for me, and I cannot over-honor him by trusting: And surely your Cardinal saw as much, when he became so ingenious as to acknowledg his *Tutissimum, &c.* I am resolved to abandon my self, and am confident I shall fare the better with God because I depend upon him alone. Besides Sir, I dare not venture to live in that Faith, wherein those of your side dare not adventure to die. I believe you can hardly tell me of any one understanding Papist that ever dy'd confiding in his own merits for his Salvation. Then I'm sure they flie to Christ: So whosoever pleads most for human merits in his life, his Death becomes a Retraction, and he is then glad to let go this Reed of *Egypt*, to catch at the Staff of Life indeed, *Christ Jesus.*

Bellar.

Thus your Champion Cardinal (whose Learning and Life you have not many to equal) in his last Will bequeaths his Soul to God as a giver of mercies, not as a rewarder of merits. And here among us a most noble and meritorious Lord of the *Roman* Faith, who truly cannot be too much honored for his parts and piety, is yet so far from this over-strained error, that he gives it for his Motto to his Arms, *En Grace affie.* Nay, those of your side do not only, not die in it, but they do not live in it. For however some licentious pens have vented it of the Regenerate in general, I could never yet meet with any that would personally speak it of himself in particular. Which seems to me to argue, that either none of you are Regenerate; or else, that though it be voted in the gross, yet you do not believe that it will hold in special. If it be true, why do you not own it; If not true, why do you teach it?

Idem.

It is as strange that those of your side should aver that the good works of those that are renate, should out of Condignity merit Heaven (which is far beyond all that this World can Administer) and yet give it under their own hands, that they are not worthy Governments Terrene and Finite, as you may find it in the Bull of *Leo* the X. that conferred the Title of *Defensor Fidei*, on our *Henry* the VIII. which is subscribed by himself and 27. Cardinals of that time, and speaks thus, —*Ex supernæ Dispositionis Arbitrio, licet imparibus meritis Universalis Ecclesiæ Regimini præsidentes, &c.* We the President for

Laertius cher. de Nursia. Bullar. Tom. 1.

for the Government of the Universal Church by the Disposure of the Heavenly Will, though with merit no way answerable to the favor. Away, Away! If his Holiness and all his Conclave who pretend to the Treasury of the super-abundant merits of all the Saints, dare not challenge out of merit to be Bishop of *Rome*: Let no man ever hereafter have the front to think by his own desert to become an Heir to Heaven.

Alas! though man does somtimes somthing that is partly good, what a soil of ill adheres? Evil with his thoughts is mixt, as with corrupted air, Infection; and then how advantagious is that against goodness? It was observed of *Themistocles*, That after he denied Fortune a share in his Victories, attributing all to himself, he then became unprosperous; And surely since your Church has thus assumed Merit for the value of the work it self, you shall find it has not flourish'd as it did before. He that does ascribe his goodness to himself, does render to the world even all his good suspected, by usurping what is not his own.

Now, Sir, I am come to the other two; *That it is meritorious to kill an Heretic, with whom no Faith is to be kept.* Which (not to swell a Letter too big) depending one upon another, I will link together. These you deny valiantly, and I should be glad you did it as justly: I know well enough some of your side are ashamed to own this Doctrine unvizorded, and therefore they seek to evade it with the Council of *Constance*, where this King-killing is covertly condemned, but tacitly implied; for it says, *It is not lawful and meritorious for every particular person to kill a Tyrant*, but withal it adds, *Non expectata sententia vel mandato judicis cujuscunque*: Without expecting the sentence or command of some Judg. So that for ought is there said, if the Pope or any General of an Order, sentence him or command, it may be both lawful and meritorious. *Sessio 15. Conc. Constantiensis.*

I know also there is a pretended private condemnation of *Mariana's* Book, *De Rege & Regis Institutione*, Of Kings and Kingly Institution: But if it be serious, why is it not publish'd? Or how comes it to pass, that when this Book should have been suspended by his Holiness, he was pleased to mistake another of the same Authors, not pertinent to the business, and let this go unreprehended? But howsoever these shifts are offered to dazle weak inspections, the facts are so notorious to the world, and the approbation of those facts manifested in such capital letters, as I must needs think, either you have read very little of your own side, or else that you carry so much confidence about you, as is resolved not to blush at any thing that can fall from your pen.

The first Fact I will speak of, is the murther of the Prince of *Orange* by *Gerard*, who at his Arraignment confessed he had imparted his intention of murther to *Gery*, Warden of the Fryers at *Tourney*, who encouraged him, gave him his blessing, and promised to pray for him: He confessed also that he had acquainted a Jesuite of *Treves*

with the matter, and the Jesuite assured him, if he dy'd in the attempt, he should be reckoned in the number of Martyrs. And the Apologist for *John Chastel* says, the said *Gerard* did that deed —*Pour le bien de la Vertue.* But for this perhaps you may plead the King of *Spains* prescription, and his being a Subject; which how far he may be accounted so, that has Soveraign power, may be disputable: Howsoever I am sure 'tis far enough from Christian charity, at once (as much as in them lyes) to destroy both body and soul, by insidiating an unsumm'd life.

Franciscus Verona Constantinus. par. 2. cap. 2.

The next is the murther of *Henry* the third of *France*, and the same Author commends this murther of *James Clement*, as being *Contra hostem publicum & juridice condemnatum*, Against a public enemy, and one legally condemn'd. Nay, he goes so far as in plain terms to justifie Regicide to the world in defiance of the forenamed Conciliary Decree, his words are these, —*Non obstante Decreto supradicti Concilii Constantiensis, privatis & singulis licitum sit Reges & Principes Hæreseos & Tyrannidis condemnatos occidere:* Notwithstanding the Decree of the foresaid Council of *Constance*, it is lawful for a private person, or for any man to take away the lives of Heretical Princes, and such as are condemn'd of Tyranny. If this pass not with you, I hope you will give credit to his Holiness *Sixtus Quintus*, who in an Oration in full Consistory at *Rome*, was not ashamed to assimilate the Assassination by this *Clement*, with the mysteries of the Incarnation and Resurrection, and the acts of *Judeth* and *Eleazar*; the King was slain the first of *August*, this speech was spoken the eleventh of *September*, and printed at *Paris* about two Months after.

Idem.

Anno 1589.

The Third Fact is the attempt of *John Chastell* on *Henry* the Fourth of *France*, for whom the aforesaid Author *Fran. Vero. Constant.* has written a particular Apology; And at the Arraignment of the said *John Chastell John Guignard* was also arrested, and upon evidence under his own hand, That he approved of the murther of *Henry* the Third, and persuaded the murther of *Henry* the Fourth, he was also executed. And yet this *Guignard* with *Mariana* and his works is highly extolled by *Clarus Bonarsius*, or *Carolus Scribanus* which you please.

In Amphith. Honoris. c. 13.

A Fourth Fact is the horrid Powder Treason *Anno* 1605. which *Garnet* confessed he knew and concealed, and withal said, *It was to be reckoned among those works, which were not to be commended till done.* In defence of this *Garnet*, has *Andreas Eudæmon*, *Joannes Cydonius* written largely, and confesseth, That not long before the discovery of the Plot in his public prayers —*Monet omnes, qui ad solennem Ecclesiæ cœtum convenerant, ut obnixè orent Deum pro fœlici successu gravissimæ cujusdam rei, in causa Catholicorum sub initium Comitiorum:* He admonishes all that came to the solemn Assembly of the Church, That they should earnestly pray to God for the happy success of a certain weighty matter concerning the Catholics about the beginning

ning of the Parliament. And in ſeveral places it juſtifies this unheard-of practice in many other particulars; the work it ſelf being approv'd by the General of the Order of the Jeſuits, and others of that Society. And no wonder, ſince 'tis now by ſo many pens diſperſed, that Heretical Princes (and whoſoever the Pope ſays is ſo, muſt ſo be taken how untrue ſoever it be) ought not to be tolerated: Thus *Bellarmine*, —*Non licere Chriſtianis tolerare Regem hereticum, ſi ille conetur Subditos ad ſuam hæreſin pertrahere:* It is not lawful for Chriſtians to indure an Heretical King, if he endeavors to perſuade his Subjects to his Hereſie. The like ſays *Parſons*, and that he ought to be made away, — *Idque ante prolatam Papæ ſententiam*, Before the publication of the Popes ſentence againſt him. Of the ſame ſutable Opinion is *Emanuel Sa, in Aphoriſmi Confeſſar. in verbo* Tyrannus. *Suares de cenſuris, diſput.* 15. *ſect.* 6. *Boucher de juſta abdicatione* Henrici *Tertii lib.* 3. and many others. Nay, this *Garnet* and his fellow *Oldcorne* are by the ſaid *Bellarmine* for this gallant Enterpriſe ſtyled by the name of Martyrs; yea, and for ſuch, are put in the Jeſuits Catalogue of Martyrs printed at *Rome*. A glory we ſhall never envy you, to have your Martyrs multiplied by them we know for Traytors. Now I would demand, Whether or no the requiting Murtherers and Sicariots with the crown of Martyrdom, be not in your ſenſe to make the act meritorious?

De Pontif Romano. 5. 7.

Philopat. Sect. 2. p. 109.

And for the matter of not keeping Faith with them, I ſhall not need examples, the World is every where ſo full. How many Emperors, Kings, and Princes has the Papacy (not only for that which you call Hereſie, but even upon diſpleaſure for ſlight matters and meer human ends) depoſed? abſolving all their Subjects from their ſworn obedience, giving their bodies as Slaves, and their goods as a prey to any that will take them. We need go no further than our own *Henry* the VIII. by the Bull of *Paul* the third, which yet wrought no other effect but heaping of ſcandal and ſcorn on the See of *Rome*.

Among many Vouchers of this Doctrine let the bold aſſeveration of *Gretzer* ſpeak for all —*Tam timidi & trepidi non ſumus, ut aſſerere palam vereamur Romanum Pontificem, poſſe, ſi neceſſitas exigat, ſubditos Catholicos ſolvere Juramento Fidelitatis, ſi Princeps Tyrannice illos tractet:* We are not ſo timerous and cowardly as that we ſhould fear publicly to aſſert, that the Biſhop of *Rome* (if neceſſity put him upon it) may and can abſolve any Catholic ſubjects from their Oath of Allegiance, if their Prince ſhall Tyrannically treat them: So that it will be true enough, if once a ſentence brands them out for Heretics, the ſworn Subjects, much leſs others, need not keep faith with them. Surely 'tis a rare gift his Holineſs has in making Knaves and Subjects perjur'd; that even whole Kingdoms of faithful Subjects, he can againſt the Law of Nations, Nature and Religion, ſhake into Traitors and Rebels againſt their lawful Soveraign:

Veſpertilio Hæretico-politicus p. 159.

Soveraign: As if he would moralize *Actæons* Fable, and turn the wild Hounds looſe to rend and tear their Maſter; and prove againſt St. *Paul*, That there are Powers not ordained of God.

Rom. 13. 1.

Father *Edmond* gives it us in right down words, and would make us believe, *That no man, how potent ſoever he be, can contract with an Infidel, or one that hath revolted from his Conſcience.* And after this he perſuades the Prince that has Heretic Subjects, to deſtroy them, even againſt his own Edicts which granted them liberty, ſaying, *Though a man has committed one fault againſt his will, by the hardneſs of the Times, yet there is no reaſon he ſhould commit two.*

Le Pædagogue d' Armes cap. 4.

Idem cap. 9.

Nay, I have reaſon to think this violation of Faith with ſuch as you call Heretics, to be the Tenet of your general Clergy. Did not the Council of *Conſtance* condemn *John Hus* and *Jerome* of *Prague*, contrary to that ſafe-Conduct that was given them? And the like would the Eccleſiaſtics have put in practice againſt *Luther* at *Worms*, if the Emperor would have given way to it, and the Elector Palatine had not ſtoutly oppoſed it, ſaying, *That it would be a thing that would brand the* German *Name, with the mark of perpetual Infamy:* And expreſſing with diſdain, *That it was intolerable for the ſervice of Prieſts, that* Germany *ſhould draw upon it ſelf the Infamy of* Not keeping the public Faith.

Hiſt. Council of Trent lib. 1.

But it is no marvel the Members ſhould be thus diſeaſed, when even the Head is tainted. *Paul* the Fourth was ſworn at his Election to the Papacy to make but four Cardinals, which Oath he preſently broke, in open Conſiſtory maintaining it as an Article of Faith, *That the Pope cannot be bound, much leſs can bind himſelf; and to ſay otherwiſe was a manifeſt Hereſie: to contradict which if any perſiſted, he would cauſe the Inquiſition to proceed againſt them.* A brave Merchant no doubt to deal with! In a Jugler, faſt and looſe is tolerable; but in a Prelate, ſure to be abhorr'd. If to arm the Subject againſt the Prince, the Father againſt the Son, the Servant againſt the Maſter, and to violate Words, Promiſes, Oaths; voluntarily, deliberately, juridically taken, (which are the ſacred Sanctions of all mundane Commerce) be to purſue the benediction and Legacy of our bleſſed Saviour, Peace; then Sir, is your Religion right, and I will think no more of taking it for Propheſie, *Ye take too much upon you, ye Sons of* Levi.

Idem lib. 5.

But whence is this Power deriv'd? as I take it 'tis pretended all from Chriſt as being his Vicar on Earth. But aſſuredly Chriſt never owned either Murther or Depoſition of lawful Monarchs; or diſpenſation of oaths lawfully taken. Nay, he refuſed not only to be a King, but at all to be a ſecular Judg, and in plain and manifeſt terms tells us, *his Kingdom is not of this World.* I read that he

he commanded St. *Peter* not to uſe his Sword; but never that he gave him any temporal one. That which he had he bids him put up, with a menace if he does uſe it, and a reaſon why he did not need it. If he had done but half as much as the *Pope*, the *Jews* had not been cozened, for he had then reſtor'd the Kingdom to *Iſrael*. St. *Peter* indeed commands us, *to be ſubject to every Ordinance of Man for the Lords ſake: but withal to Kings as Supreme.* And even in reaſon, that which does include muſt needs be the major. Now the Church ſubſiſteth in the Common-Wealth. For although they be ſo nearly link'd, as for the moſt part they flouriſh and fall together; yet 'tis poſſible there may be a State without a Church, but not the face of a Church without a Civil State. Shall the Eternal Son of God acknowledg a Power from God, even in a Heathen Magiſtrate, and under, that under one, ſubmit himſelf to the Ignominious death of the Croſs? And now a thing of frailty and of errors, which ne're had name in Sacred Scripture, muſt inſult it over Crowns and Monarchs, to which his Predeceſſors (who had as much Priviledg as he) have been ſubmiſſive and obedient. Shall the Papacy, which (had it not been for the bounty of Emperors and and other Princes) had not at this day been Maſter of one foot of Habitable Earth, now lift it ſelf to ruin thoſe that rais'd the See? This is to play the Serpent in the Fable, to ſting the boſom that gave it warmth and life. Remarkable is the acknowledgment of *Rodulph* Duke of *Suevia*, who inſtigated by *Gregory* the VII. (the firſt Author of this proud Uſurpation over Kings) to take up Arms againſt *Henry* the IV. in a Battle againſt him received a wound on his right hand, whereof he died.

1 Pet. 2. 13.

His complaint to his Friends was this. —*You ſee how my right-hand is wounded. It is the Hand whereby I ſwore to* Henry *my Lord and Maſter, that I would never annoy him. But the* Popes *Commands brought me to this, to break my Oath.* ——*Let them who have incited us ſo to do, conſider in what manner they urged us, for fear leſt we be brought to Eternal Damnation.*

Hermoldus Chron. Slav. cap. 39.

The Troop of unconfutable Writers againſt the Baſtard Prerogative of the See of *Rome* over Kings, and the Abſolution from Oaths ſolemnly taken before God and the World is ſo great, and the Arguments againſt it ſo prevalent, that I will ſay no more, but conclude all with the words of a Biſhop of *Paris* in a Caſe a-kin to this; Who when *Boniface* the VIII. had excommunicated *Philip* the Fair, and challenged the Realm of *France* as a Benefice belonging to the Papacy, ſays juſtly, *That though the impudence of the Pope was wonderful to do it, yet he thought them the greater Fools that did diſpute the Buſineſs.*

Joannes Tilius Chro. An. 1202.

Thus (Sir) you ſee I had reaſon enough to ſay what I did; I do proteſt before God if I thought I had done your ſide any wrong, I would moſt willingly recant it. For I have ever held it

it a Nobleneſs beſeeming the very beſt bravery of a Chriſtian, rather than to ſubmit in a wrong even to public acknowledgment, than by any Oratory, though never ſo potent, to maintain it: But my Conſcience and Reaſon tell me I have dealt fairly. And if you conſider the many other Enormities of *Rome*, you muſt confeſs me modeſt, to touch you with ſo ſoft a hand. In part I will follow your Counſel, for with Gods Grace, I reſolve to live and die a true Chriſtian Catholic. But a *Roman* Catholic I underſtand no more than you would me, if I ſhould call a Council National, Oecumenical, or General, particular. I have writ this becauſe I would be Civil, and ſooner you ſhould have had it, if I had been at leiſure, and had not deferr'd it in expectation of your Book you mention to have ſent me, which yet I never met with, nor with your Letter till the time before ſpecified. The love which you profeſs to my perſon I ſhall be ready to requite, which had taken me much more if the many miſtakes wherewith you ſlander me, had not thrown ſtain and ſcandal on your Charity. For your Hatred to my Errors, 'tis neither in my power nor thoughts to help it: And ſince you needs will call them ſo, you muſt pardon me that I add another to them, which is to think them none.

If you have any other matter that may be Civil Commerce, I ſhall not be adverſe to your Lines. But for my Religion, I believe my ſelf to be upon too good grounds to be moved by your pen. And to argue more were fruitleſs, ſince even the means of Reconcilement your ſide has taken away. For you allow no Judg but the Pope, whom you cry up for infallible, and beſides our denying that, we know by him we are already prejudg'd.

And does it not incline to partial, when you will admit no Judg but your own? Abate but that, and the Policy and Intereſts of either ſide, the Cavils and the Niceties, the Obſtinacy and Peeviſhneſs of men, their ſtudy on either ſide rather to maintain opinion and come off with Victory, than to find out and ſubmit to Truth; and then that mans opinion will not look ſo horridly monſtrous as ſome would have it deemed: That even a Pious, Diſcreet, Moderate, Learned Papiſt, and a Pious, Diſcreet, Moderate, Learned Proteſtant may be very near to be both of one Religion. I am ſure they have both the ſame Foundation to build upon, and both will own Chriſt and the Goſpels Heavenly Doctrine. So that the Frailties of both, I hope upon Repentance and begging forgiveneſs may receive a pardon, and they in the end meet together as well as at firſt together they began. I am not convinc'd but that both may be Gold, only one may have ſomthing more of Allay, and ſo be ſomthing coarſer than the other. Two Clocks may be made by one Workmans hand, and either of them ſomtimes may go falſe; Yet I would not have them broke

Your Servant

OWEN FELLTHAM.

XVIII.

To S. H. C.

SIR,

AFter this Week you may take your Repoſe till after the Term; and you may rejoyce in't. When I come up, though you may have as much trouble, yet your Hand and Pen will have eaſe. 'Tis ſad that the Noble Duke hath been forced to abandon this vile Nation and World: Since he could not dye when his Prince and Kinſman was martyred, it ſeems he was reſolved to vex Life with Sickneſs till he did dye; ſo that upon the matter he hath continued but a longer Mourner, and would not live to ſee the Ruine of thoſe of the Kings Friends, who now are under purſuit. Every thing hath its end: And perhaps theſe Armatory Excurſions, thus ſuddenly ſeconded by *Oyer* and *Terminer*, may make way for the Eſcape of our Friend in the *Tower*. *Peccadillo's* are drowned in Capitals: When the Covie is let fly at, then all the Currs purſue the larger Quarry: A ſingle Bird may ſteal from out a Hedge unſeen. Nor hath the State any cauſe to be angry, that thus they are Alarum'd to Arms: When an Inſurrection is once quaſh'd, the Initiators ought to be rewarded, not puniſhed; they enrich the Commander, and are a kind of Fermentation that conduces very much to the projection and Multiplication of Gold. And I commend your grave Citizens that are ſo wiſe, as never to venture but where there is hope of gain. But I am confident if they had not taken their Religion *ex Traduce*, they ſcarce would ever have ventur'd at Chriſtianity. They would have thought it a kind of impolitic intereſt, to have ador'd a Crucify'd God. If their Deity be *Pluto*, they will not be diſturbed at any ſubterranean Region he ſhall chuſe. The *Piſmire's* never troubled at

Your ever Servant.

XIX.

To the Lady B. T.

May it please you, Madam,

As good Wits out of slender Events do sometimes Compile both Large and Excellent Stories; So (Madam) hath your Noble Opinion been pleas'd to deal with those weak and inconsiderable Propensions that I find in my self to your service; if they have been capable of any Value, 'tis only by the Impression they have of your acceptance. Whereby (Madam) it will appear to the World, there can hardly be any Merit in others, but such as takes rise and being from the Lustre of your own Creation. To the humble acknowledgment whereof, I confess no man can be more obliged than my self to your Ladyship, which shall not only make it my endeavour faithfully to discharge whatever you shall think fit to impose; but to manifest that I hold your esteem and Confidence of me to be an Honour of so great a Magnitude, that it must ever have a durance of gratitude in me equal with the well-being of (Madam)

Your most obedient and

faithful Servant.

Quod

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[Resolves: divine, moral, political. The tenth impression. With new and several other additions, both in prose and verse, not extant in the former impressions.]

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Contents. — Resolves, etc. — Lusoria: or, occasional pieces. With a taste of some letters.—A brief character of the Low-Countries under the States.

The title-page, engraved title-page, other pages at the beginning, pages 353, 354, and pages at the end, are missing.

The title is supplied from the British Museum Catalogue of printed books.

Lusoria and A brief character of the Low-Countries have separate title-pages and are catalogued separately.

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